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Per. 3977 e. $\frac{205}{22}$

THE
METROPOLITAN.

THE
METROPOLITAN
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1838.



LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET;
BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH; SMITH AND SON, GLASGOW;
AND CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1838.

LONDON :
IBOTSON AND FARMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

THE METROPOLITAN.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.¹—No. VI.

SIR WILLIAM C. SMITH, LATE BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.

HITHERTO we have been conversant with the living—let us now turn to the dead—from the present ornaments of the Irish bar to one who was its lustre while he lived. The virtues of the dead should not be forgotten in the excellencies of the living: to remember them is not less charitable than just—to neglect them would be to act the part of the unworthy parasite, who shared in the hospitality of a generous patron, and whose gratitude terminated with the viands. Baron Smith was one who shed the blaze of a brilliant reputation, as a lawyer, an orator, and writer, over that profession to which he was so singularly attached, and by which he was admired and venerated. He was kind and benevolent to all and each of its members, and they reciprocated his kindness and benevolence in affectionate respect. If he was occasionally snappish to his brethren of the ermine, to them alone his passing intemperance was limited—it rarely passed over to the bar, and when it did, it fell on the powerful—the weak were never subjected to his acerbity. He doubtless had his errors, but they were few—of a far less aggravated character than fall to the lot of general humanity; and less numerous than men usually display who look down from the heights of exalted office, and particularly that class which has been brought up under the vitiating influence of aristocratic tastes. The man on whom, in a worldly sense, fortune had never frowned, and who, having been raised to power at an immature period of life, when observation and experience supply none of those correcting media which mitigate the natural propensity of man to the rankness of official insolence, elevates his mind to the high tone of truth and liberty, is a rare phenomenon. Even the errors of a man of genius, paradoxical as it may appear, are worthy of respect, and few will deny that he was one. We shall notice them with tender truth. To speak ungenerously of a generous nature, when the object is not present to sustain his fame or defend his character from the assaults of harshness, would be unmanly. In that one-sided warfare we shall not indulge. If some unaccountable motives, which we cannot reach, warped his closing days from the noble cause of liberality which he had so long pursued—if he flinched from the advocacy of those high doctrines of freedom and right which he steadily maintained through the dark profligacy of the past, biography would fail miserably in its duty to the dead were it to contemplate alone the few spots of shade

¹ Continued from vol. xxi. p. 239.

without taking in the remainder of the luminous disk. If political exasperation cankered his fine understanding, and with the progress of old age came the progress of illiberal opinions, let it also be remembered, that when his intellect was in the full flush of its strength—when his support was a tower to the principles of truth and civil freedom, he was found firm to their cause; and if for a few years—years of natural mental weakness, he lapsed from his old political virtues, there is a powerful counterpoise in the long life during which he cherished them, and never abated the proud tone of enthusiasm with which he cheerfully hailed every advance of popular freedom. With one party his name deserves to be held in fragrant remembrance. From the very outset of his career he strenuously advocated in the Irish parliament the cause of the persecuted Catholic against a host of domestic bigots and oppressors; his struggles against the insensate prejudices of a strong faction were as unceasing as they were generous. In that worthy fervour he never relaxed, and though, like his friend Burke, whose general notions of liberty were poisoned by the bloody phantasmagoria of the French Revolution, in his closing days Baron Smith's also were similarly troubled by the hideous vision of Reform: he beheld in the modern English Revolution what the diseased eye of Burke saw in the other—a ferocious appetite for constitutional ruin—the immediate levelling of all ancient and time-honoured landmarks—in every parliamentary movement since 1831 the subversion of social order—and in every unsuspecting Radical he recognised a sanguinary butcher, who, like Carnot, was taking the measure of the harmless baron, and only waited the moment of universal massacre to glut his revolutionary appetite on his gray hairs;—though, like Burke, he only saw shapes of blood, where he saw before shapes of moral health and beauty,—like him, too, he continued well affected to Catholic progression to the end. Public favour is variable, even to a proverb; like a petted child, what it adopts one moment it rejects at another—it requires a perpetual feast of comfits to keep it in sweet temper. With the baron's trifling peccadilloes it became terribly incensed, and threw him aside as a worn-out toy that had served its purpose. He lost much, indeed all that vehement enthusiasm which burned around him for more than half a century—political animosity, sublimed to the highest perfection of bitterness, made him the butt of clumsy and unmanly ridicule. This was the least offensive of its weapons in attacking an old champion; but there was a stability in his character and genius destined to outlive the scoffs and sneers of ignorance and ingratitude. Men, before profuse in their praises, even to adulation, did not hesitate to ascribe to an absence of integrity what charity would construe into the weakness of old age. We do not deny that he sinned, but his sins were not sins against light; they were not the errors of obstinate bigotry, but rather the mild faults of a tottering understanding, plastic in its weakness and capable of false impressions, which its strength would have contemptuously rejected. He should have found in the recollections of the past a protecting shield: one of a muster of great minds, whose names should have for Irishmen a magic and fascination—each a link in a long chain of national renown—who, having come from the past into the present,

like the melodies of our country heard in a foreign land, bring with them in their train a long pomp of noble though melancholy recollections—consolation to the old, and animating energies to the young—men who stand, like the ancient Phari, living monuments of bygone grandeur, and who carry with them to the grave our honour and our history.

Irish feelings, so peculiarly alive to all the associations of our national era, ought to have hurried to his relief, and spared a repetition of Athenian unkindness : it did come, but it was only to augment his sorrows ; and though there was no laughter over his grave, there was little regret. It would be an invidious task—one, at least, which the writer of this memoir cannot persuade himself to undertake—to lavish on such a man epithets of dishonour. The old maxim is not less beautiful than humane—“ *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum* ”—one of those pure sentiments which flows from the well-spring of true charity, and alleviates the severe charge of partiality by the divine and tender regard it expresses for the character of the departed. Our interpretation shall not be of that very negative description which an old friend of ours once gave, in canvassing the merits of a deceased barrister. “ Have you heard,” said C——, with a repulsive grin expressing anything but condolence, “ of the death of our poor friend K—— ? ”

“ Yes,” I replied, with some feelings of regret.

“ Well,” said he, “ poor fellow !—*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum* ; but,”—whispering at the same moment into my ear—“ between ourselves, he was the d—— scoundrel I ever knew in my life—he cheated me at a rubber of whist.”

Such was his interpretation of that fine moral line—a mode of translation which he takes every reasonable opportunity to indulge in, but in which I shall be very slow to follow his footsteps. Yet, at the same time, while I redeem the truth of the injunction by treading gently on the ashes of Baron Smith, and perhaps scattering an odd flower on his grave, his public career will be detailed with as much fidelity as this short memoir will permit : where he deserves praise, gladly shall it be dealt him ; and where he merits censure, it will be in the power of the reader to deal or withhold it as he pleases. The groundwork shall be laid to enable him to form a correct estimate of his virtues and faults.

In person he was one of those men whose physical formation affords a very imperfect index of the mind within. Shakspeare, and before him Euripides, both very good judges of character, asserted that no human art exists to discover the nature of the mind in the construction of the countenance ; but that was before Lavater built up his facial system, or Dr. Spurzheim broached his craniological philosophy. In the application of these contradictory doctrines to our present subject, we are decided partisans of the ancients, of course including Shakspeare. Nothing in the arid and shrivelled countenance of Baron Smith, or in his entire figure, could ever lead you to the belief that so brilliant and energetic an intellect found a dwelling in so miserable a tenement. I speak of his latter years : what he may have been in his youth I cannot tell, although, from a good-natured allusion in one of Burke's

letters, expressing pleasurable surprise at the disparity between the external and internal constitution of his young friend William Smith, there is good reason to infer that the same striking disproportion existed as in his old age. No person who saw him on the bench, between the Chief Baron—not a very muscular man—and Baron Pennefather, with his very little figure swathed in silk, and his head nestled in his ermine collar, like a small cauliflower in a profusion of green leaves, to use an horticultural illustration of Geoffrey Crayon—could imagine that there was so much animation in the one, or brains in the other. But the moment he spoke, the conjecture was dissipated—there was an end to the visionary philosophy of Lavater, who, no doubt, could see in that face and figure only imbecility and inanition.* The largeness of his conceptions annihilated the theory of bumps—it confounded the skull-science of all Paris. None could look on him without wonder that he could possess so gifted an intellect: the same surprise affected persons who heard Curran revel in the outpourings of his own wild and luxuriant eloquence; but Curran had the eye of an eagle, deep and burning, which reflected from his soul all the rays of genius and eloquence; the observer was fascinated by its lustre—in its glowing power the meagreness of his person was forgotten. On the bench Baron Smith was vigorous and animated; the acuteness of his remarks was oftentimes astonishing in matters which afforded very little scope for nice observation: some lively sally in the middle of a ponderous argument, always interwoven with the subject, roused the court into a momentary fit of good humour, even to the relaxation of the frigid muscles of some of his more solemn brethren, who considered a judicial smile to be little less than *lèse majesté* to the gravity of the ermine. Baron Pennefather dangled his eye-glass most turbulently, and was often compelled to have recourse to the suppressing powers of his pocket-kерchief. He had an extraordinary facility of expression,—clear, terse, and pointed as an arrow; an elegant vehicle for his thoughts, as graceful as it was appropriate, always stimulating attention, and never fatiguing it. I remember, on the celebrated argument on the writ of rebellion, in which he took a very forward part, the agreeable effect produced throughout the discussion by his quickness and versatility. When the solicitor-general laid down a series of strong philosophic principles, the baron invariably came to the rescue of the writ with a counter series of imaginary positions, and defended the cherished offspring of the Exchequer with incomparable skill and shrewdness. In pronouncing judgment, he flung about a profusion of wit, and the happy

* The following humorous anecdote, told by the baron himself, will fully illustrate the truth of what has been asserted about his personal appearance. "Happening on circuit to dine with the bishop of the diocese in which we were, a considerable intimacy arose between a fine little granddaughter of his lordship, who made her appearance after the dessert, and me. She sat beside me, asked a number of questions, told me a variety of childish anecdotes, and at length, during a pause which had taken place in our very animated conversation, after gazing alternately at her grandmamma and me, she turned to her mother, and rather suddenly exclaimed—'Mamma, I don't think B—— S—— is a very old woman.' She had interpreted too literally what she heard of judges, but, unlike my reviewers, seemed to think the better of me for not being far gone into anility, which she ascribed to the members of my order. The child was right—at five-and-thirty even a judge is not a very old woman!"

use which he made of Dogberry, and the application to the Irish constabulary, was extremely felicitous. Its efficacy was remarkable: the junior baron was forced to smother a laugh with a tortuous sneeze. His brethren always treated him with the most deep and marked respect, although the little philosopher was often slow to reciprocate their kindness. Very fond of occasionally indulging in a morceau of humour, he sometimes took very direct and annoying modes of bringing it into requisition. On one occasion he openly lugged one of his judicial brethren by the ears. Baron G——, a quiet and inoffensive man, though not very remarkable for the profundity of his knowledge, was in the habit of illustrating the clearness of a subject by the frequent use of a figure, which certainly did not prove his great mastery over metaphor.—“Gentlemen of the jury: you have heard the evidence; the matter appears to me as plain *as plain as a pike-staff*!” This familiar illustration was perpetually on his lips—in figurative language he never cared to go deeper. This was tartar emetic to the taste of Baron Smith; the pike-staff threw him into unutterable agony—it fell on his ears like the grating of a saw. At length he determined at all hazards to abate the tremendous nuisance. A chandler’s shop near the Brighton Pavilion could not have more annoyed George the Fourth. Well, one day the homely baron handled his staff with the usual effect. Baron Smith followed.—“To borrow,” said he, with his thin lips screwed to the true sarcastic point, “a very familiar, though a very classical and profound illustration, with which my brother G—— often enriches his eloquent language, the matter is as plain as a pike-staff!”

A titter ran through the court: the little baron threw himself back on his cushion with the seriousness of a Brahmin—not a muscle stirred in his countenance; but the victim of his amusing irony from that day abandoned the unlucky pike-staff to its fate. It was the first and last of his metaphors. At another time he vented a very happy though bitter sarcasm against a member of the bar not very remarkable for the cleanliness of his habits. Sitting beside each other at dinner, on circuit, the barrister complained of a severe rheumatic pain in his right shoulder, for which he had used all kinds of cataplasms: the baron whispered dryly, “Did you try a clean shirt?” A friend told me that the same anecdote is related in “Wraxall’s Memoirs of Dudley North and the Earl of Surrey.” We give priority to the baron, for of him we first heard it; besides, there were more men of unclean habits than the Earl of Surrey who complained of rheumatism, and more wits than Dudley North to indulge in a sharp sarcasm; and lastly, because Wraxall was one of those amusing gossipers who picked up everything worthy and unworthy of recording, and attributed to the heroes of his own times every good thing that he heard of others. He has contrived to stuff into his “Posthumous Memoirs” a number of Curran’s and Keller’s best sayings. Even disastrous twilight is shed over the reputation of Burke Bethel, for he is pilfered of a fair half-dozen, for which he was not compensated even by a good dinner.

I had once, and only once, an opportunity of meeting the baron in private; and if I had formed an elevated opinion of his understanding

from his public character, the impression was augmented by the variety and brilliancy of his sentiments in conversation. When Lord Brougham's "Natural Theology" summoned into the field of controversy a host of disputatious philosophers, the baron was among the number, in a series of metaphysical papers, which showed how deeply he meditated on the moral mysteries. He contemplated with the eye of a metaphysician, and the result of his speculations was often striking and beautiful—the style, though always polished and classical, is sometimes weak—precision is sacrificed to elegance, and a principal thought is buried under a heap of ornamental illustration which diverts the mind from the subject, and distracts the understanding with all kinds of quotations—ease is melted down to effeminate sweetness, and an over-dress of sentiment conceals the object of investigation. But there is also deep and subtle discussion, and a strong sinewy sense which sets the world of reason in movement, and if he searches for truth through fancy, he often finds her. Of his "Metaphysical Rambles" I shall speak at a little more length hereafter. A friend connected with the Dublin press asked me to write a few lines on the subject, and, though levelled at the unsoundness of the baron's theory, they had the good fortune to attract his attention. His admiration, however, was less excited by the truth of my assertions than by a flattering compliment paid to his philosophic taste and genius. So it was, however: I was ushered into the study of the Rambler, where he was refreshing himself over a ponderous tome of old Jeremy Taylor. Most reverentially I handed my introductory note, and was asked to take a chair. "I wish to reason you out of the ingenious, but, excuse me for saying, very mistaken principles on which you raise a groundwork against the palpable truths of Mr. Search (the name which the baron assumed.) I am in full possession of all his sentiments, and most reluctantly have we both come to the conclusion that you have misunderstood his principles."

"Very well, my lord; I shall listen with the most serious attention; but permit me to say, if I have misunderstood Mr. Search, he too has not rendered ample justice to his great adversary, Lord Brougham."

He laughingly replied, "The charge is a serious one; let us see how it stands." And he continued to speak for five or ten minutes in a strain of animated eloquence, starred with all the graces of brilliant sentiment. Arguments crowded on him almost too fast for utterance. In fact, I never heard anything spoken which more closely approximated my conception of true oratory, and wanted only the infection of gesture to render the picture complete. I was struck with admiration, and though a depth of respect prevented my open expression of pleasure, he saw that I was moved.

"Well," said he, "have I shivered your paradoxes? I believe I was so ungracious as to call them so."

"Charge them on the head of Lord Brougham, my lord. I took them second-hand."

"Well, may I reckon on you? I am recruiting for my Christian Philosophy."

He then talked of a variety of subjects, among which politics were prominent. I left him, gratified and delighted.

Baron Smith was the eldest son of Sir Michael Smith, a member of the Irish Parliament, who preceded Curran in the Rolls, and of a Miss Cusack, a Roman Catholic lady of an ancient and honourable descent. He was born in 1766, and received his early education in Dublin, when he gave an early promise of a brilliant maturity. A precocious proficient in all the elements of school education, he excited admiration by the rapidity of his acquirements, and the eagerness with which he devoted his youthful energies to the groundwork of his future fame. Ambitious to an extreme degree, and directing all his powers, in boyhood as well as in manhood, to realise his objects, he wept bitterly whenever he lost his accustomed place in the juvenile form. Whenever he sustained defeat from a celebrated senator now no more, his schoolfellow and rival, he set himself down, with an avidity worthy of a more mature understanding, to retrieve his lost character, and was generally successful. Once when the pain of defeat at the yearly examination before the summer vacation very sensitively affected him, he determined to exhibit, by a great effort, the superiority of his intellect. At that time, and I believe in many of the present schools, large portions of the classics were marked out for preparation in the interval; the bonus for due attention to Justin by young Smith and his classfellows, was a promised elevation to Cæsar's Commentaries. Having been beaten for the first premium, he looked on the six weeks' vacation as six weeks of torment before he could meet his adversary. He went home with a heavy heart, laid out his pocket-money in the purchase of a Cæsar, worked at it with the resolution of despair, despising the thousand allurements of summer, and the fascinating attraction of a ride on his favourite pony. He thought of literary victories; and when the first of August came—a day of such melancholy auspice to many—he returned with a light and joyous heart. Repetitions were called—the poor truants were sadly in arrear—not a syllable of the Hanging Gardens: they knew nothing of the device of Darius to obtain the sovereignty of Persia. With Smith alone all went off trippingly. Still the master hesitated about his promotion, but he boldly “appealed to Cæsar;” and the pedagogue was not more surprised than delighted to find that he understood the construction of the famous bridge as well, perhaps better than himself: he laid the foundation of the piles with mathematical precision, and marched with the triumph of a conqueror through every passage of difficulty. This anecdote I have heard from a worthy and venerable man, his intimate friend and schoolfellow, who often shared in his intellectual conversation. To question its truth would be almost to doubt the existence of truth itself. Many of Sir William's friends have heard him narrate the same curious fact with a high degree of exultation. The Gallic Wars was one of his favourite books. The present Marquis of Wellesley introduced him at Oxford in his eighteenth year, where he entered Christ's Church as gentleman commoner. There he eminently distinguished himself, not less by the depth and elegance of his classical erudition than the universality of his acquirements: he translated the orations of Cicero into English, and rendered them again into Latin—a feat which Lord Mansfield accomplished before him, although there is less of what

Grattan called "the splendid conflagration of Tully in his speeches, than of his philosophical sentiments in his writings. He passed for one of the most accomplished wits in Oxford, and his society was courted with ardour. The centre of a brilliant circle, he diffused through all the light and warmth of his genius and vivacity. A passion for poetry raged at that time like a fever, and he was one of its most fervent adorers. He possessed a striking command over some of the richest sources of poetic embellishment—a quick and fiery imagination—a sharp and polished wit—language sublimed into loftiness by his metaphysical studies, and adorned with shining qualities drawn from the dazzling storehouses of past ages, with which too were blended an enthusiastic love and appreciation of natural beauties;—all these qualities peculiarly fitted him for distinction in that fascinating art. He cultivated it with assiduity, and had he not devoted his subsequent years to acquirements with which the daughters of memory have very little communion, he might have taken a lofty stand in the rolls of poetic literature. Much of his future splendour, as a speaker and writer, was derived from that early attachment; and though the avocations of his office necessarily withdrew him from the path of flowers, the literary attraction still exercised considerable sway over his mind, and he withdrew himself from it only with the termination of his existence. The following lines, written after entering his name at Lincoln's Inn, and a solemn resolution to forego the society of the Muses, (a venial resolution, which he was not slow to break,) will, in our opinion, stand a comparison with the pleasing farewell of Sir W. Blackstone. The rhythm is very sweet and bold, and the images much more rich and natural than were usually found in the cold correctness of the last century.

Beautiful vision ! I kneel no more
 At thy radiant throne—
 The dreams of a world I loved are o'er,
 And I am alone—
 Alone : for the world of beautiful things,
 Where fancy flutters on rainbow-wings,
 And Hope with her lute of silver sings
 Her warbling song,
 Is passed away like a pleasing thought,
 Or a midnight dream that comes unsought,
 And soon is gone !

Beautiful vision ! when scarce a boy,
 Untamed and free,
 One day I wandered with heedless joy
 In search of thee :
 I well remember the time—'twas spring—
 The new-born winds were abroad on the wing,
 And the azure of heaven did tremble and ring
 With the lark's sweet note ;
 I followed him upward with straining eyes,
 And panted for pinions with him to arise,
 And heavenward float !

Beautiful vision ! I wandered on
By a soft-toned stream,
That leaped with joy, and laughed at the sun,
As it drank his beam ;
And soon, like a child fatigued from play,
Who wanders from blossom to blossom all day,
I laid me down in the noon-tide ray
And softly slept—
When a spirit in form and shape like thine,
Kissed me in sleep with her lips divine—
I woke and wept !

Beautiful vision !—full many a day
Since that sweet dream,
I've seen thy form of glory play
In blossom and beam,—
At morn, when glittered the diamond dew—
At noon, when the soft winds warmly blew—
At eve, when the mountains their tall shades threw
Away from the sun—
At night, when the young moon rose from the main,
And far over forest and fountain her chain
Of silver spun.

Beautiful vision ! a change comes o'er
My dreams of thee—
I turn, with thee to commune no more,
Loved Poesy !
With tears I abandon my own sweet lute,
My heart is sick, and my lips are mute,
As I yield up to silence the friend of my youth,
Whose warblings brought
Shadows of beauty to whisper with me—
Love, Hope, Feeling, and Fantasy,
From the realms of thought !

Europe beheld with wonder a great people starting from the sleep of centuries, and shaking off, with a mighty effort, their oppressors and their fetters. A new spirit seemed to have passed over the world, and awakened men into a sudden consciousness of their dignity. Communities vibrated as if from the shock of an earthquake—ancient systems, which had so long governed the world, seemed to be verging to their end ; while a fresh and divine light from the enlarging orb of reason was hailed by reanimated millions with idolatrous enthusiasm, for which there is no parallel in human history. Empire did not stagger in France alone—the tremendous convulsion of all the elements of social order spread into other countries, and surrendered the human mind to an undefined fascination, that hurried it on to something vast and incomprehensible. The disease was fearful—it required the application of a powerful remedy. In England the contagion was terrific—a multitudinous host of associations sprang up in every quarter of the land. Every person knows the noble energy with which Burke encountered the revolutionary frenzy, though few will at the same time deny that his advocacy was more ardent than just or judicious—that he beheld everything through the excessive glow of his imagination, and that his judgment was weakened and his passions inflamed by the unfortunate conflict of opinions

with his old political associates. On the social compact he reasoned with little regard to good sense—his first principles were infected with sophistry: he took the revolution of 1688, and to that standard would reduce all other revolutions—there could be nothing less consistent with logic. All agree in the justice of that revolution; for where the established liberties of a people are wantonly violated, the contract is no more. He made no distinction between the extension and vindication of liberty—to break a charter and make a charter are two very different things. The effect of his famous “Reflections” is well known—perhaps no human work ever produced so rapid and extraordinary a result. In Ireland the contagion of French principles continued to spread wide and far, long after the fever had subsided in the sister country. Paine’s “Rights of Man” was sent over in thousands by the London Corresponding Society, while the works of Burke were little read by the classes most susceptible of revolutionary impressions. The dogged resistance of the Irish Parliament to the smallest measure of right, rendered a people, naturally sensitive, open to any influences which promised improvement; and when that came in the brilliant shape of a great maritime republic, an opinion may be formed of the consequences. The poison of Paine, with his lofty ideas of abstract liberty, and the right of all nations to self-government, worked deep and well. Mr. Smith, who had only just returned from Oxford, where the renown of Burke assumed the character of worship from his suspicious eulogy of the Corinthian capitals, courageously took up arms against Paine, and endeavoured to curb the powerful spirit which was setting in fast against existing institutions. This political effusion was entitled the “Rights of Citizens,” as a counterpoise to the “Rights of Man.” The object was to recal to the minds of men, what they appeared to have forgotten, the necessity of maintaining their true social and political rights, and not to lose, in the momentary enthusiasm for abstract and theoretic doctrines, the principles on which they are founded—constitutional and individual happiness: he impressed on them the duty of substituting substantial for phantasmal good. There are a few of the judicial principles which he urges with great sense and eloquence. Deep constitutional knowledge arrests the attention at every page, and the whole is suffused with a well-tempered moderation, that flatters while it convinces. It was dedicated to Mr. Burke, as almost all works on the same subject had been, from whom Mr. Smith received at Spa, on his way to the continent, a very flattering letter, a passage or two of which it may not be inappropriate to extract.

“ I have run too rapidly over your book, but in that rapid view I am able to estimate the honour which has been done me, by inscribing to my name the work of so agreeable a writer, and so deep a thinker, as well as so acute and distinguished a reasoner. Your work is indeed a very satisfactory refutation of that specious folly called the ‘ Rights of Man ;’ and I am not a little proud, that I have had the good fortune (as you will see some time or other) to coincide with some of your ideas in a piece which is just printed, but not yet published.*

* Apology from the New to the Old Whigs.

The points in which we happen to coincide, you have certainly handled much more fully, and much better. I have only touched on them. It was not my plan to go deeply into the abstract subject, because it was rather my desire to defend myself against the extraordinary attacks of some of my late political friends, than formally to set about the refutation of what you properly call visions—indeed they may be called delirious, feverish ravings. To refute such things required a capacity for such deep and enlarged views of society as you have shown; but the more clearly you refute them, the less you are comprehended by those whose distempered reasons you would cure.

* * * * *

“With more of your approbation than I can presume to lay any claim to, I meet some of your censure, which I perhaps better deserve. You think that my view of treating these subjects is too much in the concrete. However, I console myself in this, because I think before you have done, you condemn the abstract mode as much as I do, and I am the less ashamed of being in the wrong when I am in such very good company.

* * * * *

“On all this, however, I hope I shall have the pleasure of conversing with you more fully at Beaconsfield on your return, if you should go to the continent as early as you intend; but I hope something may detain you in London till I get to town. I shall be ambitious of improving the acquaintance with which you flatter me.

“I have the honour to be,

“With great respect, yours, &c. &c.

“EDMUND BURKE.”

The very characteristic and flattering acknowledgment of Mr. Smith's first movement* before the public eye, from one of the greatest men of any age or country, spurred him on to the accomplishment of new victories in that busy field of politics, where parties were pitted against each other in all the desperate acrimony of party contention. The Septembrizers were powerful—Parliament had not realised all the good the people had been led to expect from the pro-

* In this laudable effort to breast the revolutionary torrent, Mr. Smith almost stood alone. “All my cotemporaries,” to use his own words, “were wild reformists at the commencement of those days. But young as I was—I reflect on this with some surprise—I could not prevail on myself to join the sentiment or the cry. I presume that in the balanced constitution of my brain, the organs of caution and causality countervailed the enthusiasm from which my character is not free, and that their deliberations kept me aloof. Be 'this as it may, I looked with little admiration on the carriage of the French nobleman, on the panels of which his escutcheon, with its supporters, were most emblematically turned upside down, and the motto, ‘*Cara dignitas, carior libertas*,’ substituted for the aristocratic device under the *ancien régime*. Events soon justified my coldness and reserve; and I asked my enthusiastic friends, whether, amidst massacre and pillage—anarchy and desolation—the desperate fury of a tyrannic mob, and more desperate cruelty of a political inquisition, the Liberty they worshipped could have selected her abode? that liberty, which, while heroic antiquity adored, it invested with no attributes subversive of moral order, or incompatible with reason and social duty.”

mising movement of 1782. If the administration had any solicitude to promote the national interests by the introduction of necessary and useful laws, a question we should decide in the negative, that solicitude was checked by the rapid spread of the new doctrines, which served as a happy pretext to substitute arbitrary for generous legislation. They stood still, while the people pressed forward. The volunteers, whose hopes were once buoyed up by brilliant dreams of reform that had never been realised, and whose dissatisfaction hourly increased since they lost their dignity—the Catholic population, whose manifold wrongs and complaints formed ample grounds for embarking in any scheme which promised to advance their deplorable cause,—all these turbulent and varied elements were at work. The scheme of the rebellion was not yet devised by government to bring into awful maturity the savage spirit of discontent. Mr. Smith's work was well received by the peaceful party—ponderous compliments were showered on him from every official quarter: his genius, his knowledge, the depth and masculine energy of his thoughts—the classic elegance of his language, were the subject of extravagant admiration. In addition to the "Rights of Citizens," he also published, about the same time, a beautiful and picturesque paper, called the "Skill of Government," shaped into one of those oriental visions which were once so fashionable a mode of conveying moral instruction. He appeals, however, to a higher authority than the visions of Hassan or Mirza—he appeals to the doings of Homer, and the celestial visions of Jove, recorded by Longinus. He lands on the soil of Liberty, where he is received by the Goddess of Freedom, holding in one hand a spear pointed with a purple flame, and in the other the Great Charter and the Bill of Rights; she is accompanied by the good genius, Rebuk, (Burke,) and a troop of negroes, wearing pilei, or caps, the ancient symbols of acquired liberty. An evil spirit, in the guise of Faction, had been convulsing her territories. She recommends him to the care of Rebuk, who, with the dreamer, ascends the Hill of Government. Great was the multitude wending from all points of the island to the hill—some to level it, some to defend it. The evil genius Ainep, (Paine,) is also discerned, marshalling his legions in the rebel camp. Rebuk addresses the dreamer in some very eloquent observations about the nature of government. Liberty in the mean while arrives. Ainep and his rebellious rout disperse on beholding the glory of her countenance, and the affairs of the island are once more administered by the three delegates—Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy. Heaven knows how long he may have prolonged his vision, had he not been startled from sleep and the conversation of Rebuk by the cry of "The dome's on fire!"—(alluding to the dome of the Irish Parliament House, which at that time had taken, or been intentionally set on, fire)—when lifting his head, he discovered his hair in a blaze, and his valet, though a Frenchman, quenching the flame. With this valet there is an incident of a romantic character connected, and of the most melancholy interest. It shows with what a pure spirit of humanity and generosity Baron Smith was imbued. In a publication of that day, the anecdote is alluded to in the following lines:—

“ So when thy wretched boy, by youth misled,
At once his master, and his virtue fled ;
Bound by no ties, and plunging deep in guilt,
His blood was doomed to spill, for blood he spilt.
Far from his native hills, 'mong strangers cast,
His moments few—no friend to soothe his last—
No friend but thee ! *thou* didst not scorn the name—
Nor shun his dreary dungeon—guilt and shame.
But with that love which heavenly bosoms warms,
You prest the dying sinner in your arms,
And weeping o'er his neck, revealed the road
To brighter mansions than this frail abode !”

While travelling through the Canton of Berne in Switzerland, the unfortunate subject of the preceding lines, Lambert Le Maistre, attracted his attention, and he brought him over to Ireland. But with the loss of his native air poor Le Maistre also lost his virtues—his morals degenerated, and he soon displeased by his habitual intoxication. He was repeatedly discharged, but as often did his good master relent: he left his own home to follow his fortunes, and to abandon him in a strange land was a crime which his affectionate heart could not well sanction. His thorough depravity at length left no excuse, and he was dismissed. The mountains of Wicklow were then infested by a desperate gang of outlaws; Le Maistre joined them, and his boldness and sagacity soon raised him to the dignity of captain. Various were his exploits, and various were his escapes from the officers of justice. One night, in a fit of drunkenness, he stabbed an old man in whose house he was rioting with some of his companions. The old man died; Le Maistre was apprehended for the murder, and hanged! Baron Smith was an almost constant attendant in his dungeon, consoling him for the afflictions of the present with the hopes of the future, instilling into his mind the sweet lessons of repentance. He prayed with him—he wept with him. Never was an elevated humanity more beautifully illustrated than in this melting prison-picture! Even in the last years of the baron, whenever he talked of this subject, he did it always with deep melancholy, and a feeling of regret that he should have brought the poor son of misfortune from his native country to fulfil so terrible a destiny.

In the year 1792 he showered down essay after essay: pamphlet after pamphlet went forth to stay the increase of the new frenzy, all written with peculiar force and elegance, and overflowing with constitutional knowledge, and a maturity of wisdom extraordinary for his years. It was observed before, that Mr. Smith was on his way to the continent when he received Mr. Burke's letter. How he spent his time on that fashionable sojourn I have been unable to ascertain, although it may be conjectured that he acquired a deeper insight into the history, institutions, and literature of the countries through which he passed than the ordinary throng of travellers. I heard he has left a very amusing and interesting journal, full of acute observations and humorous facts, which, it is to be hoped, will one day emerge into light. On his return, in compliance with Mr. Burke's invitation, he proceeded to Butler's Court, where he was received with all that cordiality and bienséance which characterised his illustrious host. He has

described his first appearance in the mansion of his hospitable friend—it is agreeable and graphic, and gives the reader an insight into the delightful society at Butler's Court, of which the owner was, of course, the radiating centre, scattering around the gorgeous produce of his profound and varied intellect. In his reminiscences Mr. Smith has had the modesty to speak of himself in the third person, for which, without any other alteration, the first should be substituted, as it identifies the writer more warmly with the subject than the cold and alienating introduction of the third.

“There was company in the house at the time, and when I arrived from town they had already set down to dinner. I entered the drawing-room in some manner unobserved, but found a seat at the foot of the table beside Mr. Richard Burke the younger, whose premature death a no very long time after plunged his father into such deep affliction, and between whom and me nearer advances to intimacy were made during the evening than the short period of our acquaintance might give room to expect. The guests present were rather numerous. Among them was M. Cazales, a distinguished member of the first National Assembly of France, and vicomte before the abolition of titles, and M. Dillon, reputed a favourite of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and commonly called “Le Beau Dillon.” These, at least the former particularly, appeared to speak or even to understand English very imperfectly. Mr. Burke consequently addressed much of his conversation to them in French; he did not seem to pronounce or speak it well, but was perfectly able to express himself intelligibly, and with reasonably fluency.

* * * * *

“During dinner a servant whispered to him my arrival, on which he rose from the head of the table where he had been sitting, walked down, shook my hand and welcomed me, and then returned to his seat. In the manner in which this was done there appeared to me to be a mixture of something resembling formality, or it should be called *vieille-cour* stateliness, with hospitable feeling and frank good-nature, of which I could not find it easy to convey an adequate idea to the reader. When the ladies appeared about to leave the room, Mr. Burke stopped them, and went himself. On his return in a minute or two, they retired. He had in the mean time been examining the degrees of heat of their drawing-room, where the thermometers were placed for the purpose of ascertaining the temperature with precision, in consequence of the delicate state of Mrs. Burke's health.

“In the course of the evening M. Cazales, in his attempts to express himself in English, made more and greater blunders than I could have expected. Some of these I think I can recollect; but as they would be more *vrais* than *vraisemblables*, I think it as well not to record them. He seemed to have a desire to excite laughter, and he succeeded.*

* M. Cazales, a good-natured man, and with all the inclination to please and be pleased, which is often characteristic of his country, had picked up the air and some of the words of the strange and not very intelligible or elegant old song, called, “Peas upon a trencher.” The words seemed to tickle his imagination, but not knowing them accurately, he asked Mr. Smith to give them. This he was

Mr. Burke contributed an occasional smile to the general merriment, and nothing more, and even this was accompanied by a curl of the lip that appeared to doubt whether there was much good taste in the proceeding.

"I remained for some days at the house of this eminent man, and repeated my visits more than once afterwards. So great a portion of time, however, has since then elapsed, that I have forgotten much of what deserves to be remembered, and all of which I could desire to remember, could those bright but flitting thoughts and sentiments which make up the charm of conversation with a great genius, be always held fast by the memory, or transferred at once to paper. During one of those visits Mr. Burke devoted a morning to walk with me round the grounds and vicinity, discoursing with me on agricultural subjects, and displaying, not merely an apparent interest, but a great practical knowledge on such matters. He talked likewise of Ireland, and seemed to recal the scenes of his early life with great tenderness and feeling.

"On the profession of the law, which I then contemplated, he made a variety of observations. So far, he said, as his experience led him to the formation of an opinion, he considered it as not calculated to develop the general or higher powers of the mind—an idea which he likewise threw out in his celebrated speech on the taxation of the American colonies, when sketching the character of Mr. Grenville. He sought to illustrate his views by some instances which it might be judicious to record. He added, that he understood the members of the Irish bar to be inferior to their English brethren in legal learning, but in other respects to possess some advantages. But a material change in this respect has since taken place; the Irish bar may now compete with that of England on legal or other grounds. I submitted a short tract to his perusal. He objected to a theory which a paragraph in it implied. I immediately proposed, in deference to such authority, to erase it. He stopped me, and said, 'Do not strike it out till I turn the matter over in my mind.' Next day he made a few changes. These scenes occurred in the study at Butler's Court."*

unable to do, but, to the credit of his ingenuity, he wrote the following hasty paraphrase or version on the back of a letter, both supplied by his French friend:—

"Garçon, apportez moi-moi
Des pois—des petits pois—
Sucres, Monsieur?—C'est mieux je crois,
Et l'assiette de bois-bois."

* To be continued.

AN OUTLINE OF THE GRIEVANCES OF WOMEN.

“ Equal rights, equal privileges, and equal laws.”

AT a period when the divine right of kings is a doctrine no longer tenable; when the power of a dominant aristocracy totters to its foundation; when an imperious priesthood is on the eve of losing its usurped temporal power; and when the right of the people to civil and religious liberty is generally recognised;—in the nineteenth century, and in one of the most civilized countries of Europe, half the population is still enslaved!—the women of England—the mothers, wives, and daughters of “free-born Britons,” are still forced to bend under a yoke more galling than that of the negro—a yoke which enthrals the mind! Degraded, despised, and scorned,—scorned even by those to whom they have given existence,—whom they have tended with unwearied care during the helpless hours of infancy—for whom they have suffered so much and endured so many privations,—for whom they have laboured, nay, sacrificed themselves: the career of women is, with very few exceptions, marked by disappointment and sorrow, and too frequently closed in hapless despair. Denied the privileges granted to the meanest citizen, trampled upon in every relation of life, retained in profound ignorance of all, excepting religion, that can ennoble human nature, and only instructed in *that* so far as it may render them obedient slaves—they have rarely dared to think themselves the equals of those who now lord it over them, and all the exalted sentiments of their nature are subdued, and all their high and holy enthusiasm is quenched by a blind submission to those whose only title to power is a superiority in mere physical strength, and who make that superiority a plea for excluding the weaker portion of the human species from all employments, and condemning them to inactivity and servitude.

In the earlier ages of the world, when the mind of man was yet in its infancy, when mere brute force was certain to obtain the pre-eminence, when the right of the strongest was the only right acknowledged—the degradation of women was a necessary consequence of such a rude state of society; but in the present day, when *knowledge is felt to be power*, and when battles even are won more by the talent of the general than by the prowess of his soldiers, their still debased social position can only be accounted for by the death-like apathy their dependent state induces, and which renders them, as slaves are, willing to continue in their fetters, until the advance of intelligence, or the perpetration of some fresh insult, shall rouse into action their torpid energies. And who can tell how small a spark may kindle the flame of liberty which now lies smothered in so many bosoms?—who knows how soon the desire for emancipation may be awakened—that desire which will never rest till it is accomplished? Have we never heard that “who would be free, himself must break the chain,” and shall we any longer hesitate to wrench asunder one of the links of ours? Do we expect from others—from our masters—that justice

which we refuse to struggle for ourselves? and can we hope that they whose interest it is to keep us slaves, will ever voluntarily concede to us the prerogatives of free citizens—will acknowledge our equality with themselves, or recognise our rights as human beings?

It will not be much longer possible, in a highly cultivated state of society, to prevent some gleams of knowledge from penetrating the thick darkness of female ignorance; and when that darkness is dispelled, women will learn to reflect on the position they occupy. They know that one prejudice after another has been abandoned; that one proscribed race after another has been made free, and they will at length inquire why they alone are to remain enslaved?—and when they remember that the barriers are now thrown down which excluded from a participation in social and political privileges, all who differed with their rulers in religion, colour, or nation; and rejoice that the Catholic and the Dissenter are placed, as citizens, on a footing of equality with the dominant religious sect—that the Hindoo and the Mulatto are entrusted with important and responsible offices, and that even the negro is legally entitled (if he be competent) to hold them; and when they see the last and strongest prejudice—the prejudice in favour of rank destroyed, and men of the humblest birth and meanest fortune the successful competitors of the richest and the noblest—they will ask why they should any longer submit to be deprived of a voice in the public affairs of their country?

I fearlessly ask if the women of this country are inferior to the men either in patriotism, in honour, or in honesty? Are they inferior in moral courage, in fidelity, or in political consistency? “Perhaps not; but they are inferior in ability and in knowledge.” With sorrow I confess that at present they are deficient in knowledge, but that they are so in ability I deny. Have they ever been tried? On the contrary, have they not been systematically kept in ignorance—and has not every imaginable means been resorted to, in order to perpetuate that ignorance? I say it, and I say it boldly, that there is no post of trust, no important office, for which women are not naturally as well qualified as men. Every employment should therefore be open to them—no favour should be shown, and if they fail, let them incur the penalty of their incompetence.

But though the argument for the degradation of women generally turns on their incapacity, let us inquire if ability is made the test of fitness amongst men. Perhaps it will be said, that no man attains to high office without possessing ability. I grant that in the less wealthy classes of society, merit is frequently the cause of advancement, (although, by the way, we may be permitted to ask if some members of the right reverend bench have owed their elevation solely to their merit?) but in the higher circles, amongst our hereditary legislators, are there many who might not be equalled or surpassed by women taken from their own or other classes of society? I imagine no one will controvert this: and if women are capable of exercising the functions of legislators, as well or better than those to whom the execution of such responsible duties is confided, it is not too much to presume that they are equally well qualified to fill the lower offices in the state, and ought therefore to be invested with the minor privileges of

citizens, which no *man* is thought too mean or too ignorant to possess, and which the more earnest reformers assert to be the right of every one but a criminal. Surely it requires no great genius to fulfil the duties of an overseer, of a member of the vestry, of a parish clerk, of a guardian of the poor, of a burgess, or of a parliamentary elector? When we see the hands into which these offices and trusts are thrown, we cannot suppose it is from incapacity, but from jealousy, that women are excluded from them.

Let us take, for example, the generality of electors both in towns and in the country. The electors in many towns (with few exceptions) were, until recently, all but paupers, grossly ignorant, and utterly regardless of their privilege, excepting as it gave them a title to indulge in all manner of excess during an election, at the expense of one of the candidates, and also afforded an easy way of gaining money by the sale of their votes. The Reform Bill has introduced a more respectable class of persons into the constituency; but events continually show that many of the ten-pound householders are totally uninformed regarding their political duties, and are directed in the exercise of their prerogative solely by caprice or interest. In the country the case is just as bad. The farmers, to whom the Reform Bill gave votes, in general neither know nor care anything about politics; they vote to please their landlords; and many whose landlords do not take any decided political part—and therefore do not compel their tenantry to do so—will not ride a few miles to attend a polling-place, and in numerous instances will not even allow their names to be placed on the register! The forty-shilling freeholders are commonly of the poorest class. Many a small proprietor may be seen working on the roads, many are employed as menial servants, and it not unfrequently happens that a woman of ability, possessing a large stake in the country, and devoted to her political party, is subjected to the mortification of seeing the privilege denied to herself, confided to uneducated and unenlightened men in her own household.

Many ladies possess large property in towns, but not a voice have they in any schemes of local improvement. They can neither give their vote for the levying of a rate or a local tax; for the appointment of a town councillor, an alderman, or any other officer. The select vestry is closed against them, so are the hustings—they may neither appear at one place nor the other.

It is sometimes suggested, that women are adequately represented by their fathers, brothers, and husbands; and—passing by the cases in which a woman has no relation who can represent her interest—the suggestion has a slight show of plausibility, until we recollect that points are frequently discussed by the legislature, which affect women not only in their quality as citizens, but also in their distinctive character as females.

Did women constitute a portion of the senate, would not the unjust laws respecting property be abolished? would they continue after marriage in a state of perpetual tutelage? Still less, would acts have been allowed to pass which exonerate one sex from burdens which are heaped tenfold on the other?

When we reflect on these things, it will not require any extraordinary sagacity to discover that women are *not* represented by men. But another objection yet remains to be answered.

It is contended that the *influence* women are supposed to possess, both at home and in society, is so great, that it is unnecessary to grant them political privileges, since they already enjoy a power equally strong; but free from all the risk and the vexation which the attainment of the object the "emancipators" desire, would occasion. This view of the subject appears to me to be totally false. Not only is *influence* no compensation for being retained in a state of bondage, but female influence, as it is generally exercised, is positively and extensively hurtful.

Who are the influential amongst women? Not the sensible, the modest, and the discreet; but the woman of fashion, the youthful beauty, and the irreclaimably vicious, either in temper or morals. By all of these, an influence is exercised, pernicious in every way—pernicious from its leading away the young from the severe paths of duty to the pleasanter scenes of gaiety and amusement—pernicious from its allowing passion too frequently to take the place of reason—pernicious also, because it is an influence which is subject to no responsibility, to no control, which is often exercised capriciously, and dictated merely by the whim of the moment.

In regard to the political influence of women, very few, comparatively speaking, know or care whether they exercise it or not. They look not so much to the object as to the individual. They of course follow the dicta of their parents or friends whenever they venture to speak on political subjects; and if they are employed by "fair speeches" to win over a wavering young man to that side they are told is the right one, they generally obey with the more alacrity, because after having secured the gentleman's vote, they may probably also gain his hand. They advocate opinions without reflection, confident that no blame can attach to them if they are mistaken, and that the laugh will be turned against "the stupid man who was so weak as to be led by a silly woman." They know, besides, that should they happen to give good advice, the source will surely be acknowledged; they feel they are not accountable to any one for the influence they may exercise; and it is therefore exercised in the manner most conducive to their own passions or interest.

Are any of my fair readers displeased with this view of their boasted influence? If they are, let them unite in repudiating it. Let them endeavour to exchange an irresponsible and pernicious influence for the free and legitimate exercise of constitutional rights, and let them use every available means to accomplish that object—the first and most important step towards their complete social regeneration.

"But what are the means to be employed to bring about this change?" They are simple—for they are comprised in two words, education and agitation.

(1.) To the momentous subject of education, the attention of all those is directed who are looking forward with hope to the emancipation of their countrywomen. But when I speak of education, I do

not mean that flimsy cover for ignorance which is called instruction in fashionable boarding-schools, nor do I mean a proficiency in the arts of music and painting, even in those rare instances where anything like a competent knowledge of them is attained. No—the education we want, is that moral teaching which is capable of bringing the mind into a pure and healthy state, and which, while it strengthens the understanding, imposes no check on the imagination, excepting such as may render it subservient to reason.

It is generally contended, that though women have more quickness of perception, and more readiness of apprehension, they have less steadiness than men; that this constitution renders them incapable of serious study, and that it is consequently useless to teach them what they can never learn.

I must confess that women in general deserve to be thus characterised, but I utterly deny that the rule is of universal application. There is as much variety in the natural capacities of women as of men. It is the want of a proper education which has reduced them, as a class, to one uniform and inferior standard. In the earliest childhood we do not see that girls are in any measure inferior to boys. I should say, they are generally superior. So long as the sisters and brothers in a family continue to be educated together, the sisters generally make the greatest progress. In some schools also, where girls and boys are assembled together in classes, and instructed in classical literature, the girls are almost invariably more intelligent than boys of the same age, and even than those some years older.

It is not, therefore, from any want of natural capacity that women become superficial thinkers, and inconclusive reasoners. The fact is, they are never taught to think, and their mental powers from disuse absolutely die of inanition. Their minds are never exercised; indeed, I doubt whether one in fifty amongst well-educated (!) women know what an effort of the mind really is. The greatest intellectual exercise they are accustomed to, is a mere effort of memory, and consists in the repetition of a certain number of verses, or French fables, or detached portions of chronology. With these employments, though tedious and annoying to youthful imaginations, the mind has properly nothing to do. Memory, although a useful handmaid to learning, is not a mistress, and the error (error not confined to female education) of making memory the test of ability has often a fatal effect on the future improvement of the pupil.

The few women of genius who have turned their attention to literature, have generally had a long and painful course of education to commence for themselves after their school-days were over; rendered the more difficult from the absence of any foundation, or the obstruction of a false one. For what are women in general taught, but the most frivolous accomplishments? Take ninety-nine women out of one hundred, and what do they know? They sing, they play, they draw, they dance, they speak French, read Italian, and they make purses and workbags. It is true, they are professedly instructed in "history, geography, and the use of the globes," and some other branches of knowledge, in the better class of boarding-schools, and by governesses at home. But let us examine these boasted acquire-

ments. What principles are they taught? How are they made to apply facts, to study and combine the chain of events, to look for the causes which have led to great changes in civil or religious institutions; to examine, compare, and apply the records of past events to the state of things as they now exist?

I will venture to say, the idea of instructing a pupil in this manner has rarely entered the mind of any schoolmistress. A much easier method is adopted, by which the pupil (to use the words of Mr. Hamilton) is "made to learn," not taught. She reads abridgments of history, in which the events of a hundred years are compressed into one page. She is next questioned from little books, got up for the especial accommodation of governesses, under the titles of "Catechisms," and "Questions," and perhaps enters the information thus acquired into a common-place book. Thus several histories are gone through with equal success, and at the end of six or seven years, the young lady, if diligent, and possessing the organ of "eventuality," may have her memory stored with a tolerable number of unconnected facts. She may be able to relate, without making a mistake, the names of all the kings of England, the dates of their accession, length of their reign, &c.; may give an account of some of the most remarkable events which occurred at different epochs, and, in short, be a small compendium of chronology. But take her from facts to principles, and she is silent. "It was not in the book." The wonder of the school, the idol of the mistress, feels herself unable to enter into conversation on equal terms with a man of the most ordinary intellect; and, although rather disappointed, consoles herself with the reflection that politics, either of ancient or modern times, are not a fit study for ladies, and that it is therefore perfectly excusable in her to be ignorant of such subjects.

In the same laudable spirit of humility she also remains contentedly uninformed respecting the institutions of her country, the tenets of her religion, and the constitution of her church—the plan of her education not admitting of any instruction on those points. In regard to religion, although there are abundance of pious women, very few really know anything of the faith they profess. Their education in religion is like their education in everything else—superficial. The piety of a "serious lady" is more frequently a work of the imagination than of the reason. This want of a systematic education in religion is often the cause of great disorders. Young and ignorant girls of ardent imaginations become impressed by the promises, or threatenings, contained in the Bible, and their imaginations being uncontrolled by reason, they too often not only "make shipwreck of their faith," but of their happiness and respectability along with it.

But it is not only in the momentous concerns of religion that the false principles adopted in the education of women become apparent. Their lamentable ignorance is evinced in the commonest occurrences of life. Few women are capable of transacting the most ordinary business. They are consequently obliged to entrust all their affairs to their relations, or to hired agents, by both of whom they are constantly defrauded and plundered. A woman who can keep any

accounts besides those of the "House Book," is either wondered at or laughed at, according as she may meet with sensible people or fools; though even the professed admirers of her "cleverness" cannot always refrain from such a sneer at the "managing lady" as was made by a gentleman, who, on being told that Mrs. —— (a widow lady of good fortune) would not leave home until after her rent-day, exclaimed, "Pray, then, does Mrs. —— receive her own rents?" The lady in question *did not* receive her rents in person; but, had she done so, where would have been the harm, or where the incongruity?

Pursuing the inquiry, we find that women are in general totally ignorant of the mathematical and physical sciences, (I do not speak of the exceptions which a particular bias, fashion, or opportunity may create,) and of metaphysics, many, I believe, have not even heard the name. A very intelligent girl of sixteen, who had been at the head of the "writing and arithmetic" class in what is denominated a "first-rate school," with great simplicity asked a friend the meaning of the word "algebra;" and her sister at twenty did not know what logarithms are! The best ascertained facts in science are unknown to the greatest proportion of women of leisure; and I imagine that few young ladies would not be puzzled to solve the simplest problem in astronomy or mechanics. Of composition, as an art, they do not know even the rudiments. In many schools the only exercise in *original* composition is the practice of writing on Sundays "recollections" of the sermon. When it is stated that the sermons frequently listened to are of the most wretched character, (so far as composition is concerned,) it may readily be imagined how well calculated "recollections" of them are to form the style of the pupils.

I cannot forbear to give an outline of the plan of study in a boarding-school, where the education of each girl cost 100*l.* per annum. The hours for each lesson were varied every day, according to the attendance of the masters; but a sketch of the business of a single girl during one day in the week will give a complete idea of of the system.

SCHEME OF EARLY STUDY.

Seven o'clock to nine—piano-forte or harp. Nine to eleven—breakfast and exercise. Eleven to twelve—singing lesson. Twelve to two—during these hours one girl in a class read aloud, while the rest were employed in drawing—a happy method of combining manual dexterity with intellectual improvement. The books read in English were abridgments of history without "note or comment," and unaided by reference to maps. Perhaps this was the less important, for, as the composition of the class varied every day, and only those pupils attended who were not occupied with masters, any attempt to render the reading lesson *useful* would have been thrown away. The second hour was devoted to French and Italian. The works usually read in those languages were tragedies or novels in French, and Metastasio's operas in Italian.

Two to half-past three—dinner and play. Half-past three to half-past five—writing, arithmetic, and French exercises. Half-past five

to half-past six—dressing, learning lessons, &c.—Half-past six to half-past eight—repeating lessons, tea, prayers, and bed. The *lessons* consisted of spelling, &c. for the juniors; and of French and Italian grammar, small compendium of history and chronology, and the rudiments of geography, for the seniors.

In fact, from the little experience I have had, I should say nothing is more easy than to become a governess or a school-mistress; nothing more is required than to collect a certain number of the question and answer books before spoken of, which, assisted by a French vocabulary, and a “*Clef de la Grammaire*,” will enable the teacher to make her pupil learn more than she knows herself.

Music is now considered so essential a part of female education, that competent instructors in that art are studiously sought for. I shall endeavour to show that the universal and excessive cultivation of music is undesirable; but no one can object to it being taught (when it is taught) in as efficient a manner as possible. Fashion has here worked the reformation, which in more important things we look for reason to do. A few years ago young ladies in remote countries, although devoting a twelfth part of their time to the practice of music, were rarely able to execute the most simple piece without immense application. Now, able professors are to be met with in almost every town, and few of those who learn are unable to play or sing agreeably when they leave school.

So far all is well; but the improved instruction of the present day in this accomplishment by no means removes the objection to music being made an essential part of the education of every young lady. The principal reason for condemning it is the time it consumes. To become a proficient on one instrument only, requires the labour of several hours each day for many years—hours frequently subtracted from the most important pursuits. In every case where music is made a part of education this time must be given, for so great is now the perfection to which the art is carried by professional performers, that a private player must have attained a considerable degree of proficiency to be even tolerated. Let the best instruction, then, be provided for all who show a decided talent; but for the greater number a far more efficient mode of teaching might be adopted, which would answer every purpose of amusement, and would more certainly cultivate a fine taste, and enable the pupil to enjoy the works of the great masters, than the lessons of the most esteemed professors. I allude to the custom of making children sing in parts without accompaniment, according to the system practised in the German schools. This, while it formed a most agreeable recreation, would also show which of the children were likely to become good musicians, and would prevent the girl without either ear or taste being compelled, as she is now, to labour in dull drudgery at her piano during the best years of her youth.

Music, however, is frequently not cultivated for its own sake, or even on account of its fashionable reputation, but because it is a means of attracting attention, and thereby procuring a “good establishment.” With this view, a young lady while at school sings and practises, and after her entrée into the world continues to do so for a

few years, or at least so long as she retains *hope*. To effect this object, it must be owned, music is a powerful and useful auxiliary. Excepting a beautiful face, perhaps there is nothing so attractive as an exquisite voice; indeed, it is difficult to say which will command the most attention. Besides, if the voice is deficient, or the performance merely instrumental, the bustle that takes place around a piano or harp affords an excellent opportunity for flirtation. The instrument is the general place of assembly for all the idlers. Young men, if they are not positive martyrs to "finery," continue to make themselves busy in placing the lights, arranging the music-desks, &c., and have at the same time an opportunity of admiring a pretty hand, or a well-formed figure. Compliments on the performance succeed, which are the prelude to further conversation, while perhaps the really clever and agreeable girl, who is "not musical," is seated beside a stupid elderly lady without exciting the slightest attention.

When such scenes are of daily recurrence, who can wonder at the predilection in favour of music felt by all manœuvring mothers, who look on their daughters' success in that accomplishment as an earnest of their success in the more arduous *business* of after-life?

As for men, their interest is so deeply concerned in patronising any scheme which may perpetuate the subjugation of women, that independently of the pleasure of having a performer always at hand to entertain them when weary of reading, or indisposed to converse, they would be wanting in the most ordinary sagacity, if they did not perceive that they have only to *use* the tools already prepared to their hands. Accordingly, they pass the most extravagant encomiums on the art of music, commend it for being so "feminine" an accomplishment, and pay enormous sums to have their daughters initiated into the mysteries of this all-important branch of knowledge.

And so long as women are contented unrepiningly to bear their fetters, it is perfectly consistent in them to cultivate music with such assiduity. So long as they allow that they ought to have no choice, but only a veto, in the most momentous event of their lives; so long is it their interest to bestow their time on external accomplishments, and to neglect all mental improvement. Their object, the only object of their lives, and indeed their only attainable object of ambition, is more likely to be gained by that method than by any other; and they enjoy, besides, the consolatory reflection, that what is most advantageous, is at the same time most agreeable.

The study of modern languages ranks, in the present system of female education, next to music. It would be impossible to deny that an acquaintance with one or more foreign languages is not only desirable, but may often prove extensively useful, as a means of acquiring information, both from books and from conversation with foreigners. But let us inquire what proficiency is generally made in this study.

In the families of the rich, who can afford to keep a foreign nurse or governess, one of the continental languages is frequently spoken with ease and fluency; but amongst the less wealthy classes, and in schools, the knowledge acquired is much more limited. In schools, the pupils are stated to "speak French" during school-hours; but

it may reasonably be doubted whether a Frenchman could recognise his vernacular tongue in the jargon which bears its name: and in private families, where French is taught either by an English mother or governess, or a "professor of languages," the weary children spend hour after hour in poring over the pages of a dictionary, and in writing exercises which set all the rules of composition and grammar at defiance. The fruits of so excellent a method are apparent, in the hundreds of girls who, after the completion of their education, are unable to speak a single sentence in French without making the most egregious blunders, or to construe a dozen lines either of poetry or prose in Italian, out of any *new* book. Thus the only *intellectual* pursuit, which forms part of ordinary female education, is rendered, by a faulty system of instruction, utterly useless either as a means of improvement or pleasure.

Drawing takes its place after languages; in fact, may be said to complete the circle of female acquirements. It is much to be desired that a knowledge of drawing were much more general than it is. It must ever be useful. In every situation of life it is advantageous—in many positively necessary. From the leisured woman of fortune to the poorest servant, all may profit by an acquaintance with the art of design. The rich may find in its practice a pleasing amusement, especially calculated to soothe the mind too much excited by the contests of the world, and to bring it back to admire the beauties of nature, and the wonders of creation. The woman of moderate means may increase the enjoyment of every holiday excursion, by employing her pencil in delineating the lovely scenes she visits. Even the poor dressmaker may find her taste is improved, and that consequently her gains are increased by a knowledge of the principles of colouring and of form.

But instruction in drawing, to be really useful, ought to be scientific; in short, the elementary course of an artist. But, as it may readily be supposed, scientific instruction for girls is considered quite unnecessary. The progress made by the most promising pupils in general amounts to little more than a facility of imitating, and a neatness in executing, the *strokes* and *touches* of the drawing-master's copy. But by far the greater number of those who learn, do not even attain this humble degree of proficiency, and, after quitting the school-room, throw aside their pencils, finding themselves totally incompetent to produce the most trifling sketch without the assistance of the master.

Yet how easily might an efficient mode of teaching be combined—especially to landscape painters—with a rational and delightful amusement! Not to speak of the *artistical* advantages to be derived from the study of nature, it is painful to think that young girls are frequently compelled to bend over a desk for several hours every day, employed in copying the most wretched daubs, and remaining all the while totally ignorant of the art they are professedly instructed in; while a healthy recreation is within their reach, in which, by judicious teaching, they might become acquainted with both its principles and practice.

I have now endeavoured to point out a few, and but a few, of the

errors of the present system of female education. I do not venture to lay down any plan of my own. The subject is of too deep importance, and involves too many considerations to be properly discussed in the pages of a periodical. I can only express an earnest hope that a *general* system of education may speedily be adopted, calculated to elevate and enlarge the minds of women, and which, by strengthening their understandings and calling forth their latent talents, may at length lead them to insist on being admitted to equal privileges with the rest of their fellow-beings.

(2.) The second instrument to be employed to effect our social regeneration is agitation. It comprises active and passive resistance.

The active means of agitation we possess are chiefly derived from the press. Through the medium of that noble assistant to liberty, we ought to accomplish great things. Discussion, in this country, thank God! is free. We need not fear we shall sustain any injury from the freedom with which we express our opinion, and could the women of this country be excited to contend for their rights, the press would become, in their hands, an engine of enormous power.

Why do they not use the means that are open to them? Why do they not profit by the facility of publication, to send forth works devoted to the cause of female improvement and emancipation? Let them follow the example of political and religious partisans, and take advantage of every occurrence which can be brought to bear on their present condition. Let them conduct journals and other periodical publications expressly devoted to that object. Let not a circumstance escape them. The ordinary events of the world afford abundant materials. Facts are daily made public, which render sufficiently evident the injustice that women sustain at the hands of men in every relation of their lives. But no single person can effect this. It requires a combined and a strenuous effort—a general devotion to the cause—of the cultivated minds and the splendid fortunes, which are now dissipated in all manner of frivolous vanities.

It is not difficult to combine the energies of a nation. The example of political parties and of religious sects shows how easily both power and funds may be attained, if the will be only present. And what a force have we in our immense numbers! No other party consists, as ours does, of half the population of the country! If we are individually weak, we are collectively strong. Union and association are therefore pre-eminently necessary for us. The very appearance of combination in a sex deemed incapable of moral energy would produce an extraordinary effect. Those who now laugh at the idea of female emancipation, would find their mirth suddenly checked, when they saw associations of enlightened and determined women springing up in every town and village, and numbering thousands and tens of thousands amongst their numbers. Even those most opposed to our views would be unable to close their eyes to the fact, that when women systematically begin to investigate their grievances, a great social revolution is at hand, and the tyranny of sex is nearly over. The instant we resolve to be free, our emancipation is half accomplished. The right to petition the legislature is, I believe, not denied us. Why do we not exercise that right to lay our complaints before Parliament?

Let us not be abashed at the thought of the sneers that would follow the presentation of such petition—if indeed members could be found honest enough to present them. Better endure a sneer for doing too much than for doing too little. Was it not urged as a plea during the insulting debates on Mr. Grantley Berkeley's motion for admitting ladies to the gallery of the House of Commons, that no petition in favour of the measure had been presented? Let us not forget how often the early petitions of oppressed classes, praying for the redress of grievances, have been scornfully treated by both Houses of Parliament; and yet, that perseverance has, in the end, obtained for the petitioners more than they at first required. Need we then despair?

I now come to speak of the passive resistance, which is a principal means of agitation. The principle has been laid down, that "those who are not represented in the state are not bound to contribute to its burthens." I think I have shown that women are not represented, and why should they not use the same means that have proved so successful in the case of the oppressed, both in England and in Ireland? What has passive resistance not done for the Catholics and the Dissenters? Would they have obtained the remission of even a fraction of their grievances, if their refusal to pay tithes, church-rates, and other equally obnoxious imposts, had not made our *just* and *wise* hereditary legislators fear for themselves?

In conclusion, then, let me call on my dear countrywomen no longer to remain voluntary slaves. I have endeavoured in this brief sketch to present an outline of the enormity of their grievances—I have shown that the means of redress are easy, that it remains with themselves to use those means, and that they cannot fail of success if they only are united. Let them not allow opportunities to pass unheeded—let them commence this great work without delay; and though hope may be so long deferred that "the heart is sick," let them never forget that it was one of their own sex who took for her motto the words—*"Nil desperandum."*

A VILLAGE LEGEND.

It is a pain, but help is vain,
 These Wellwoods cannot thrive;
 Do what we will, the race are still
 Drones in the village hive.

Man, woman, child, in rags are clad,
 Yea, all that bear the name;
 The very word expressive is
 Of want, and woe, and shame.

Poor were the dwellings of their sires,
 But worse do these possess;
 And downward still do they descend
 To deeper wretchedness.

A burthen and a blot are they,—
 The parish books attest,
 In sure succession, sire and son,
 The pauper and the pest.

A Village Legend.

- "O marvel not," a peasant said,
"For this there is a cause—
Doubtless great violence was done
To God's benignant laws.
- "For this there is a cause assigned,
And I to you will tell
What to a Wellwood, legends say,
In ancient times befel.
- "Behold, as far as eye can reach,
The cultured fields how fair:
Not yet a century ago
The wild flock wandered there.
- "And then the grandsire of this race,
A man not very poor,
Had a snug dwelling in the glen,
Just bordering on the moor.
- "'Twas winter, and all nature slept—
The streams had ceased to flow;
And level as an ocean lay
The wide expanse of snow.
- "The trees stood motionless: the birds
Lay, frozen, dead around:
From universal nature came
Nor living sight nor sound.
- "The sun moved on, from morn to eve,
Obliquely cold and clear:
Yea, cold as whitest marble was
The lifeless atmosphere.
- "In the near forest did there dwell
A hermit, old and poor;
And he at noon was seen for years
To cross the village moor.
- "With staff and scrip, companionship
He in the village sought;
And a wide welcome did he find,
For cheerful looks he brought.
- "A meek old man, who in his youth
A riotous life had led:
Who wept, until compunction slept,
And now was comforted.
- "The stag-hound ceased to scent for blood—
The mastiff livelier cheer
Put on, for his old sullen mood,
When drew the hermit near.
- "Where'er he went blithe children ran
And climb him like a tree;
Whene'er he sat down by a fire
They were upon his knee.
- "All revered him, both rich and poor;
All served him, high and low;
His clothing still was of the best,
And want he could not know.

- " But age crept on, and winter came—
And looking from his door,
He felt himself, in that hard time,
Unfit to cross the moor.
- " 'Twas a strange chance, by all the place
The hermit was forgot ;
And thus to him his many friends
Were as they friends were not.
- " Extremest hardships he endured,
"Till, made by hunger bold,
His way to Wellwood's did he find,
Despite the desperate cold.
- " O! base, inhospitable wretch !
The miser barred his door,
And left the miserable man
To perish on the moor :
- " And finding soon his corse, more deep
To plunge in meanest sin,
He stript the hermit of his weeds,
And clad himself therein.
- " God saw him—and from that day forth
Forsaken did he dwell ;
More lonely than had ever been
The hermit in his cell.
- " Of God accursed, by Nature loathed,
Detested by his kind,
Cut off from human fellowship—
In solitude he pined.
- " 'Tis by old villagers averred,
Wherever Wellwood trod,
The very grass would withering leave
His foot-prints in the sod.
- " 'Tis true he perished in the snow,
Unseen of human eye :
And, thus, it is believed, do all
His race unsolaced die.
- " Nay, more—what meant is for their good,
Ever to evil turns ;
All intervention with that curse
Both God and Nature spurns."
- O! say not, peasant, that a curse
From sire to son descends :
Remorse unto the guilty clings—
With him the chastening ends.
- Say rather, that in human breasts,
Repugnance to the crime
Still lives, and acts against his race
In conflict stern with time.
- For God forgives, and Nature heals,
And these shall yet arise—
As truth with healthful light prevails,
And superstition dies.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE FURLOUGH.

ON a cold dark evening in November, a drizzling rain pattering outside, there sat within a cabin, in the west of Ireland, two persons, before a blazing turf fire. They were of different sexes, but apparently of the same age ; both advanced in life. The woman occupied a low stool, the favourite seat of the female peasantry of that country ; the man had assumed (as befitted his masculine dignity) a more elevated position. The house in which they sat was one of more respectable appearance than those usually inhabited by the Irish lower order. It was lofty, had a good chimney, a clean dresser, on which were ranged several well-scoured noggins, plates, mugs, even a tea-pot, cups and saucers, a churn, and milk-vessels ; large pieces of bacon hung from the rafters ; a flax-wheel, and another for spinning wool, stood on each side of the dresser ; and the floor carefully swept, although an earthen one, was dry and comfortable. Yet the cheerfulness usually found in Irish habitations was not here. They sat silent—the woman seemingly watching the potatoes boiling ; the man, with his eyes directed eagerly towards the cabin-door, which, like most Irish doors, in the province of Connaught more especially, stood open—fitting type of the hearts of their occupants, ever open to welcome the houseless stranger. Although his countenance was characterised by habitual thoughtfulness, and, at the time of his introduction to the reader, by deep anxiety, it was mild, and even sweet, in its expression. The features were small and delicate ; the forehead fair and broad, scarcely bearing a trace of the sixty winters which had changed his brown curling locks into the silver cluster that now fell on his neck, reaching nearly to the shoulders. In his appearance he furnished a singular contrast with that of his companion. She was more than usually tall, and her spare figure, had almost athletic proportions. Her features were regular ; but the expression which in youth had been commanding, had become by time deepened into sternness, and in her large dark hollow eye there lurked a something, that none who caught its occasional flash would venture intentionally to call into action—fierce concentrated passion slept there. Her hair, once black, was now confined under a kercher, leaving her harsh, sharp-cut features unsoftened and unrelieved.

“I wonder why Tim and Peggy isn't come back,” the old man observed.

“They'll come back soon enough,” said his companion, surlily.

“Never too soon, at any rate, can the childer return to the father and mother's hearth.”

“It's my opinion, them that brings bad news always crosses the threshold time enough,” she rejoined.

“That's thrue, Grania ; but whyn'd we suppose they'll bring bad news ?”

“It's our luck of late—does any thing thrive wid uz ?”

"There's one friend, at any rate, can set all right whenever he plases," the husband replied, after a pause.

"Who's that?" she asked hastily.

"The friend who has brought us out of many a throuble."

"Can't you say at onct who you mane?"

"The good God, Grania asthore—who else could I mane?"

She looked up at him with a scoffing expression in her dark countenance. "So that's the great friend that'll pay the rint for us?"

He made no immediate reply; his head sank on his breast, but at length he raised it, and fixing his eye steadily but not sternly on her, said in a low firm voice, "Grania—I've often had it in my mind to spake to you, but the children was by, and it wasn't fit they should hear the father faulting the mother. Grania! I don't like, and what's far worse, God don't like the way you're goin' on this many a day."

"What way is that?" asked she, imperiously.

"Whisht! whisht!" he said, in a tone of quiet authority. "Listen to me, Grania. You may die this night, or I may, or many a thing may happen, so that maybe the two of uz might never again be sittin' together the way we are now; so mind what I say, as if 'twas on my death-bed I was spakin' to you; some turrible misfortin' or throuble will come across you, if you go on talkin' the way you do, and livin' the way you do." She made a gesture of impatience. "It's thrue," he continued, "and you know it. 'Tisn't months, but years, since you have enthered the chapel doors—not to talk of confessin'."

"Sure, what's the good of havin' a *vatheen** for a husband, if he wouldn't spare one that much throuble?" she retorted, with a sneer.

"And what's worse still," he proceeded, without noticing her interruption, "one 'ud think sometimes, to hear you goin' on, you didn't b'lieve in a God, good or bad—so one would."

"And suppose I didn't—what harum?"

"God forgive you," he cried, crossing himself devoutly; "God forgive and mend you, Grania," he added, emphatically.

"Amin," she replied, with a laugh.

"Many's the throuble I've had in this world, and many's the throuble I've now, as you know; but if every four-footed baste belongin' to me was carted, and the bed undher me thrown out in the door,—ay, an' if the daughther was brought to shame, an' the son to the gallows—it wouldn't be so bitther to me as to see you, Grania M'Donough, the woman you are!"

"That sounds quare enough, Darby, that you'd be betther plased the childer ud go headlong to the dickens entirely, so the wife wint reg'lar to mass—quare enough, to my thinkin'."

"I would then, for this rason: a great temptation might come across a crathure, that he'd fall into sin, and maybe might be brought to sorrow and shame in this world, but 'twould end here anyhow; if he repinted, whatsomever he done out of the way, the great God, glory be to his holy name, would forgive him; but them who doesn't b'lieve in a God at all, Grania, what hope is there of the likes of them?"

"Well, bad as I am, I done nothin' out of the way yet."

* A devotee.

“ You didn’t rob or murdher yet ? ”

“ Nor won’t plase God,” she replied carelessly. “ It’s a wondher you never seen my fauts,” she added, “ whin the hair was black and the skin white: I never was handy at the prayers, and wasn’t fondher them days than now of throublin’ the priest—and that you knew well enough, Darby ;—why didn’t you lave me where you found me ? ”

A retort rose to the husband’s lips, but he forbore ; and they both relapsed into their former silence ; of which we will avail ourselves to inform the reader of a few particulars respecting the couple just introduced to him.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, Grania M’Donough was a singularly handsome girl, and had many admirers ; amongst others, Darby Kane. But beautiful as she was, Darby never thought of taking her to wife. Her bold reckless manner, and evident ambition of attracting the eye of those above her own degree, must naturally have displeased a man of Darby’s character, which was even at that time grave and reflecting. But besides, there was in the style itself of Grania’s bearing something not altogether to his taste. It inspired fear rather than love ; and he shrank from the fierce brightness of her eyes as from the scorching rays of the noonday sun. Yet still he gazed, and fancied himself all the while bewitched—not guessing the real bewitchment—Grania’s coquettish arts of captivation.

Mr. B——, Darby’s foster-brother and Grania’s cousin, (a left-handed one,) was particularly anxious for the match ; but, for the first time in his life, Kane turned a deaf ear to “ the masther’s advice.” Darby was prudent, but he was a man, and a young one to boot ; and Grania being very handsome, and very forward, succeeded at last in her object, and became Mrs. Kane. There were people who said (but never within Grania’s hearing) that Darby’s marriage was one of honour ; nay, some went a step farther, and said that Darby had been duped ; but the latter part of the story was whispered only to those supposed to possess priestly capability of keeping a secret.

Darby did not find himself by any means happier than he had expected, as the husband of Grania. She was violent in her temper, discontented with her lot : there was a restlessness in her gestures and countenance, as if not at ease or peace with herself ; generally cold in her manner—at other times capriciously fondling. He early observed, with pain, his wife’s inattention to the duties of her religion ; but his admonitions were received, if in bad humour, with a frown, which made him recoil—if in good humour, with a smile so brightly that he thought, “ afther all, maybe, he was too perticklar, and the religion would come in time, plase God.” But years passed on, and the religion did not come.

“ The masther ” died. Darby lamented him with the depth and intensity of an Irish fosterer, but his grief partook of the gentleness and piety of his character. Grania’s, on the contrary, was wild, passionate, fierce—unlike the sorrow of her sex or nation. No tear fell while she was laying out the body ; nor did a prayer rise to her lips while sitting for two days and nights at the head of the bed—the post of honour. Neither during all this time did she taste food or refreshment of any kind. Her clear wild note was heard above the rest

in the loud cry which accompanied the remains to the churchyard, and, in the distraction of her grief, was flinging herself into the open grave, when arrested by her scarcely less afflicted, though more tranquil husband, who bore her away in a state of insensibility. For weeks afterwards she continued in moody sorrow; and on each anniversary of his death Grania might be seen—not weeping, not praying, but in that bitterness of soul which finds no vent in demonstration—lying prostrate, in silent agony, on the ground that concealed him.

The master's death affected Darby and his wife in a pecuniary way. Mr. B——, having left no children, was succeeded by a distant connexion, with whom he had lived, as is usual in Ireland, and perhaps elsewhere, on not the most friendly terms. Darby was supposed, by his present landlord, to have fomented the misunderstanding between him and his late relative, and he consequently became an object of his dislike. Until then Darby had lived rent-free, and had received occasional gifts of a horse or a cow. Moreover, Mr. B—— had promised to leave him, in his will, the annuity of ten pounds a year which he then enjoyed; and to do something handsome for Owen, the eldest boy, when he should be grown up. But having died suddenly, Mr. B——'s kind intentions in behalf of his favourite tenants had remained intentions only. A high rent was now fixed upon the ground; all "favour and protection withdrawn;" and the Kanes had to begin the world, as it were, and at the same time to struggle with poverty, and with habits of ease and indulgence. But Darby was conscientious—Grania energetic: he exerted himself from a sense of duty—she from pride.

"They shall never have to say," she would mutter, "that they got the betther of uz, and turned *his* fosterers on the world wide; they shall never have that to toss up to him in his grave. The poor mane set, that wasn't worthy to lick the thrack of his foot, let alone to stand in his shoes this day. Avoch! that I should live to see it!"

Mrs. Kane's breakfast of "dhry tay" had long been a subject of as much pride to her, as envy to her neighbours. "Many a one might get a bowl of tay from a big* house; but to have tay to put dhry in the pot," was honour and glory that fell to the lot of scarcely another in "the counthry;" that is to say, the village and its environs. Grania, however, gave up at once this long-possessed and deeply-valued distinction, as an indulgence her means could not then afford.

She had scarcely recovered from the loss of her "darlin' mather," when Owen, her eldest and favourite child, 'listed. To her other children she was cold, harsh, imperious. Slapped for doing the mischief which they were left to tumble into unheeded, she seldom or ever bestowed on them a word or look of fondness; whilst upon "Owneen" was lavished every epithet of Irish endearment, at the same time there was a deference mingled with her caresses, that seemed strange in their relative position.

"But isn't he worthy of it?" she would say; her stern eye softening into all a mother's tenderness, as she wound her fingers through

* A gentleman's house.

the glossy curls of her fondled and fondling Owneen, and gazed into his bright laughing eyes. "My delight you are—my hope—my glory—ma murneen bawn." *

He was, in truth, a beautiful creature, and had, as Darby boasted, "a mighty grate air of quality, howsomever he come by it." When about fifteen years of age he lost his patron; and Owen, "a scholar" and aspirant "for a place," was too proud and genteel to handle a spade. So one day, in a fit of despair, or something else more frequent in his compatriots, about two years afterwards he enlisted in a dragoon regiment, under orders for India.

According to her own phrase, "Grania was never the same woman afther." Her occasional flashes of good humour or good spirits now disappeared; she became silent, gloomy;—each year deepening as well the shade of her strongly-marked physiognomy, as of her countenance. Careless of religion in youth, she became, in advanced life, a scoffer. At first the indications of her incredulity were slight, and, except to a watchful observer like Darby, might not have been apparent; but latterly, her daring questionings of God's providence, nay, of his very existence, were so frequent, he could no longer remain in doubt that the mother of his children was "no betther than a haythen." How much this discovery must have shocked him, will easily be imagined by those acquainted with the devout temperament of the Irish people; for however immoral and criminal they may occasionally be in practice, they are in profession true believers. They break a commandment now and then, to be sure, but they adore God all the while; on the same principle that they rob and love an indulgent landlord.

Grania had ever been to her neighbours an object of secret fear, which, in their intercourse with her, was flatteringly modified into respect. Her neglect of all the customary forms of religion had been shocking enough, but the sneer of incredulity with which she now met allusions to another world, and to God's superintending care of this, inspired them with horror, as of one fairy-struck—for surely no Christian would look or talk the way she did. "And yet," the gossips would say, "I remember the time when Grania M'Donough was as fine and lauchy† a girl as you'd wish to see." "But that was before she was so much at the big house," another would add, with a mysterious shake of the head; "after that she grew grave, and got mighty fond of walkin' alone with hersel' in lonesome places—one time breakin' her heart laughin' wid ye; more times pickin' the eyes o' ye for lookin' at her. You may be sure, 'twas then the good people‡ stole her away." The want of tenderness to her children furnished an additional proof of her being "something quare;" nor did her affection for Owneen serve as counter-evidence, for "who could tell but 'twas a fairy child he was?" The gossip who first hazarded this conjecture was not bound to recollect, or remind her audience, that Owneen had neither the appearance nor disposition usually ascribed to the Elfin race.

Grania felt her influence, conjectured its source, and despised the ignorance and feeble-mindedness of those around her. However, she

* My fair-haired darling.

† Lively.

‡ Fairies.

knew how to turn it to account in various trifling ways; her turf was never pilfered, nor her ground trespassed upon; neither would any boy, however "arch," venture to throw stones at Mrs. Kane's chickens or goslings. Until the last year, Darby had contrived to pay his rent, and live comfortably; but about this period he had met various hindrances; his cattle died, the price of grain became "next door to nothing," and he fell into arrears. The agent, during Mr. B.'s residence on the continent, had been lenient, and had given him time; but now two gales were due, and Mr. B., just returned home, had expressed himself much dissatisfied with his agent's indulgence "to that mischievous, double-dealing fellow, Darby Kane;" threatening, if not paid up next fair-day, to take possession the following morning. Darby had, therefore, sent his son to the fair with the last remaining cow and horse; but, at the rate of prices then going, it was to be feared that even by the sacrifice of their present comfort, and the means of existence for the ensuing year, they would not be able to make up the whole amount; and Mr. B. (Darby could never turn his tongue to call him *master*) was not a man to take "with and with" * from anybody, still less from one he so much disliked as poor Darby. Peggy, taking some frieze of her father's weaving, and stockings of her mother's knitting, which for softness might almost contend the palm with the famed Connamara fabric, accompanied the brother. Darby and his wife are now sitting, anxiously watching their children's return.

"I think I hear the thramp of a horse," cried the old man, starting from the fit of abstraction in which we left him and his companion. "Did they get enough without sellin' him, I wondher."

"Don't wondher about it, but go out and ax," she said, sharply.

He rose slowly, as if apprehensive of the news he might hear, and had scarcely reached the threshold when he was met by his son.

"Ye're welcome, Tim."

"Musha, faith, an' it's no great welcome I have for mysel' thin," replied Tim.

"Ye did not sell him, Tim, honey?"

"No—nor her ayther. Peggy's dhrivin' her afther me."

The father's coming question was interrupted by the harsh tones of the mother's voice.

"What do ye stand cosherin' there for? Come in at onct, and tell what you done, can't ye?"

"That won't take long," replied the son, a stout well-made lad, with an honest expression of face; "we done nothin'."

"Bad luck to yere sowl and body!" she exclaimed, with such a brow, and such an eye, as no Irish mother but her ever bent on her child, causing her husband to recoil; but which her less sensitive son, hardened by habit, encountered with a certain frank, though respectful, sturdiness.

"And how could I, when nobody was willin' to buy—nor didn't ax the price itsel'?"

"God help uz!" cried Darby; "that's bad news this November night."

* Small instalments.

"Why don't ye go and ax your friend for it?" said Grania, with a laugh of derision.

"I might do worse," he replied, quietly.

"We'll have to take the bag on our backs to-morrow," she observed, doggedly, "and lave our blessin' to them that brought uz to it."

Peggy now entered, unwelcomed by her mother; and the little group sat in silence round the hearth, which was never again to blaze for them. They were roused from their melancholy cogitations by a "God save all here!" pronounced in a low voice by some one at the door-way.

"Thank you kindly—the same to you, whoever you are," replied the father and son simultaneously.

On turning round, they saw by the light of the fire the gleaming of military accoutrements—two figures stood at the entrance.

"Won't ye come in, and take an air of the fire, gentlemen?" said Tim.

The men advanced, and took the proffered seats, Darby doing the honours of his house with the characteristic courtesy of his country, little as he could be supposed inclined under present circumstances to receive strangers. In these civilities he was assisted by his son only; the wife sat gloomily silent; and Peggy was busy preparing the evening meal, and besides was "shy of the sogers."

"An' so ye're on furlough, goin' to see ye're friends," said Darby, making an effort to appear interested. "Are they in this part of the counthry, gintlemin?"

The one addressed hesitated for a moment, but his comrade answered hurriedly, in a low voice—"Back in Connamara."

"But ye ar'n't brothers—one of you spakes like an Englishman."

"We're next to brothers; better maybe, old friend," said the Irish soldier.

Peggy had by this time drained the potatoes, and they now lay smoking in the *skib*,* and a piece of bacon along with them.

"As ye're afther a long walk, maybe you'd take a bit with us, gintlemin?"

The soldiers declined, but accepted his offer of a glass.

"Here's to your health, sir, and your's, ma'am," nodding to Grania, who seemed scarcely conscious of their presence.

"And may you be as happy as I shall be this time to-morrow," added the young Irishman, his voice slightly faltering.

"Thankee kindly," replied Darby with a sigh. "I've a boy of my own a soger," he added, after a pause, and hav'n't seen him these twelve years. Maybe you might know him, gintlemin?"

"How can they tell whether they do or no, whin they don't know his name?" said Grania. "He's one Owen Kane—did ye ever hear tell of him?" she added, looking up eagerly at the Irish soldier, who was seated, his head leaning on his hand, in the corner near her.

"*He* does," he replied, pointing to his companion.

"Oh! then, God bless ye! an' tell me whin you seen him."

* A wicker drainer.

"Not long ago, ma'am. He's on his way home by this."

Grania clasped her hands tightly to her bosom, as if she already held her darling to her heart. "He will be welcome—welcome!" she murmured, in the low deep passionate tones of intense emotion.

The Irish soldier rose abruptly, and walked towards the door, followed by his comrade.

"Ye're not goin', gintlemin?" asked Darby. "The night's dark an' cold, an' ye can stop here, an' welcome."

The Englishman accepted the offer on behalf of his companion, who stood silent and thoughtful at his side; but declined it on his own account, being anxious to reach as quickly as possible the town of ———, where a sister lived, who was waiting his arrival. He however reseated himself at the fire, and the other soldier soon after rejoined him.

"Owen must be a fine man by this," Peggy observed to the Englishman, who had been, during the evening, apparently very desirous to become better acquainted with her; and who consequently struck her as being "far beyant the other, who sat, without spakin' a word, in the corner; lookin' at them undher his eyes, whin nobody ud be mindin' him."

"Indeed he is a tight lad," the Englishman replied; "but 'tis so long since you saw him, ma'am," turning to Grania, "that I dare say you wouldn't know your son now."

"Not know him!" she repeated, with a laugh. "Owneen, my curly-headed boy! is it the mother that had ye sleeping at her bosom, and that sees your blue eyes an' fair skin, whatever she looks upon, not to know ye?"

"But twelve years have passed since you last saw him—you should recollect that, ma'am. Owen must be greatly changed."

"Not so, but the mother's eye would know him; and supposin' she couldn't see him itsel', nor hear his voice, the mother's heart would feel when the child was near her."

"Your are very fond of your son," observed the Irish soldier. "He ought to love you."

"So he does," she replied.

"Did he write regularly to you?"

"He hadn't the time, maybe; or the letthers went astray."

"You ar'n't inclined to be hard on him, at any rate."

"Hard on Owen! who could have the heart to be that?"

Shortly after, the Englishman took his leave; and a little room off the kitchen was in the course of the evening prepared by Peggy for the other soldier, who, pleading extreme fatigue, and the necessity of rising betimes to pursue his journey on the morrow, retired rather early in the night; previously to which he had delivered into Mrs. Kane's charge a small roll of paper, containing money, "which he was afraid of dropping on the floor, or perhaps lighting his pipe with it in the dark, before he started in the morning."

Darby and Peggy did not remain long after him.

Grania looked into the paper, and took out two bank-notes, one of ten, another of five pounds. "Just the rint!" she exclaimed.

"Sorrow take it for rint!" said Tim. "This time to-morrow we shan't have a house over our heads, God help uz!"

Grania stood motionless: her dark eye alternately resting on her son, and on the paper she grasped: her colour came and went—her brow contracted.

"They'll have their will of uz at last," she muttered; "and Owen comin' home and all, to find uz beggars, puttin' him to shame!"

"Whatever shame there's in it, we have our own share of it, and the largest one, to my notion; to say nothin' of the hardship," Tim rejoined, displeased at the undue partiality which, at such a time as the present, should be more affected by the mortification of one child than by the ruin of the others.

"Hardship indeed!" she repeated contemptuously. "What else were ye born to?" But she added hurriedly, "He was the eldest, you know; and we were betther off that time, an' brought him up more kindher."

Whether satisfied or not with his mother's explanation, Tim made no rejoinder; and after a sigh, and a stretch of his wearied limbs, and a muttered curse on high rents and low prices, he leaned his head on the dresser, and fell asleep. He was awakened out of a dream about "a pot of gold he had discovered under the big hawthorn in the garden," by his mother's voice whispering in his ear, "Tim, asthore, will we give the soger back his money?"

"To be sure!" he replied drowsily. "What else ud we do wid it?" And he settled himself again to sleep.

"Omadhaun!" she muttered between her ground teeth. "Don't be fillin' up the place here," she added, angrily; "if you can't keep yoursel' awake the last night ever you'll pass undher this roof, in the name of the God or the devil, go to bed at onct."

Tim, habitually obedient, rose, and stumbled up the loft; and not long after his mother had audible proofs that the change of place had not affected his sleeping powers.

She crept to the room where her husband and daughter lay—all was quiet. She raised the latch of the cabin door. From the village, about a quarter of a mile distant, no sound reached her. The night was still, dark, and cheerless. She stole softly to the soldier's room, and listened awhile to his hard breathing.

"If I could help it!" she muttered, and clasped her head with her large bony hands, almost burying the knuckles in her throbbing temples; "but they'll have their will o' me afther all I struv—all I done to kindher 'em. An' it's just the rint, and Owen coming back—the child of my heart—*his* child!"

An hour, perhaps more, passed. At length Grania started from her seat in the chimney corner, snatched up a rushlight, and shading the flame with her hand, approached the soldier's room, turned the lock gently, and entered.

* * * * *

On awakening early next morning, Darby was surprised to find his wife already risen. He went to the kitchen, and there heard from

Peggy that her mother had left the house "to see and borrow the money from a neighbour, but she did not say who."

"God help her!" said Darby; "she'll only have the walk for her pains. But where's the young man?"

"He went off a little before hersel', my mother told me."

"God speed him! but I'm sorry he wint the road on an empty stomach. My heart warmed to him somehow; in regard of being a soger, like my own poor boy, I suppose."

After some hours Grania returned. She looked worn and fatigued, and, without speaking, seated herself at the fire.

"You didn't get it, Grania, asthore?" said her husband affectionately, seeing disappointment, as he thought, on her dark haggard features.

"I did," she replied, in a hoarse voice.

"Glory be to his holy name!" Darby murmured, clasping his hands in pious thanksgiving.

Her lip curled into an expression that, had he noticed it, would have curdled his blood.

"An' where is it, asthore?" he continued.

"I've given it to them I got it for."

"You done well, agra; we ought to be thankful to you this mornin' anyhow; for only but for you we would be in a bad way. Indeed, I'll back ye agin any woman in the barony, for the foot an' hand that never wearies, and the plannin' head. I never thought now of borrying at all—only just said my prayers and left the rest to God Almighty; an' you see he put the good thoughts in your heart."

"The good thoughts!" she muttered, with a low hoarse laugh that grated on her husband's ear.

And to turn the subject, he desired Peggy to look out a hot potato for her mother.

"I don't want it—I'm not hungry."

"I'm afraid 'tis sick ye are, Grania."

She made no reply, but sat crouched on the ground, her face buried between her knees, in sullen silence.

Peggy, who had gone out with the refuse of their meal to the pig, now ran in, blushing—"Here's the English soger, father."

The person announced in a few seconds made his appearance.—

"Well, Mrs. Kane," he said, smiling, "where's my comrade?"

"Gone to his friends, to be sure," she replied, in a surly tone; "where else ud he be?"

The soldier laughed loudly.—"Gone to his friends?"—that's a good un, to be sure!—Gone to his friends! Well, I never see'd people more regularly hummed in all my life!"

"'Tisn't thrue, then, that he belongs to this counthry?" Darby said.

"Why, I've a notion he does;—but what did he say when he left you?"

"Grania, you saw him last—what did he say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? What a queer lad he must be!—but I think he's carrying the joke too far now."

"Why, what's the joke about?" Darby asked.

The soldier laughed, and hesitated.—“ You haven’t the least guess ? What should you think if ’twas Owen himself ? ”

A cry of agony—deep, terrific—of hopeless, unalleviated torture—a yell of despair—burst from the lips of Grania, as, darting from her seat, she fastened her powerful fingers round the Englishman’s throat.

“ Say that word again, an’ by the eternal God I’ll tear your lyin’ tongue out by the roots ! ”

The man, brave as he was, shrank from the maniac glare of her fierce eyes, and the expression of fiend-like rage which distorted her countenance.

“ Oh, you’ve told it to her too sudden,” said Darby, in a tone of mild reproach. “ Grania, asthore,” he added, winding his arms round her, “ sit down and pacify yourself.”

But, dashing him from her, she flung herself on her knees before the soldier.—“ Say ’twasn’t him—say ’twasn’t him—and I’ll follow you the world over on my bare knees—say ’twasn’t him, an’ I’ll give ye my heart’s blood !—Oh, do, do !—only one word—one word !—Have mercy on me !—have mercy on me ! ”

Not receiving any answer from the Englishman, too bewildered to know what to say, her natural violence returned, and she started to her feet.—“ Ye gaping fool ! why don’t ye answer me ? ” she yelled out, dragging him towards the dresser, from which she snatched up a knife. “ Now will you dare tell me ’twas Owen ? ” she cried, brandishing the weapon, in mad fury, over his head—“ that ’twas Owen,”—she gasped for breath, and spoke through her clenched teeth—“ Owen—that I murdered—last night ! ”

A cry of horror burst from Darby.

“ Hold your tongue—he wasn’t yours, at any rate.” And with wild shrieks she rushed from the door.

At the moment of her escape the group was gathered round the unhappy husband, who had fallen to the ground in a faint. And when, after the lapse of some time, the soldier and Tim went in search of her, she was nowhere to be found. The next morning she was discovered on her knees, dead, bent over some fresh-disturbed earth in an adjacent field.

It was scarcely an alleviation of the horror Darby experienced to know that poor Owen had not been his son. He had loved him as such, and the boy had been, in duty and affection, a son to him. Those who had deceived him were gone to their God, and Darby was incapable of bitter feeling towards the dead. “ Poor Owen ! ” the old man said, mournfully, “ the wish of surprisin’ us cost you dear ; an’ the present ye intended for your mother turned out death to you and her ; but Owen, agra ! ” he added, in a lower voice, “ Owen, my boy, why didn’t ye think of the mother before ?—why didn’t ye write to her, and keep her heart up ? You had money—why didn’t you send her some, and then maybe the temptation wouldn’t have come on her. But God be merciful to you, my boy !—an’ to you too, poor Grania ! The money that was got by blood shall be laid out in masses for him who had no time to make his peace with God, and for her who, God help her ! never cared to make it, livin’ or dying—though that’s thrue, Tim, we found her on her knees—who knows ? ”

Mr. B., at Darby's request, handed him back the money paid by Grania, and, touched by his misfortunes, forgave him the sum altogether. Soon after, the Kanes quitted the country, and are doing well in America.*

* This sketch is not a fiction; the circumstance occurred about three years since, in the west of Ireland.

TO A SKYLARK, SINGING OUT OF SIGHT.

WHENCE art thou, bold heaven-haunting bird?
I saw thee not ascend,
Yet o'er the clouds I hear thy song
As it would never end.

What bubbling ecstasies of bliss,
What flutterings of glad sound,
Are thine, O soul of love intense!
In melody unbound.

Descendest thou from heaven, O bird!
Blithe spirit of the cloud?
I long have looked, yet see thee not,
Where thou art singing loud.

The nightingale may shroud her deep
In darkness of the night,
But like thee is none other bird,
Thou singest hid in light.

As from some fountain infinite,
Dost thou thy strains prolong:
Or as a chain let down from heaven,
A golden chain of song.

The dewdrops scattered from thy wings
Are lost not on the wind;
The poet sees them, and they turn
To diamonds in his mind.

My eye-balls ache with vacant search
Thy happy form to see,
All heaven-o'erflowing-bliss! too blithe
From mortal bird to be.

I hear thee, 'till thy strains no more
Seem modulated breath;
I cannot deem thou art allied
To dust-resolving death.

It must be that thou comest down,
And hoverest there to sing,
When earth a vision is of heaven,
And life is love in spring.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

CHAPTER I.

DEEP as they are fruitless are the furrows impressed of late years upon the fair field of society by the iron-share of party-spirit. The Conservatives and Radicals of to-day scarcely yield in acrimoniousness to the Whigs and Tories of yesterday; and, even in this age of refinement, the world is apt to pull caps and draw triggers—to call names and indulge in retorts uncourteous, in a spirit becoming the barbarian feuds of the White and Red roses. The Catholic Question and Reform Bill begat “haters,” such as even Dr. Johnson might have pronounced “good;” while banners of orange and green still emulate in the sister kingdom the exciting influence of the *Bianchi e Neri* of the factions of the Middle Ages.

Yet how pale and vapid appears even the bitterest of these modern antagonisms, compared with the party-spirit engendered by the deep-seated injuries of civil war! To stir up the soul of man into genuine partisanship, his pecuniary interests must be affected. The loss of a ministerial salary, administering to the daily cake of life, rather than to its daily bread, is scarcely worth bringing into comparison with the tribulation of having a fair house razed to the ground, or blazing to the sky—woods hacked down—farms ravaged—nay, perhaps the dear ones of our hearts given up to slaughter before our eyes. Such are the injuries which create heroes and patriots; such the losses which, in England’s olden time, set the lances of York and Lancaster in rest; or, at a later period, stimulated the remnant of chivalry to oppose the roundhead Puritans whom the spirit moved to plunder and slaughter their fellow-countrymen in the abused name of the Lord!

It is not, however, in the hour of strife that the force of party hatred roots itself strongest in the heart. The feeling does not acquire its deadliest force till, seated by the desolated fireside, and missing one of its accustomed treasures, we revert to the origin of the bereavement—recall forgotten grievances—revive effaced recollections—dwell upon those frightful tumults, when a fellow-countryman became a deadly enemy, and our dwellings resounded with the cry of pillage and violence, breathed in the accents of our native land.

Such was the state of national feeling in England at the period of the Restoration. Things had been done and suffered, which it behoved the sufferers to steep in oblivion. Country neighbours who, a few years before, had been opposed hand to hand in unrelenting strife, were required to meet at public convocations, as having no cause of discord; the words they had uttered, the cruelties they had mutually inflicted, were all to be obliterated by the act of amnesty which afforded leisure to King Charles for his licentious orgies at Whitehall, and to bumpkin squires for hanging up their buff jerkins

and steel head-pieces on pegs in their musty halls, scouring up the battered arms which were not doomed by act of parliament to become rusty like their resentments or their pride. Scarce a neighbourhood throughout the kingdom that was thoroughly at its ease. The Londoners had their commerce and their recreations—the courtiers their fêtes and processions; but the rural population had nothing to divert its sense of injury. The evidence of evil was still hatefully before them. Fair estates fallen to ruin—fair edifices overthrown—naked hills in place of thriving plantations, and roofless halls instead of goodly manor-houses. The stately minster lacked its desecrated shrine—

. . . “Levelled, when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral spoiled and took;”

the lonely hearth—the helpless orphan—its master and father, martyrs of unavailing and unrewarded devotion.

In one of the most beautiful of the woodland districts, on the borders of Northamptonshire, there abided an individual—rich even to overflowing in the best gifts accordable by nature or society—whom the evil chances of those disastrous times had visited with searching influence. The Lady Lovell, in her twenty-sixth year, was beautiful and intelligent beyond the common lot—nobly born, nobly allied, immensely wealthy. Yet with these and other means and appliances of happiness, such as good health, good humour, good sense, good principles,—a hopeless blight was upon her destinies. Scarcely to be termed a wife, scarcely to be termed a widow, the love of every heart was hers, save that of the man who, as she was required by law to share his title and estates, can be designated no otherwise than as her husband.

Lovell House was a noble seat, situated on a gentle eminence, overlooking the river Nen; surrounded by a stately park, with vast domains widely outstretching its enclosures. The place was antiquated, it is true; having undergone no material alteration since the latter days of Elizabeth, who had feasted within its walls on her progress to the grander domicile of her favourite chancellor. But few mansions in the county were to compare with the old hall of Lovell; for in addition to its formal groves, avenues, and pleasance, its young mistress had chosen to indulge for its adornment in choice whimsies of her own, by creating in the midst of a straggling coppice of beech and elms, fringing the western boundary of the pleasance, a garden of fair shrubberies and parterres, wild and beautiful as Ariel's wand might have called into existence amid “the still vex'd Bermoothes.”

Nor were the usual accessories of country pleasures wanting at Lovell, albeit its liege lady could do but inadequate justice to their entertainment. The ancient mews, the old kennel and stables of the hall, were carefully kept up; and Lady Lovell, though a somewhat subdued representative of the barons bold who had of old taken pleasure in the sports, was perhaps the best horsewoman who ever laid aside her riding-gear to resume the gentle occupations of the lute, pen, needle, or distaff.

Dwelling alone at the hall, as lady paramount of the vast estate,

she fell not into the usual faults of female sovereignty. Her rule was neither arbitrary nor capricious. The afflictions and vexations of life had subdued rather than soured her temper. The ancient servitors of the house adored their lovely mistress—the tenants respected her—the poor (save when in the lady's hearing) never named her without blessings; for Anne Lovell had a proud and generous spirit, and abided not the servility of overstrained gratitude.

Nevertheless, with all this affluence of love and prosperity, no one could look observantly upon the countenance of the lovely lady, without discerning a certain "unquiet glancing of the eye" that betrayed a spirit ill at ease. It was clear that Lady Lovell was not happy. When she returned from her brisk rides across the hills upon her favourite mare, Black Maud, whose beauty and spirit were well matched with her own, any one might perceive, when she dashed aside her beaver and threw open her velvet vest, that though her fair cheek glowed with the exercise, and her large dark eye beamed with momentary excitement, no joyous smile visited her compressed lips. Even the gleams of satisfaction called up into her countenance by opportunities for the indulgence of her beneficent propensities, or proof that some antecedent good action had brought forth its fruits, were transient as those of winter sunshine. There was discontent in her soul—impatience in her gestures. It was probable that she had suffered grievous wrong; for, in moments of unreserve, it was apparent that her opinions and feelings were under the dominion of a deep-seated indignation.

Such were the comments of the casual observer. But when curiosity induced him to ascertain the facts of the case, his wonder was of short duration. Lady Lovell's domestic history was too well known, and her country neighbours were too ready to recount a tale so eventful, to prolong the suspense of strangers interested by her beauty and singularities to make further inquiry.

Lady Lovell, in her own right an heiress, was the only daughter of a Rutlandshire esquire, the representative of a Protestant branch of the ancient house of Heneage of Hainton. Himself an only son, and bearing token in his puny nature and physical infirmities of the over-solitude usually attending the breeding of a mother's darling, Miles Heneage at thirty years of age was a confirmed valetudinarian, absorbed by the contemplation of his own ailments, and utterly incapacitated for social enjoyment. Every better instinct of his nature seemed merged in selfish hypochondriacism.

Even his loyalty, a distinguished characteristic of his family, became enfeebled by the influence of habitual supineness; and though his heart was with the failing cause of the king, he took no active part in support of the royal standard, nor was known to offer the slightest resistance to parliamentary usurpation. Certain of the Puritan generals who, having occasion to traverse the fertile pastures of Dalesdene Grange on their march from the northern counties to Marston Moor, had been moved to cast a longing eye upon the inheritance of an avowed malignant, and hereditary adherent of the house of Stuart, were at length compelled to direct their covetous views to other quarters. Miles Heneage was never known to commit

himself by incontinence of tongue; nor from the moment of the death of the king did he ever resist levies, or withhold taxes, demanded in the name of the government by force established.

For to his natural inertness was now superadded the influence of profound mental affliction. Conscious of his unfitness to match with a person of his own degree, Mr. Heneage, on his final retirement to Dalesdene Grange, had formed an alliance scouted as disgraceful by his kinsfolk and acquaintance, but wisely regarded by himself as a pledge of domestic happiness far beyond his justifiable hopes. For his young and lovely wife (the daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighbouring vale of Belvoir) was not only mild and docile in disposition, but sincerely attached to the man who had overlooked her deficiencies of birth and education.

Scarcely, however, had his kind-hearted wife modified her tastes and habits to suit with those of her sedentary spouse, when poor Heneage was required to resign her to the grave, and accept a peevish, helpless infant, in exchange for the gentle and intelligent companionship of its mother. At first, indeed, he was almost tempted to reject the innocent cause of his bereavement; and, for many months after his loss, he was unable to bear the presence of the child. It was not till its tiny features began to assume a faint resemblance to the loved one who was gone, the crushed violet he had been the means of rescuing from obscurity, that he took the slightest interest in its existence—an interest increasing day by day into that painful intensity of love, which can be appreciated only by the parents of an only child.

Mr. Heneage at last discovered what a comforter for his sorrows had been vouchsafed him in his little daughter—what an occupation for his lonely leisure—what a brightener of his dreary prospects. His house and lands grew precious to him from the moment he felt that something of his own, *and of hers*, was hereafter to enjoy them. His knowledge—and it was extensive and various—acquired importance in his eyes when he considered that it would enable him to monopolise the task of preceptorship to this only blessing; nay, the very time which had often hung heavy on his hands, seemed to have converted its leaden minutes into gold, now that every one of them served to develope some new charm or faculty in the cherub with which Providence had adorned his solitude. Little Anne was illimitably privileged! Never yet had child such prerogative of wilfulness and mischief. For Heneage, though a man of accomplished mind, had none of that knowledge of the world which is indispensable to render available the powers of the strongest understanding—like the hand-polish, without which the sterling metal of a blade or weapon must remain useless. His infirmities had kept him aloof from society. His wealth, rendering him a person of high account in his family and household, had deprived him of the hard lessons which even domestic seclusion may afford. Having never been taxed with blame, he had a right to fancy himself faultless; and whether he wedded with a farmer's daughter, or spoiled his lovely little heiress, his tenants were not the less loyal in their opinion, or his servants less sedulous in reporting it, that "the squire could do no wrong." The same adu-

lation which converted the reigning sovereign into a despot, converted Miles Heneage into a harmless egotist, and his daughter into a ter-magant and romp.

For the latter, however, there was more hope of amendment than for the sickly recluse. Reason had not yet done its work to tame down the eccentricities engendered by her peculiar position; and even when, at ten years old, Anne Lovell was accustomed to spring upon the wildest colt in the pastures, and with her long dark hair streaming to breezes as wilful as herself, and her white hands fixed in its mane, gallop away, regardless of the threats of her nurse, Dame Audrey, to report her indiscretion to her father, there was an archness in the expression of her lovely face that implied somewhat beyond the vacant sportiveness of youth.

Interfering friends, meanwhile, were not wanting, to remonstrate with Mr. Heneage upon the extraordinary education he was bestowing upon a girl likely to be so splendidly endowed. Her maternal grandfather had already enriched her with the amassings of a life of industry; and the estates of Dalesdene were strictly entailed upon her. Yet her training was scarcely beyond that of the lads of the parish grammar-school,—strange breeding for one predestined to be a lady in the land!

Among the remonstrants was the only person who shared with the monuments in Dalesdene church an influence over the affections of Heneage—Arthur Lord Lovell, the playmate of his school-days, who, in early times, had rescued the life of young Heneage from imminent peril; from which period a tender friendship had existed between them. Their union was in some degree interrupted when the alliance of Lovell with the daughter of the Earl of Bristol rendered the habits of Lovell House too formal for the enjoyment of the infirm Rutlandshire squire, and thenceforward, though domiciled at only thirty miles distance from each other, the friends corresponded oftener than they met. On learning the death of his friend's young wife, however, Lord Lovell had hastened to Dalesdene to console the afflicted Heneage, and officiate as chief mourner at the funeral ceremony he was incapacitated from attending; and though his lordship no longer combated Heneage's determination once again to sleep from under his own roof, he became an occasional guest of the squire, to deposit in his bosom his political anxieties, and deplore the falling cause of royalty and the Stuarts. On these occasions his lordship could not refrain from expressing his regret at the hoyden habits of the only daughter of his friend.

"It is my fate to be everywhere thwarted by witnessing mistaken systems of education," said Lovell. "All the time I can spare from public affairs is devoted to disputing with Lady Lovell, touching the breeding she is bestowing on her son—a likely, hopeful lad, were he not trained rather like a Benedictine acolyte, than as befits the heir of my name. But the youth is so idolised by his mother, that had she her will, she would pen him in a glass-case to save him from vulgar contact or bodily hazard. If yonder tanned and mettled lass of yours, my dear Miles, were half as delicately tinctured as my Arthur, or were Arthur as clever a marksman, or bold a rider, as your lass, both would be gainers. Pr'ythee reflect, my dear friend, that the

girl is gaining growth, and that it were an unseemly thing did Miss Heneage of Dalesdene Grange exhibit at some future time a trace of the strange propensities which you are leaving unchecked in little Anne."

"The girl is, as you say, gaining growth," replied the squire, pushing out of the way the dog's-eared Virgil which had ministered in the morning lesson of his daughter. "Let her gain health and strength as well as growth; that is the point on which I am at present anxious. I must not have this second treasure prematurely wrested from me: and whether she can bob a curtsey as daintily as your wanton damsels at Whitehall, or hang over a French lute, or keep measure in a cinque-pace, I care no more than whether there be ten gray hairs, or twenty, in Dobbin's tail."

"But others will some day have a right to care," cried Lovell warmly. "Think you that a husband of the birth and breeding you will naturally expect for the heiress of such noble property, will bear to find her ignorant of the common accomplishments of her sex?"

"*Expect* a husband for my girl?" exclaimed Heneage, with an air of consternation. "Would you have me look forward to losing the delight of my widowed days—my joy, my consolation, my only, only earthly blessing? Go to! The mere thoughts of her wedding with a stranger would drive me to distraction."

"Whatever the thoughts may do, the fact is a consideration to which I counsel you to reconcile yourself," replied Lord Lovell gravely. "The child bears indications of rare beauty; but were she to turn out black as the crook, be assured the lands of Dalesdene would wash your Ethiop white. Wooers she will never lack; and unless all this mad rough-riding, and shooting at marks, and fording of brooks, should harden her nature as well as her frame, those dark eyes will some day discover that there are younger and more gallant men in the world than her father and his chaplain."

The remark provoked a heavy sigh from poor Miles Heneage; but, in the sequel, it influenced his conduct towards Anne. A few weeks afterwards he took into his establishment a decayed gentlewoman, the widow of a distant kinsman, to assist him in the education of his heiress; and Mistress Corbet being a woman of sense, who did not in the first instance draw the rein of government too tight, she eventually acquired such influence over her pupil as served to perfect the manners and disposition of the highly-gifted heiress of Dalesdene.

Most opportune for her welfare, indeed, proved the suggestion of her father's friend; for within a year of Mistress Corbet's instalment, Mr. Heneage experienced a paralytic seizure, by which he was rendered wholly helpless. His intellects were only temporarily affected, but it was clear he would never recover strength to cross the threshold of his chamber of sickness.

Debarred, therefore, by necessity as well as inclination, from taking any active part in the contest by which the calamities of the nation were now brought to an issue, Heneage was content to follow in fancy the movements of the rival armies; and Naseby and Marston Moor had inflicted wounds upon his spirit, such as were little

conjectured by the witnesses of his infirm egotism. Convinced, from the period of General Cromwell's return from his triumphant Irish expedition, that the cause of the Stuarts was fallen beyond retrieval, he sank into a lethargic despondency, interrupted only by querulous ejaculations of "Poor country!" "Unhappy England!" which induced his daughter and her governess to attribute to patriotic afflictions the despondency of the invalid. They little suspected that the poor palsied man was "still harping on his daughter"—sometimes dreading that the inheritance derived from ancestors of well-known loyalty would be wrested from a feeble girl by the despotic hand of the parliamentarians—sometimes apprehending that at some future moment the wealthy heiress of Dalesdene might be compelled into an alliance with some roundhead general—some canting rebel—some blood-stained regicide; and thus, excited to a warmer frame of loyalty, his whole soul engaged itself in the prospects of the young king, who had raised once more in Scotland the standard of the royal cause.

It no longer surprised him that his friend Lord Lovell, so staunch an adherent of the throne and altar, should have hastened to offer his loyal support to the youthful sovereign, thus forced to wrestle for his rights. Every evening did Mistress Corbet and her charge follow, for his satisfaction, on the map, the movements of Cromwell's forces, and those of Montrose and Argyle; listening patiently to Heneage's prognostications of ensuing triumph to the latter, which the news of the morrow never failed to gainsay. His whole discourse was of the perils encountered by his noble friend, and the honours likely to crown his efforts on the eventual re-establishment of Charles Stuart.

It was only after assisting to support him into the adjoining chamber, and smooth his pillow for the night, that the kind-hearted girl ventured to entreat her governante would use her efforts to disabuse the poor man of these unavailing hopes, which might cause the last fatal reverses to fall too heavily upon his soul.

CHAPTER II.

It was a dreary evening towards the close of August, in the disastrous year 1651. Throughout the day a mizzling rain had imparted to the aspect of the country the premature desolation of autumn; and with the pertinacity of a cuckoo-clock, the hypochondriac of Dalesdene was careful to mark the lapse of the hours, and their quarters, by his monotonous ejaculations of "Poor England!" till even his daughter's spirits were tamed down by his depression. Retreating from the hearth, where Heneage's valetudinarian habits required, even in summer, a few embers to be kindled—she took her station beside the still unshuttered windows, peeping out through the dusk over the wide paddock, in the midst of which the grange was seated, involuntarily comparing the cheerless monotony of the scene with the brilliant visions of Tasso's chivalrous creation, into which she had been that morning inducted under the learned auspices of Mistress Corbet.

While her thoughts were busy in comparing the valour of Goffredo's red-cross knights with the now neglected heroes of her dog's-eared

Virgil; Anne Heneage was startled by seeing what appeared to be a human form glance stealthily across the lawn, and at length approach so near the house as to command a view of what was passing within. Repressing the exclamation into which she had been half betrayed, she continued at her post of observation till the mysterious intruder disappeared behind a thicket of lilac bushes skirting the offices; and Anne, resuming her place at the hearth-side, was about to communicate in a whisper to her governante the suspicious transit of which she had been witness, when the door was carefully opened and closed by old Gervas, the venerable attendant of her father, who proceeded to fasten the window-shutters and draw together the serge curtains for the night. After completing his task, Gervas drew towards his master's chair, and having ascertained that, though silent and still, Mr. Heneage was not asleep, demanded, in an audible whisper, whether he would be pleased to receive a guest.

"A guest at *this* hour?" cried the astonished invalid. "Marry, no—and I wonder thou shouldst disturb me by such a question. But, prythee, who is it, good Gervas, that shows me such small respect as to intrude at Dalesdene Grange almost at my sleeping-time? Is it that tedious fellow, Dr. Drumcush of Cottesmore, or the fat major from Oakham?"

"It is one whose presence here is ever right welcome to your honour," replied Gervas, respectfully. Then bending lower towards the ear of his feeble master, he added, "Under your pleasure, sir, it is no other than my Lord Lovell."

"And you have made all this ado, instead of ushering him to my presence?" exclaimed his master, angrily.

"I was fain to have all sure previous to introducing his lordship into your honour's parlour," replied Gervas. "His lordship is, as it were, a fugitive. His lordship brings bad tidings from the armies in the North. The troops of the commonwealth are within a day's march of us. Scouts are already on the way, and were his noble lordship to fall into their hands——"

"Enough—enough!" cried Heneage, recovering sense and energy the moment Lord Lovell's danger became apparent. "It is with himself I must commune of these things. Prepare refreshments, Gervas—prepare the secret chamber—send all the knaves to bed—find errands for the babbling chamber-wench, and close up the house for the night."

And ere he could conclude his instructions, Gervas had introduced into the chamber the lofty figure which had excited the alarm of Anne. Withdrawing from his face the flapped beaver with which it was overshadowed, Lord Lovell disclosed the worn and haggard countenance of the fugitive cavalier.

"All is lost, then?" demanded Heneage, pressing cordially between his own the outstretched hand of his friend; "or, alas! I should not behold thee here!"

"All is lost!" replied the hoarse voice of Lovell, struggling with contending emotions. "In the north the king's troops have yielded, like willows to the wind."

"And the young king?"

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"Was safe when, three nights ago, I quitted him on the borders of Lancashire. His majesty is making the best of his way by forced marches towards his friends in the west."

"It bodes no good, my dear Lovell, that you should have parted from him in such a strait. Has any misunderstanding——"

"None—none!" cried Lovell, hastily interrupting him. "I quitted his majesty but for his own special behest. A few thousands in nobles or jacobuses were of more import to his progress than one poor head to counsel, or one poor arm to defend. I am straight from home—from Lovell Hall, whither I betook myself to tax to the last penny my personal resources. My Lady Lovell, who hath retreated thither with her son and his tutor, foreseeing, with womanly apprehension, our ruin consequent upon this failure of the royal cause, hath been of late most remiss in forwarding to Scotland the funds required by my needs, and those of the prince; and it was needful that I should remonstrate with her in person. The rapid advance of the parliamentary troops made it indispensable that my journey should be secret. The rest," continued Lord Lovell, glancing in an agitated manner towards Mistress Corbet and her charge—"the rest for thy private ear."

"Leave us," my dear Anne," said Heneage; and his companion having quitted the room, he fixed his inquiring eyes upon the anxious countenance of his guest.

"From my wife," continued Lord Lovell, "I have met with unexpected and most harassing opposition. At another moment I might have found no great difficulty in thawing by argument the obstinacy of her present determinations. But I lacked time and spirit for the task. During my absence, she has acted as my agent. My funds are in her keeping, and nothing I have been able to urge will induce her either to resign her trust, or facilitate a levy of money which I have solemnly pledged myself to the king to make upon my property for his immediate use. The army is in want of necessaries—is in long arrears of pay. The men are dispirited. The Scotch are deserting in thousands—not a recruit is to be raised—not a stiver of supplies is to be had. In short, unless I am able to fulfil my engagements to his majesty, our last hope is extinguished. In this miserable extremity my thoughts, dear Heneage, recurred to *you*. Are you able—are you willing to assist us? In my own behalf," continued Lovell, raising his head from its dejected attitude, "God knows I am not apt to play the beggar; but, for the young and unhappy king, I would do this and more, and rejoice in the indignity."

"For him or for yourself my best aid shall never be twice called for," replied Heneage, cordially. "But, on the spur of this instant need, it may scarce suffice the occasion. Every noble I can command is at your disposal."

"Thanks—thanks!—I expected no less of you," replied his friend. "But, alas! I expected as much of my son's mother—and the woman, (God forgive her) hath vilely failed me. Such protestations of loyalty as I have heard aforetime from her lips! And now she fancies the royal cause lost past retrieval, she not only denies me my own, but presumes to revile me for not throwing up my commission, and making

good terms for myself with the lord general! Out on her!—she has stirred my blood! What hope dare I entertain of the son who shares in so pitiful a nature?”

“Woman is the weaker vessel,” replied Heneage, consolingly. “What right have we to expect fortitude or heroism of those to whom such virtues are not appointed? But prythee tell me—what sum will square with your more pressing demand, and at what hour must it be forthcoming?”

“If I could start before daybreak,” replied Lord Lovell, “the king’s mind would be the sooner eased of its care. But if this be impossible, I must even abide till to-morrow’s twilight, my person being known in this district, where scouts are abroad in all directions. Two sure serjeants of the guard, who accompanied me in order to take charge of the treasure I was in hopes of raising at Lovell House, lie in wait with my horses yonder at Scaresden Farm, whereof the tenant is an ancient servitor of our house.”

“And the amount required?” again demanded Heneage, rightly guessing that his friend hesitated from motives of delicacy to specify his demand.

“Six thousand pound was the sum which I required at the hands of my wife,” replied Lovell, lowering his voice, “having given her many weeks’ advisal to prepare my tenants and debtors for the levy.”

“Six thousand!” faintly ejaculated Heneage; “and I have at this moment scarcely a twelfth part of it in the house! During these disturbances I am careful to avoid any vast charge of money now, little, alas! anticipating the occurrence of a demand like this.”

“A few hundred pounds were as a drop of water in the ocean of our necessities,” replied Lord Lovell, mournfully. “Nevertheless, since more may not be, I am in no position to disdain the aid of a single jacobus. Bestow with me, therefore, my dearest friend, what sum you may; and I will onward with my bad tidings towards Worcestershire, whither my brother Richard and a chosen troop ride as escorts of the king.”

“Take at least a few hours’ rest and refreshment,” said the poor nervous, harassed invalid, “during which we will make up to the last doit what money is in the house; and then——ha!” cried he, smiting his forehead, as if enlightened by a sudden thought, “how long, saidst thou, was thy utmost sojourn at Dalesdene? Canst thou peradventure accord me twelve hours’ delay?”

“More—if to obtain any serious advantage to the king,” replied Lovell, frankly.

“In one word,” resumed his friend, “in the hands of my notary at Oakham lies a sum of more than eight thousand pounds, the property of my daughter, which we are about to invest in land on her account. Elias Wright is co-guardian and executor with myself of her grandfather’s will, and can scarcely refuse the money as a loan.”

Lord Lovell shook his head. “As a guardian and trustee, I should refuse on scruples of conscience to accede to any such request,” said he. “But the man, you say, is a notary; and I am willing to engage and mortgage my lands to the full amount, which may probably determine his compliance.”

"Or I my own," replied Heneage. "But as those must become the portion of my daughter, to whom this money belongs——"

"Anne will one day be a mighty heiress," observed Lord Lovell, carelessly.

"Alack! who can foresee from one day to another to whose hands his lands and gear may fall!" ejaculated Heneage. "A poor ailing sufferer like myself has small chance to preserve his substance from the grasp of the Philistines! When I am gone, my dear Lovell, it is to thy protection I shall bequeath her happiness; imploring thee to wed the poor wench betimes with some honourable husband, to become a protection to her from the chances of these evil days."

"Were my son a few years older," Lord Lovell began.

"And what then?" eagerly interrupted Heneage. "He is *her* senior by a year or two; and though young, has his father's experience to guide his conduct. Wert thou of the same mind, Lovell, not only should they be man and wife, but, to circumvent the possibility of compulsory wardship by government, I would even now ensure their union by an immediate contract."

"God send no worse alliance to my son!" ejaculated Lovell; "the match is great beyond my hopes or views for him, and comes with double welcome, that it would cement and strengthen our ancient bonds of friendship."

"Then prythee why not conclude it at once?" cried Heneage. "The times are critical—Heaven knows when we may meet again! He who would overmaster fortune, best grasp it roughly that it escape not. Why not sign and seal at once, and ensure the consent of Master Wright to our disposal of the trust-money?"

"You jest with me, my old friend," cried Lovell. "Though assured of my son's consent, (who is a mild and duteous youth,) his presence must needs be wanting to the contract."

"Six hours would convey thy mandate as far as Lovell House," replied Heneage; "six more suffice to bring him hither. By noon to-morrow the young man might reach Dalesdene, and the attorney be on the spot to frame a hasty contract, to be enlarged hereafter. The sum of money which I would fain see transferred to thy hands, would thus become his property, a charge to the same amount being made on the lands of Lovell for the behoof of my daughter."

"Better, perhaps, defer these measures till the darkness of the times shall have cleared away," replied Lovell, gravely.

"And if, in lieu of clearing, they darken, even to the extinction of royalty and its adherents," cried Heneage, eagerly, "must my girl wed with some canting puritan—some starveling Praise-God-Barebones—who may foreclose thy estate for the amount of her grandfather's fortune, lent to thee in fee? Lovell!—as we love these children, let us make them one, so that no convulsion of the state may henceforth divide them. Young as they are, years must elapse ere they abide together in wedlock. But be those years a time of happy assurance that their destinies and fortunes are secured by the foresight of their parents!"

To refuse for his son an alliance in every point of view so advantageous, appeared ungracious and absurd. To the possibility of such

an arrangement with his friend, Lord Lovell had sometimes remotely adverted; but fearing that Heneage might desire for his heiress a spouse in direct enjoyment of rank and fortune, he had scorned to avail himself of his ascendancy over the affections of the valetudinarian to forward his project. The alliance was now, however, of Heneage's own suggestion; and deeply penetrated as was Lord Lovell with the precariousness of the cause in which his destinies were involved, and overcome by a heavy presentiment that his career was approaching to its close, he could not refuse himself the gratification of witnessing and sanctifying an event securing prosperity to his only son and future representative.

After some further discussion, a messenger, bearing a letter and signet from Lord Lovell, was despatched across the country, requiring young Arthur and his preceptor to set off instantly for Dalesdene, without communicating, even to his lady-mother, the instructions they had received; while, on the other hand, Miles Heneage despatched old Gervas to Oakham, requesting the immediate presence of Master Wright, the notary. Before midnight, instructions were given for the drawing out of the necessary instruments; and as the prudent trustee luckily concurred in his patron's views of the honour conferred by so high an alliance upon the daughter of Heneage of Dalesdene, he undertook that his clerks should watch and work all night in the engrossment of the contract; and that one-half of the sum deposited in his chests, on the demise of her maternal grandfather, should, on the morrow, be at the disposal of the noble father-in-law of the future Lady Lovell.

One department of the family arrangements still remained to be provided for, which, wearied and exhausted as he was by his unusual exertions, the infirm father felt disposed to defer till the following morning. Young Lovell could not possibly arrive at the Grange before noon; and it would be time enough to acquaint his darling Anne on the morrow of the fatherly care he was taking of her future fortunes. Having two years before her wherein to prepare herself for becoming a wife, two hours would surely suffice to prepare her for becoming a bride.—“The child hath retired to rest,” quoth Heneage to his noble guest; “and, faith, methinks we can do no better than follow her example. In the morning I will expound to my daughter the motive of all this haste. It might cause her ill dreams, were she forewarned to-night that it is the eve of her marriage-day.”

And Mr. Heneage was so far justified, that the same consciousness, instead of causing ill dreams to himself, deprived him altogether of rest. All night did he ponder over the hasty engagements he had made. The rash proposal had originated in an impulse of his own—he had no one but himself to blame. But he began to fear he had been too precipitate. Not, indeed, as regarded worldly matters. As far as pecuniary interests were concerned, he knew that they were secure in the hands of the noble and upright Lovell. It was the bridegroom, of whose merits he was comparatively doubtful. Already young Lovell had twice or thrice visited the Grange; and his demeanour had, on both occasions, provoked the mockery of the lively Anne. Though his junior in years, the girl had evidently the advantage of him, and

how could Mr. Heneage be assured that she would content herself to promise love, honour, and obedience, to one whom she had hitherto derided as an unmannerly schoolboy? He almost wished that Lady Lovel might refuse to consent to her son's departure from Lovell House, at the mysterious summons of his father.

A SONG OF SHERWOOD.

O! the fern-clad hills of Sherwood,
How beautiful are they,
When Morning hangs on dappled wing,
Calling the dews away!
I love to bound along their tops,
When breezes, mild though free,
Play o'er the bloomy fields below,
Then bear their sweets to me!

O! the woody plains of Sherwood,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where peeps the low pretenceless cot—
The palace towers in pride:
How glorious 'tis to wander there
When the midday lark upsprings—
A tiny speck in the boundless sky,
That with its music rings.

O! the deep lone dells of Sherwood,
So quiet and sublime,
Where with the wood-bird's mellow voice
Is heard the streamlet's chime:
How sweet their winding paths to thread,
When twilight's tender hour
Subdues and melts the musing heart,
Yet gives the spirit power.

Dear native scenes of Sherwood, all—
Hill, woodland, plain, and dell!
I view ye with a lover's eye,
A lover's heart as well;
For, from my boyhood's gladsome hours
Hath it been mine to roam
Amongst you far away, yet still
Feel everywhere at home!

SPENCER T. HALL.

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.¹

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

*“ Chi va lontan dalla sua patria, vede
Cose da quel che già credea, lontane.”*

No. III.

Saddles and somersets—Monreale—St. Martino—A grass party—Procession in the Toledo—A sacrilegious mule—Travelling preparations—Theatre of St. Cecilia—Departure for Girgenti.

BEFORE leaving the neighbourhood of Palermo, we resolved to pay a visit to St. Martino, said to be one of the richest as well as the most gentlemanly monasteries in Sicily. I am not sure, however, but that the journey thither was quite as much our object as the terminus itself. Convents, after you have seen one or two of them, are generally dull things; and as I had already been present at the high festival of Einsiedlen, and spent some days with the good folks on Mont St. Bernard, I did not promise myself much novelty among the noble Benedictines who are the inmates of St. Martino. They recruit, I understood, only from noble families; a restriction, however, which, among the small fry of Sicilian and Italian nobility, is not likely to stand in the way of a full muster-roll. The monastery lies to the south-west of Palermo; and as the ride thither promised some fine views, and the weather was most tempting for a pic-nic—that banquet of banquets—we on the morning of the 11th of April sounded to horse, and mounted our asses.

Lots having been cast to ascertain who were to be the bearers of the provisions, it was finally decided that Igins and myself should share the task between us; and accordingly each attached to his saddlebow a small rush basket, in which the viands were securely packed.

The doctor, being some half-hundred weight heavier than any of us, had ordered a mule; and when we mustered under the gateway of the hotel, his Rosinante made its appearance in the shape of a rakish-looking quadruped with one eye, a mutilated ear, and a quick, sharp fidget in its tail, that gave strong intimation of an equal alacrity of heel—at least in defensive and offensive operations. In that single eye, too, was concentrated the lustre of a pair, and a sly nip at the doctor's shoulder as he passed, made him get out of the way with an alacrity which is trying to the dignity of any man, but is ruinous to that of a short subject weighing sixteen stone. He clapped his fat hand as near to the afflicted part as he could reach, and twisted round and round with the look and air of a plump schoolboy under the effects of a whack from the cane of some village Busby.

“ Confound the brute,” said the doctor.

¹ Continued from vol. xxi. p. 328

"*Ha molto coraggio, non e vero?*" said the owner, patting the animal affectionately on the neck. "*Si chiama Fra Diavolo.*"

"Pretty, playful creature," said Dawson, who was hanging with his leg half over the saddle, watching the proceedings through his glass. "Regular thoroughbred! you were always fond of a bit of blood, doctor."

"Confound your jokes, Dawson; it's no laughing matter. The brute has taken the piece out, I believe."

"A pound of flesh, like Shylock. Pooh! pooh! doctor, a vinegar-and-brown-paper matter. That's the way with you surgeons; you'll cut into a man's leg as if it were roast mutton, and tell him, if he makes a noise, not to bother you; while if a donkey only gives you a nip by way of a practical joke, you take it in downright earnest."

"Well," said the doctor, mollifying a little, and smiling, like Andromache, through his tears, "I'd give five pounds could I get in a passion with you, Dawson."

"Hand over the five pounds."

The doctor cast a Jack-Reevish look on the imperturbable Dick, who still sat contemplating the proceedings through his eye-glass, and proceeded to circle round and round the living problem that he had to master, endeavouring to find out an opening for an attack. There was a gingerly liveliness, however, about all its quarters, which seemed strongly to recommend to a stout gentleman of tranquil habits a system of cautious approaches. The whole scene gave a *vraisemblance* to Dawson's suggested parallel—a craven terrier about to draw a badger.

Danks, however, without noticing the satire, proceeded to place the muleteer in front of the animal, directing him to hold fast by the bridle, and to cover the left eye, which happened to be the one possessing the power of vision. Then seizing the pommel, and darting his foot into the stirrup, he sprang into the saddle with an agility that surprised us all, and seemed to amaze even Fra Diavolo himself. He started forward out of the gateway, and reached the middle of the piazza, before making any attempt prepense to get rid of his burden; and then—*summa diligentia*, as Sallust says—took summary proceedings for a divorce. He sprang forward, shook himself, backed, reared, kicked, and went through all the *tours de force* of a sulky mule, practised in the ways of the road. The women ran to the windows. The ragged little rascals gathered round laughing, with many a shrill bravo at the clerical-looking Silenus, who was going through his curvets and caracoles in a great fright—and a pair of blue spectacles.

There was an expression of satisfaction on the doctor's countenance, as he found his weight beginning to produce its effect, and the struggles of his enemy becoming less and less energetic. Finding at last that the time had arrived for a vigorous application of the whip, he made use of it with such effect on the head, shoulders, and loins of Fra Diavolo, that away at last he went up the Toledo, flinging to the right and left, while

"The labies o' the auld man's coat
Were waffin' in the wind,"

and macaroni-sellers and fish-dealers made way for him as he passed.

The rest of our party followed—*sed longo intervallo*—tracing his course along the Toledo by the laughing faces and energetic gestures of the Palermitan lazzaroni, who were canvassing the merits of the apparition that had just swept by them like a whirlwind.

We found him outside the gate, with the triumphant smile of victory sitting on his radiant countenance, and the mule looking heartily ashamed.

“Dick,” said he, as he turned with us, “there are, after all, two or three things in this confounded country that are worth exportation. *Macaroni con sugo* is one, *pesce spada* is another, and these lovely saddles made a third. I’ll take one for a pattern home. It is the riding-made-easy of stout gentlemen. Where should I have been this minute, had I been placed in equilibrio on the top of one of our polished English hogskins; but here, with a pommel like a pump-handle, these bosses resting against the thigh, and this wall behind to retreat upon, I feel like the better half of a centaur.”

“But think of Melton, doctor,” said I, “going out with such an equipage.”

“Melton might do worse, especially your fat-and-forty gentlemen. A tumble might, it is true, be awkward; but for a sharp run along a Toledo, or getting the better of a bit of four-legged devilry, give me one of these.”

In a kind of conversational lecture on saddles, we crossed the plain behind Palermo, and began to ascend the slope, forming one side of the elongation of the valley that runs for a considerable distance towards the south. Nothing could be more delicious than the morning. It was, to our feelings, a kind of summer-spring. The lemon and orange trees, among which we passed, were covered with fruit,—globes of gold glittering amidst the brightest green. The fig-trees were putting forth leaves and figs, and the young green almonds hung in great abundance on the trees. The road we followed, being the one leading to Monreale, rises gradually along the western side of the valley, presenting us, as we ascended, with another splendid view of the environs of Palermo—the foreground a thicket of the most luxuriant vegetation; beyond, the villas and gardens of the suburban Palermitans; and further still, the city and the sea. The sides of the road, which was nearly straight and well-kept, were tastefully—sometimes magnificently—ornamented with marble fountains, in which gold fish were playing under the leaves of the lotus and water-lily; and beside them the providence of a former bishop of Monreale had placed benches of marble to rest the limbs of the traveller who paused to drink. We stopped a few minutes, and but a few, to look at the cathedral, the vaulted roof of which is crusted with Mosaics, in the style of St. Marc at Venice. The sunshine, however, was much more tempting, and we proceeded on our journey to St. Martino. We turned up the hill to the right, through some of the narrow and unpaved lanes that run down the slope at an alarming angle. A half-naked, intelligent-looking little lad, who was standing at one of the doors, was retained as our guide; and, delighted with his occupation,

he skipped on before us up the rocky path, pointing out, with ceaseless activity and the most abundant gesticulation, the course we were to take, at every spot where the path was more than usually steep; and mixing his gibberish with a harsh screaming song in a slow cadence, the very essence of harsh lugubriousness. Our route was lined with enormous aloes, the leaves six or seven feet long, and the tall withered stems of last year's flowers still standing to the height of twelve or fourteen feet. The fences were frequently formed with a species of cactus, the Indian fig, on which the pink flower was already appearing. These fences seemed very easily made, a slice of the fleshy leaf being cut off and stuck on the top of the stone wall, with barely earth enough to cause it to adhere. Many of them were very lately formed, and though several of the plants had perished from the long drought, the greater number, with barely earth enough to be observable by the eye, were green and flourishing under the hot sun, and likely to bid defiance to his intensest rays. The aloes, when closely planted together, formed an almost impregnable rampart, the hard spikes at the end of the leaf presenting a serried array of bayonets, that would have bid defiance even to an elephant.

"Stop now, my lads," said the doctor, as we got to the summit of the hill, "and let us take a look before we dive into the valley. How droll all this seems to an English eye! There is something in the very colour of the landscape that one never sees in England. There is a warmth in the green of that thicket of fruit-trees below us, that our emerald, bright as it is, does not possess."

"And that village," said I, "so unlike what bears the name with us. The huge cathedral sitting on it like an incubus. No scattered cottages and gardens, with their woodbined windows and bee-hives, straying out in all kinds of fanciful arrangements round the rustic church, as if grouping for a painter; but all of one dull grey, with their flattened roofs huddled together as closely as if surrounded by a wall, without one straggling habitation, or one single street sauntering out at its ease, as it were, into the country."

"Troth," said Dawson, "and one might look far in England before he would find such a foreground. The doctor there, with his fair round belly, and that Chinese-gable sort of a saddle, would be a gem for a Dutch artist."

"Oh! let me alone a little bit, Dick. You'd die of dyspepsia if you wanted me to talk at. Andiamo, Andiamo! Dick is a very anti-thesis to sentiment."

We descended by a long winding path into the valley, where stands the monastery of St. Martino. The hills around displayed a number of craggy thunder-shattered summits running into one another in the greatest variety of picturesque combinations. They looked like a gigantic glacier, so sharp, and peaked, and rugged.

The monastery itself stands in a deep basin, and before it rises a singular conical hill almost to a level with the mountains around. The building itself has a picturesque, and, with the exception of one long façade, an irregular appearance. Leaving our quadrupeds below, in the care of the little guide and a servant of the monastery, we entered it, and were taken in charge by one of the younger brothers,

who showed us through the establishment. He pointed out to us the splendid staircase of Sicilian marble, presenting a variety of the richest and most beautiful hues. We passed through several long corridors, lined with the doors of the cells, and were ushered into the museum, in which Dr. Danks' attention was immediately arrested by a small collection of ancient armour, and a number of ancient inscriptions. Igins was delighted with an assortment of beetles and butterflies; and Dawson and myself were attracted by a cabinet, showing all the hitherto discovered varieties of Sicilian marble. The number was immense, and the beauty of their hues beyond even imagination. There was an extensive collection of other mineral treasures found in Sicily, calling forth from Dawson a great many sage politico-economical reflections on the natural resources of this neglected island, and a philanthropic regret, that in compassion to the world at large, and to the Sicilians in particular, Providence had not made him king of it under the title of Dick Dawson the First.

The wardrobe of the priests, which is said to be particularly magnificent, we had not enough of man-milliner curiosity to examine, seeing nothing more of it than the huge *armoires*, in which it is kept. In the refectory we were received by a second Benedictine, a very stout, ruddy-faced gentleman; and after a glass of wine with him, and a few minutes' chat respecting the number of the brothers, and other particulars, we bade good day, and proceeded on our journey. The present inmates of the order are no more than twenty-five, although the monastery was originally built to accommodate five hundred primitive Benedictines. The servants, attendants, and other dependents on the monastery, form, I believe, the remainder of the present population.

We returned by a different route down a narrow, winding, and romantic valley, bounded by hills of the same description as those I have mentioned, but their bases covered with barley already in ear, figs, almonds, oranges, and olives. A large portion of the soil was planted with vineyards; the vines trained in the French style, and tied up like raspberry-bushes to bamboos. This gives, as the painters would say, a different expression to the plant from that which it has in the neighbourhood of Naples; but it is satisfactory to the eye of the wine-drinker, as carrying with it a promise of a superior beverage. It is, unfortunately, however, much less picturesque. Between Naples and Salerno, for instance, all the fields, even when used for agricultural purposes, are surrounded with elms or poplars, round the stems of which vines of a great age, and of an enormous size, are curled and gnarled like huge boas, until their black bulk is lost amid the foliage. They are then looped at the top from tree to tree, presenting in the autumn the richest festoons of intermingled leaves and fruit that the imagination can conceive.

The greater part of these vineyards belonged, we understood, to the monastery, and were in a high state of cultivation. The sides of the road where the natural verdure predominated were covered with the richest flowers, and we saw among the trees great numbers of nightingales. The insects, the butterflies especially, were numerous, large, and of the most brilliant colours. Igins was in exstasies, and

for the purpose of enabling him to increase his entomological collection, as well as to give us a rich carpet for our *pranzo*, we selected a sweet spot in a little rocky nook, brodered with the sunshine that quivered through the leaves, where a spring trickling from the rock at a little distance provided *aqua pura* for such of our company as might require it.

It is a delicious thing a pic-nic ; especially on such a day, and in such a scene. I have pic-nic'd in Windsor Park, under an old oak, with a circle of laughing beaux and belles—pic-nic'd on the Col des Fours, half way up Mont Blanc, amid the thunder of the summer lavanges—pic-nic'd on the top of Snowden, with a clasped knife thrust into the sod through each corner of the table-cloth to keep it from going to Keswick—pic-nic'd in the shade of the *Arbutus* at Innisfellan, with laughing little Lucy and pensive blue-eyed Marguerite—pic-nic'd among the grouse and the black heather, looking down on Loch Lomond—pic-nic'd under the tall dark pine that flings its shadow across the court-yard of the palace of Adrian—pic-nic'd (last, not least) in a barouche at Epsom, when the rush at the winning-post is over, and the rush at the baskets begins—and I would not give the least gladsome of them all for the most magnificent banquet that ever, in all the splendid of gold and wax-lights, glowed upon the board.

Our preparations for dinner, however, dislodged a large black snake, which, with its head raised in the centre of its coil, was lying as if panting in the sun on a spot where the sod was barest. He vanished, however, like lightning, quite as glad apparently to get out of our way as we were to get rid of him ; and the rush-basket being opened, our repast, consisting of roast-mutton, potted *pesce-spada*, some *salame*, and a bottle of olives, was soon arranged.

Little Carlo officiated as valet, our animals being impounded at the farther end of the narrow nook where we sat, and which was bounded by a steep wall of rock. A couple of flasks of champagne, that most joyous of wines, crowned the feast, and we quaffed it in the unstinted measure of a half-pint goblet, which the doctor's travelling *vade-mecum* supplied.

Igins, weary and thirsty with the constant warfare which he had been carrying on during the day against the butterflies and beetles, and triumphant with his success, the inside of his hat being lined with the dead bodies of the first, and a small wide-mouthed bottle being filled with the captives of the latter species, took draught after draught of the brisk wine. Those goblets are dangerous things to drink champagne out of, especially at pic-nics. I have seen a very stout doctor of divinity attempt a waltz on the sod, and was on one occasion amazed by a pretty little quakeress volunteering Paddy Carey.

We had been during our chat at dinner imbibing various drops of entomological knowledge ; and as Igins was never very coherent at any time, but rather remarkable for his misplaced fag-ends of sentences, we imputed to the usual cause the wondrous accounts which he gave us of the entomological treasures which the day's journey had supplied ; nor was it till some expressions dropped from him about a

scarabæus four feet long, and a black snake with pink and purple wings, that Dawson, looking up from the *pesce-spada* in the face of the narrator, found him with his back against the olive stem, in front of which he was seated, smiling blandly on some invisible butterfly about six inches from his nose, and the words trickling unconsciously from his lips. I snatched up the flask which was standing beside him.

"Empty, no doubt," said Dawson with a sigh.

"Sicuro, signor!" said the doctor; "and that's the Italian for 'no mistake.'"

"Now, that's not fair, Ned," said Dawson, half sulkily.

"Fair!" replied Igins, raising his eye-lids in the endeavour to elongate the angle of vision so as to reach Dawson, who was at the other side of the table-cloth. "Fair! Fill the bumper fair!"

"Well, that's a new reading of the song at any rate—is that what you call filling it fair? Mr. Chairman," he proceeded, relapsing into his good-nature, "as the gentleman on your extreme right seems to have been rendered—what I never knew him before—musical, perhaps he'll favour us with a song."

"A song! a song! Order! order! Chair! chair!" burst out as tumultuously as if we had been a reformed parliament, making little Carlo look up in amazement from the remains of the leg of mutton, of which he had been engaged for the last quarter of an hour in rendering an account to his digestive organs, that the latter found perfectly satisfactory.

"Mr. Edward Igins," said the doctor, solemnly addressing the culprit, who continued to smile blandly upon him, apparently unconscious of the awful situation in which he stood, "it is at my option, in punishment of the offence of which you have been guilty, to sentence you, either to drink a goblet of salt and water—to make a speech, with a sentiment—or to sing a song. The first would, no doubt, be a severe punishment to you, but we have not the means of supplying it—the second would be a severe punishment to us, and you have not the means of supplying it—so all that remains for me is to call upon you for a song, and I knock you down for a song accordingly."

"A song!" said Igins, pensively.

"Yes, a song—making a bird sing that can sing, according to the proverb, is nothing; but making a bird sing that can't sing—that's something worth listening to."

"I don't—know any—but one."

"Igins, endeavouring to recollect himself, cast up his eyes as far as he could, which was not very far, and having lowered them again, and devoted his entire attention to the empty bottle in the middle of the table-cloth, began in a deedle-dum-deedle-dum-dee kind of air, which I suppose was an invention of his own.

"In—Hung—er—ford—market—there—dwelt"—

A long pause. "I can't remember the rest."

"Bravo! bravo!—excellent. Try it again, Ned," said Dawson.

“ ‘ In—Hung—er—ford—market—there—dwelt—(a long pause.)
A maid—en who—never had—thought o’ man’—(a longer pause.)

I forget what comes next.”

“ Try back, Ned,” said the doctor; “ we’ll get it in a running *da capo*, like the house that Jack built.”

“ In—Hung—er—ford—market—there—dwelt.”

This “ damnable iteration,” as Falstaff says, became irresistibly ludicrous, deeply impressed, as Igins seemed, with the solemn importance of the task in which he was engaged. Dick and myself burst into a laugh, and Igins cast upon us a reproachful look of offended dignity, as for the third time he paused.

“ Order, gentlemen! I’ll threaten to vacate, like the speaker, if you don’t respect the chair. The gentleman cannot sing a sentimental song with such a laughing chorus. Go on, Ned.”

“ In—Hung—er—ford—market—there—dwelt
A maid who——”

It was impossible to resist it. The solemn dogged seriousness with which he began the “ doleful dump” after his repeated failures, rendered waiting for the denouement a hopeless task, and the doctor himself joined in the smothered laughter, which is so infectious when opposed, and which, on the present occasion, broke out through all our exertions.

“ Well, I can’t sing, you know, if you won’t be quiet,” said Igins.

“ No, certainly not,” said the doctor, gulping down his laughter; “ I am astonished, gentlemen, at such conduct on your part. Silence !”

“ In Hunger—ford—market——”

Again the same effect was produced, and again Igins paused.

“ Now this is really too bad, Dawson,” said the doctor. Have you no regard for the chair?—‘ dost thou not suspect my years?’ Never mind them, Ned; they’re a graceless couple; try it again, and begin where you left off.”

“ Igins coughed in a very dignified manner to clear his throat, and again proceeded.

“ ‘ This dyer——”

“ What dyer?” said Dawson. }
“ What dyer?” said I. } (*crescendo.*)
“ What dyer?” said the doctor. }
“ What dyer?” said we all together, (*fortissimo.*)

Igins was utterly confounded with this tempest of interrogatories, and, for the purpose of solving, to his and our satisfaction, the problem of the sudden and unexpected appearance of “ this dyer,” was again about beginning his ditty, when little Carlo suddenly made *his* appearance with the rush basket. He had observed with great curiosity, during the day, the proceedings of Igins as to the beetles and butterflies. As soon as he had finished his dinner, he disappeared round a corner of the rocks, where a turn in the road hid him from our sight. I had

myself observed great numbers of black beetles at different parts of the road, each rolling along backwards between its hind feet a small ball of dirt, in which, as I supposed, its larvæ were deposited. They had also, as it would seem, attracted the notice of Carlo. He respectfully approached Igins, pulling the lock of hair in front of his bare head, and holding out the rush basket, which was evidently filled with something bulky.

"Cosa e?" said Igins.

"Il signor le mangia—non e vero?"

"Eat em?—eat what?" said Igins. He thrust his hand into the basket, but withdrew it in a great hurry with the black beetles adhering in great numbers to the sleeve of his coat. "Take 'em away—briccone—take 'em away! What do you mean by bringing 'em here?"

"Il signor le mangia, non e vero?" repeated poor little Carlo, surprised at his good intentions having been so misunderstood, and no little disappointed, apparently, at not seeing the English gentleman apply the offering to the purpose for which he had no doubt been all day engaged in catching the various members of the tribe—the gratification of his appetite. This, however, Igins seriously declined to do, although much pressed by Dawson to gratify Carlo, and crack a few in default of walnuts.

This little interlude interrupted the ballad of Hungerford Market, and after half an hour's gossip on different and indifferent subjects, during which the evaporation of the champagne had left Igins more his own master, we dismissed our little attendant, and proceeded down the valley towards Palermo.

We passed, on our way, one or two villages, in which the peasantry, it being a festival, were busy keeping holiday. They were engaged in a variety of rude games, each having, in honour of the occasion, mounted a clean white nightcap, the only clean article apparently about their persons.

It was getting dark when we entered the city, and Dawson and myself, being engaged in conversation, had, without observing it, left Igins and the doctor a considerable way behind. We proceeded to the hotel, and having left there the animals we had been riding, returned to enjoy a walk along the Toledo, until we should meet the doctor. The owner of the mule, who had been awaiting our arrival, followed us.

As we entered the Toledo, we found ourselves just in advance of a religious procession. Two long lines of performers occupied the middle of the street. The officers of the regiments stationed at Palermo, in full uniform, but with their heads uncovered, led the way. A host of priests followed, in black robes and dark close-fitting skull-caps. Each individual in the procession carried a large wax taper, or torch rather, with four wicks, like four candles stuck together. This was held in a sloping position, to prevent the wax dripping on the hand or robe of the bearer, and swarms of half-naked little beggar-boys were running alongside, catching on pieces of paper the valuable droppings. There was occasionally a sharp contest between two of them for the office of attendant on a taper where any defect in the wick caused a more than usual consumption, and having the vituperative

faculties most precociously developed, their squabbings and pushings in the midst of the solemnity had an extremely ridiculous effect. The train was wound up by an image of our Saviour, of a colossal size, surrounded by a forest of wax candles, and with the marks of the wounds on the hands, feet, and side, painted with ghastly fidelity. The weight of the whole must have been very great, and the ends of the two principal supports were multiplied by a number of cross-bearers, so as to allow the burthen to be shared among a sufficient number. Of all the cities, in either Italy or Sicily, Palermo is said to be the most devoted to religious processions. That of St. Rosalia, to take place next month, is famous over all Europe. Even on the present occasion the sides of the street were crowded, and as the procession came on, all the spectators sank on their knees when the image approached, and remained in that position for some seconds after it had passed. Rich and poor, young and old, priest and layman, signor and facchino, sank down as it came up, interrupting their criticisms upon the spectacle with the sign of the cross, a genuflection, and a prayer. It was like the sweep of a great wave.

As we passed along, however, we found the crowd thickening at every step, and at last got firmly wedged behind a stout priest in his long black robe and three-cornered hat. He saw we were strangers, and entered into conversation, boasting, with all the zeal of a true Palermitan, of the processions which distinguished his native city, and interrupting us with many a "*che disgrazia !*" at the information that we should be far from Palermo long before that festival of festivals, the day dedicated to St. Rosalia. Enthusiastic, however, was his description of the gorgeous car, with its moving orchestra, rolling along the Toledo, and towering above the surrounding houses ; glib and fluent was his account of the glories of silk and wax-lights with which the churches would that day be decorated. A Ludgate haberdasher's foreman might have envied the vigour of his description, which, whether for its own merits, or as possessing, to me, all the raciness of an unfamiliar tongue, seemed sufficient, had it been employed in expatiating on the merits of a *gros de Naples* or the beauties of a *schal du Paon*, to have extracted the last guinea from the brown purse of the most miserly old maiden that ever kept a stud of tom cats.

As the crowd opened for the procession, we found ourselves within one of the first rank. At this moment, a peasant, who was passing on, seeking, apparently, a station from which to view it, recognised our clerical friend, and stopped for a moment, reverently pulling off his hat. With equal respect, he touched with his fingers the outstretched digits which his reverence held out to him for that purpose ; then, with a deep obeisance, conveyed to his own lips the odour of sanctity he had thus acquired, and passed on.

" Well !" said Dawson, in his own vernacular, " that gives me a notion of an infinitesimally small bit of a blessin'. But hurroo ! there's Ned and the doctor."

I looked forward, and as the crowd opened, our two companions were disclosed in the foreground. The doctor looked, for a few seconds, in amazement at the charge of flambeaux to which he was thus unexpectedly opposed. The head of the double file of bare-headed officers

was close upon him. He endeavoured to draw the mule to the one side, spurring quickly and convulsively with his unarmed heels; but the mule had no idea of turning his head in any other direction than that which led to his own stable and his evening provender. The vigorous pull, therefore, which the doctor gave to the near rein, only produced a shuffling crab-like motion down the Toledo, the animal's nose in the air and his mouth wide open, accompanied by a sharp vixenish kick whenever the application of the doctor's heel was more than usually effective. Broadside on he came, full against the head of the procession, and dire was the rout caused by his unexpected charge. One near-sighted elderly gentleman alone stood his ground, and he, following Bardolph's style of fence—"I can wink, and hold out mine iron,"—thrust forward his torch to receive the enemy, of whose nature he was clearly in happy ignorance. The effect of this actual cautery was to change the doctor's sidelong progress into a rotatory motion, of which the animal's fore feet formed the centre.

"Darn the beast!" was the only exclamation of impatience that escaped from the sainted doctor's lips, while loud and multifarious were the expressions of abuse (in which, by the way, the Italian is peculiarly copious) that were showered upon him and his *maledetta bestia*, as the latter distributed his flings impartially round the circumference of the circle that was respectfully formed for him. The little rogues who were catching the wax-drippings, hastened along the line to see what had caused the interruption. The officers gathered round with their flambeaux, and nothing could be more grotesque than the involuntary gyrations of the doctor in the centre of this ruddy light—half angry, half frightened, and, (but that a third moiety would be too redolent of "The Gem,") I might add, half amused.

The muleteer, however, who had already knelt down beside Dawson and myself, ere the doctor's approach, immediately sprang up, and dashing forward, seized his beloved Fra Diavolo by the bridle. The doctor took advantage of the pause immediately to dismount, and the muleteer, in great alarm at the sacrilegious behaviour of his beast, backed him as quickly as possible to the side of the street, out of the way of the objurgation that was lavished on him, but of which, I must say, the doctor, when it was once understood that he was a foreigner, received no share. The procession re-formed, and was soon as complete as before, with the exception of the wax torch carried by the near-sighted gentleman. A kick from Fra Diavolo had dislocated it in the middle, and it looked accordingly considerably more like a flail than a torch. The doctor, when the car came up, knelt down opposite to us beside the mule, looking, as he took off his hat and wiped his dripping brow, like a repentant Sancho Panza. Dick roasted him mercilessly during our walk homeward, and had the doctor half angry before bed-time. No man likes to be ridiculed about his horsemanship, at least I know nothing which is more universally trying to the temper, except, perhaps, kicking one's dog.

Next morning we had a consultation with Mr. Page, as to the best mode of performing our journey to Segesta, Selinunti, and Girgenti. Mr. P. said there was a muleteer whom he could recommend to us—

one Domenico la Rosa. He was stout, steady, and willing, and so were his mules. Domenico la Rosa was accordingly introduced.

"Sweet little Rosebud!" said the doctor, aside, as a huge brawny fellow, with a bust like a Hercules, came lumbering into the room, his velveteen jacket ornamented with a host of bright buttons, and a long silk night-cap hanging jauntily from one side of his head. He looked, with his laughing eyes that closed whenever he smiled, like a fat Figaro of few words.

"Well, Domenico," said the doctor, who took upon himself the part of spokesman, "we have been speaking to Mr. Page about engaging you for the tour round the island."

"'ccellenza, si," replied Domenico, with a bow.

"We want to start early to-morrow."

"'ccellenza, si."

"And we wish to know what preparations we are to make for the journey, as we understand it will be necessary to take a good many things with us."

"'ccellenza, si."

"Well, let us know what they are," said the doctor, drawing a piece of paper towards him to begin the list. "First"—

"Burro, 'ccellenza," taking the tip of his left forefinger between the finger and thumb of the right hand, and shaking it backwards and forwards—for so devoted are the Italians and Sicilians to pantomime, that they cannot even say *one* without thus giving it an identity.

"What! no butter?"

"'ccellenza, no."

"Well, what next?"

"Salame, 'ccellenza."

"Well, I suppose we may as well take a little with us for lunch occasionally. Go on."

"Macaroni, 'ccellenza."

"What the deuce! is there any place in this macaroni eating country where that is not to be found?"

"'ccellenza, si?"

And thus Domenico proceeded with item after item, until the doctor's list included—butter—salame—spoons—macaroni—knives and forks—a bottle to carry milk—sugar—tea and teapot—coffee and coffeepot—a kettle—soap—cheese—a large saucepan—a frying-pan—and a number of similar etceteras.

"Well, but, Domenico," said the doctor, laying down his pen, and planting his elbows on the table, "shall we find anything on the way, except what we take with us?"

"Eh!" said Domenico, with a pithy expiration, as he put his head on one side, stretched out his hands, and shrugged up his shoulders, until it seemed a miracle that he did not put them out of joint.

"Well—that, I suppose, means not much. But what is there?"

"Eh!" said Domenico, with another shrug, "cè vino 'ccellenza."

"Ah! that's something at least to the credit account."

"Cè pane, 'ccellenza."

"The shillela of life," said Dawson.

"E Portogalli, 'ccellenza."

"Wine, bread, and oranges—any thing more?"

"C'è pesce, qualche volta, 'ccellenza—a Sciacca e Girgenti."

"And sometimes fish at Sciacca and Girgenti. Well! your bill of fare is not a very tempting one, Domenico."

"Eh! cosa volete? 'ccellenza—è un povero paese."

"Poor enough, I should think," said the doctor.

We finally arranged with Domenico for four mules and two baggage-horses at eight carlini per day for each. We were to have the option of taking them the whole way to Messina, paying three days' return money, and (dependent, however, on our good pleasure) a buona-mano.

The remainder of the day was spent in making the necessary preparations—the doctor engaged to look after the eatables—Igins undertook to purchase the hardware—I went to the British consul; and the Polizia della Marina to arrange the passports—while Dawson was deputed to inspect the animals that were the next day to bear us on our journey. In the evening we visited the theatre of St. Cecilia, and saw a play called, if I remember right, "The Laurel Crown." We were a good deal amused with what we would have called in England but an indifferent performance.

The actors at the prose theatres in the south of Italy and in Sicily very seldom, I believe, follow acting as a profession. They are many of them barbers, hairdressers, keepers of small shops, clerks, and others, who are engaged with their own business in the forenoon, and eke out their day and their subsistence by performing in the evening. In consequence, their acting, if much less studied than we find it in an English theatre, has, as it seemed to me, much less of task-work about it. It seems, in fact, to them, as well as to their hearers, a relaxation from the main business of the day. One result, it is true, is, that the several parts are frequently very imperfectly committed to memory; but the arrangement by which the prompter is placed in the middle of the stage-lamps, hid from the audience, but facing the actors, assisted by the readiness of the Italian ear, and the vivacity of the Italian imagination, causes the performance to run on much more smoothly than would be supposed possible. There is also less room for stage-trick, and the mannerism which it produces. With us a good *hit* will be quite spoiled if a word be forgotten, or a gesture be omitted by the actor who is to play to it. In Italy the performer does not look for perfect accuracy in these things. He is forced to depend more upon the general style and spirit of his acting than what are commonly called hits. He is therefore more natural, and, generally speaking, perhaps more effective. His performance has more the air of real life. There are few *hits*, as they are called, there; although it must have come within every one's experience to have beheld in it scenes, which, if they could be transferred in all their vigour to the stage, simply as they are, would cram Covent Garden to the one shilling gallery. That the Italians can do so much with the imperfect appointments of their theatres, is a proof of the power of this style of acting. They borrow comparatively little (I speak of course of the prose theatres) from scenery, dresses, and decorations. So imperfectly is the text generally committed to memory, that the prompter

is frequently, during the whole performance, repeating the part a little in advance of the actor ; and yet, with all this, they produce effects which all the elaborate intonations and gestures of our English actors are seldom crowned with. With us the hero speaks in a supernatural voice, walks across the stage dragging his toes behind him in a way that nobody ever walked anywhere else, and caps the climax by an attitude in which he stands until the applause of the audience has subsided. We have, it is true, got so accustomed to this style of thing, that we rather like it ; and it requires no small portion of courage, as well as genius, for the actor to break away from the conventional nature of the stage, and take up with that old-fashioned nature from which the theatrical is so far removed.

Such were the reflections that occurred to me while looking at the performance in the Theatre of St. Cecilia. The hero was a prodigal son, the only child of a widowed mother, whose heart he had almost broken. He was not, however, all evil ; but, though a gambler and a drunkard, still struggled with his temptations—haunted by a repentance that punished while it could not reform him. He came upon the stage in a blue coat, tolerably well worn, and which certainly had never formed part of any regular theatrical wardrobe. His white trousers were sufficiently soiled to show they had not been put on expressly for the evening's performance, and had probably done service for a couple of days before. He was in the midst of one of his outbreaks of remorse for the night's excesses. He threw himself into a chair, accused himself of destroying so kind and so good a mother, wept bitterly, *and wiped away the tears which he shed with the cuff of his coat.* And yet, grotesque as this would seem in description, never, upon any stage, have I seen a more appalling reality. It was the very self-accusing wretch, sinning and repenting, and repenting and sinning,—feeling himself dragged, struggling, down, down into the abyss, and knowing that his return to the path of virtue was more hopeless with every relapse. When, at last, having gone through the round of guilt, escaping, a terrified felon, from the hands of justice, a distant shot took effect upon him—the smothered shriek with which he fell in a heap upon the stage, stone-dead and motionless, gave me a cold shudder that the best got up death I ever saw upon our stage never produced.

Next morning saw us all early a-foot. Domenico was below, with four magnificent mules and a couple of baggage-horses. Each of the latter carried a pair of straw panniers, in which our baggage was deposited. Behind each saddle was strapped the riders' great-coat, and each had a large umbrella slung along the thigh, somewhat in the fashion of a dragoon's carabine. The light of the rising sun fell richly upon the summit of Monte Pellegrino, as we sallied from the city's southern gate on our pilgrimage through Sicily.

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF MORAL AGENTS ON THE HEALTH OF MAN.¹

BY RICHARD BURKE, M. D.

HAVING given in the preceding number of this Journal a brief sketch of the physical effects of moral agents on the health of man, I resume the subject in the present one, with a hope of being able to point out how, and by what means, we may neutralise some, at least, of those painful consequences. For this desirable end we must all be thoroughly impressed with the positive yet inexplicable connexion of mind and matter, and their action and reaction on each other. This once well established, we shall with more certainty trace effects to their causes. To the physician especially this is of the last importance, who, if he do not study and watch the moral affections, must be ever perplexed in such a place as London, with its endless variety of diseases. Not only nature, in her ever-varying phases of action, must he study, but he must look closely into the human heart, to see where spring the passions which so powerfully control the healthy action of our digestive organs. Plato's doctrine of *anima corpus curat*, is full of sound philosophy. A fact recorded by a French physician of the sixteenth century will, perhaps, impress us with a more satisfactory idea of the influence of mind on the frame of man. A custom prevailed at Montpellier, of giving annually to the physicians of that university two subjects for dissection, the one dead, the other alive. On one occasion they were desirous of trying what effect they could produce on the mind, and through it on the vital functions of the man, by a mere expectation of death, when tried on a person in perfect health. For this purpose they told the gentleman, for such happened to be his rank, who unfortunately was placed at their discretion, that they would adopt the easiest mode of taking away life, and would, as Seneca had done, open his veins in warm water. They accordingly covered his face, punctured his feet without lancing them, and placed them in a foot-bath, and then spoke as though they saw the blood to flow freely, and that life was ebbing fast. In this state the man remained for some time motionless, when he was uncovered, and found quite dead.

The scruples which some well-disposed but weak-minded persons have had, and still continue to have, of viewing mind, and its directing influence on man's organisation, in any other light than that of a spiritual essence, independent of matter, has contributed largely to the wide spread of opinions injurious to man's temporal welfare. Physicians who endeavour to correct these errors by a close and attentive observation of nature and her immutable laws, are sneered at, in the cant and hypocrisy of the day, by men who arrogate to themselves an exclusive knowledge of Nature and her God. Such men we see maintaining that diseases of mind are not the result of organic causes,

¹ Continued from p. 351.

but a disease of the soul itself. Surely such a view of the question is materialism in the highest degree, while it debases and degrades the soul's noble attributes to the level of matter, implying its susceptibility to change. Physicians are, perhaps, the best interpreters of their own opinions, more especially on this point. They consider the soul as a stranger to all their researches, but look on mind only as the instrument of its manifestations. When the brain, the organ through which such manifestations are made, is disturbed or diseased, the evils are at once ascribed by physicians to the proper cause—a derangement in its functions, without involving the soul's divine essence in the corrupt changes of matter and its combinations. To the enlightened portion of my readers these observations are, I know, unnecessary; but unfortunately there is a large class of readers, who, without possessing any of Bacon's philosophy, yet have all the dexterity of a certain order of human beings, who, he says, jump without premises to a conclusion. If I can succeed in convincing this class that the only chance they have of enjoying good health is by maintaining a harmony of action between mind and body, I shall have attained the object of this paper. The doctrine is not a novel one. Four centuries ago it was urged on public attention, in the aphoristic language of the times—*mens sana in corpore sano*.

It is indeed difficult to lay down rules which shall apply to each individual case; yet there are broad principles of great and paramount importance, which, with slight modifications, as each particular case may require, will go far in securing us from many of the evils to which I have already alluded. Every alteration in our physical power, whether of increase or diminution, is sure to be followed by a corresponding manifestation of mind. We have all had ample proofs of this in our own persons, at one time or other. When all our animal functions are performed in that quiet but systematic order which alone constitutes healthy action, how slight and transitory are the most powerful moral impressions! The mind in this state, participating in the general vigour of the whole muscular system, receives with perfect indifference the most appalling shocks. In this condition, as the Roman poet said, "*Si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinæ.*" Let us reverse this picture, and place before us one of those busy, worn, and nerveless objects who cross us daily in our walks in this living cemetery of a city, and what will be the result? The poor exhausted frame, scarcely able to go through its daily rounds, with a mind broken by physical debility, and only kept up to its harassing pursuits by some passing or diffusible stimulus, as wine, brandy, opium, &c., becomes an easy prey to even slight impressions. In the former case, the energy of the nervous system is maintained by the healthy influence of good nutritious blood: in the latter, it is completely broken by the constant appeals which are made to it in the bustle of a busy world, whilst its nourishment is chiefly derived from transient stimuli, under which the poor machine, man, is kept in motion. The brain, now no longer supplied with healthy blood, is unable to furnish that nervous energy necessary for the business of life. Every organ of our body, the heart, the lungs, the liver—all have distinct and important functions to perform. For each of these

a daily supply of nourishing blood is indispensable, which can only be obtained from a generous diet and good digestion, always taking care that it be proportioned to the waste of animal power.

I have long thought that the prevailing sin with writers on popular medicine and dietetics was their unqualified censure of eating, to which they invariably ascribe the endless variety of diseases to which we are all heirs. I am ready to admit that excesses in eating, like excesses in any other way, are pregnant with evil, but I cannot persuade myself that it is the great aggravating cause. Those writers, in support of their views, have carefully hunted out cases of longevity, where individuals have lived long on coarse and scanty diet. To the poor dyspeptic they point out the cheering prospect of a green old age by the long lives of the early Christians, who fled from persecution to the desert. Saint Anthony, they tell us, lived a hundred and fifty years on bread and water; James, the hermit, a hundred and four; Arsenius a hundred and twenty, fifty of which he passed in the desert. I will now only say, that, admitting the fact of longevity, I differ widely from the conclusion to which they would have the world come, namely, that low diet alone will enable us to live a long and healthy life. To me it appears, that a powerful cause of this long life was the perfect tranquillity of mind which they enjoyed, removed, as they were, from the exhausting pursuits of social life. All instances of long life have been found to be passed in retirement, where the energies of mind have not been worn out by the speculations of a busy world. Parr, who lived to the age of a hundred and fifty years in retirement, on old cheese, coarse bread, small beer, and whey, died shortly after he mixed in the bustle of London. Let us but keep the mind at ease, and we may live long enough; but, alas! how few of us can effect this! Our position in the order of creation will ever keep us in a state of speculating uncertainty, under which the mind must sooner or later give way.

For myself, I am disposed to charge on the quantity of fluids, rather than the solids, which we take into our stomachs, much of the mischief which some writers ascribe to over-eating. Under fluids I include not only spirituous liquors, but all of every kind and denomination. Few are aware of the amount of injury inflicted on the stomach by those fashionable mixtures, tea and coffee, which, with every order of society, constitute our most important meal—breakfast. The flabby, flaccid state which these warm fluids induce, in the membranes of the stomach, completely unfits them for the purposes which nature intended. In this condition the food remains unchanged in the stomach, and no change which it may undergo in any other stage can neutralise the evils of the first. To combat this, we should reduce the quantity of our drink, allowing the secreting processes of the digestive apparatus to supply the quantity and quality of fluid which, only, can minister to the healthy action of chymification. The stomach, no longer macerated in the mass of fluids usually introduced, now affords a more natural secretion, allowing, at the same time, additional space for the introduction of fresh nutritious matter. Half a pint of fluid, or thereabouts, in divided portions, is as much, I think, as any one requires at a meal. An hour or two after a similar

quantity, of something slightly stimulating, may be taken. Perhaps a cup of strong coffee,—*observe I mean coffee, not coffee water*, which is too often mistaken for it. At this meal it is always better to take the coffee without milk, which obtunds the agreeable stimulating properties of this berry. Under this plan the digestion will be easy, and performed in a much shorter time than it can possibly be under the present system of drinking, when the little solid food which we take is kept floating in the mass of liquids introduced. Until these are absorbed, or removed by some other process, the solid matter cannot come in contact with the secreting textures of the stomach, which is an indispensable step in the process of digestion. But suppose the other organs in a state of healthy action, what use is it, when the stomach can no longer perform its part in the mystery of digestion? Nature intended that all our organs should perform certain distinct functions, but in this arrangement she made it a *sine qua non* that they should receive a regular daily supply of good blood. The stomach is the organ where the first and most important step is taken for the formation of this blood. If it be in a healthy condition, all may go on well, but if diseased, as nine out of ten are, then, indeed, the other organs, however healthy they be, which were designed to complete the act of sanguification, are altogether powerless. But the mischief does not end here. These organs, deprived of their natural excitant, good blood, will now take on diseased action; for it is a law in the animal economy of man, that no organ, however small or unimportant, can be deranged for any time, without involving others. There is another highly important fact, which we should never for a moment forget—that too small a supply of food begets disease as certain as too large.

It is not difficult to understand why all the tissues of our frame should cease to possess that tonic energy so indispensable to carry on life, and why our very muscles appear softened down into mere cellular membrane, when we know that the blood is no longer supplied with healthy pabulum. We know by experiments that an insufficient supply of food will produce ulceration of the cornea, and every day illustrates this truth by the ulcers which prevail among the half-starved. Even in children who are ill fed, we find the brain is softer than usual, proving the diminution of vitality.

There is another point to which I beg a marked attention—one which has not been urged on public notice with that force which its importance merits. It is a certain degree of quietude or repose, without which the growth or repairs of our frame can be but imperfectly performed. How can we suppose that our muscles can be developed, if we expend in perpetual motion the materials intended for their increase? I know the common cry is, people do not take exercise enough. That there may be a class to whom this may apply, I am ready to admit; composed of the rich, the lazy, and the luxurious; but they constitute a portion so small, when compared with the millions whose whole life, from the cradle to the grave, is but one endless round of motion, that I can only say to them what Sir Charles Scarborough said to the Duchess of Portsmouth—“You must eat less, or use more exercise, or take physic, or be sick.” The error with this

class is, not that they do not take exercise enough ; it is the dissipation into which they fling themselves, which so completely exhausts their physical power, that they are tempted to try every article of diet to maintain that degree of energy which their vicious indulgences require. For this the most concentrated forms of nutritious matter are ever ready for them, which, by a coarse mechanical notion, they imagine the stomach will instantly convert into fresh animal powers for renewed excesses. But the stomach, deprived of its wonted supply of nervous power, which vicious habits have directed to other organs, is in a measure paralysed, and a degree of repletion necessarily ensues. Many years cannot elapse without leaving on their constitutions indelible traces of this mistaken course of living. If the evil were confined to the individuals themselves, it would be one of comparative indifference ; but the misfortune is, it descends from father to child, exhibiting for generations, in some families, all the vices of physical malformation ; in others, the still more appalling ones of mental infirmity. This order of society is inclined to think, that the care and attention which their wealth enables them to command for their children, will secure for them good vigorous constitutions, despite their dissipations. It is idle to indulge in such anticipations. No wealth however great or attention however assiduous, can secure for a child a strong constitution and strong mental powers, unless its organisation be originally formed out of pure healthy materials. The children of the wealthy and aristocratic orders have generally an air of liveliness in all their actions and expressions, which depends most commonly on the weak and delicate conformation of their nervous system, for our sensibilities are always increased in proportion as our nervous system is weakened. Foreigners have remarked that the children of the English aristocracy are, while in that state, superior to those of the middle order, but that, as they grow up to man's estate, they fall far short of the power and vigour of that class. This is an observation which must frequently have occurred to any one who reasons upon such matters : it is easily explained. The germs of disease, which lay quiescent in the state of childhood, now gradually, as they rise to manhood, and as greater demands are made on the frame, develop themselves, and the lively child becomes, at forty, an infirm old man. It is, indeed, a melancholy fact, that neither the riches of those orders, nor the profusion of medical attendance which they can command, can obtain for them the simple but robust health of the peasant. And why ? The luxuries they seek are not the simple changes of one plain article for another, which nature only can relish, but an *olla podrida* of sweets and bitters, acids or alkalies, which no stomach, not even an ostrich's, could convert into nutritious matter.

It cannot be denied that disease, to a great extent, prevails also in other classes. With them it does not proceed from luxury. The common wants of nature, as far as food goes, are supplied, but the fretful state of exciting speculations in which they are ever kept, with but few intervals of repose, completely unfits the stomach for healthy digestion. The common attendant of this is an obstinate constipation of the bowels. This, though bad enough in itself, is rendered still worse by the powerful drastic purgatives to which they constantly recur. With

them there is constipation, and the medicine must be strong and active. There is unfortunately an agreeable buoyancy of spirits attending the operation of these doses, which always leaves on the mind a pleasing impression, prompting the unhappy invalid to fly to them on the slightest occasions. Byron says, that the best stimulus is Epsom salts, but he unfortunately forgot to state whether for the composition of a good poem or a stout man.

The direct relief which medicines of this class afford, without withdrawing people altogether from their occupations in life, will ever be a recommendation for their continuance. In this way they go on from year to year, laying down the slow but certain result—organic disease. They now, perhaps, for the first time, consult a physician, and appear quite satisfied that there can be nothing very serious in their case, as they have never been confined to bed. This, with many, is, unhappily, a standard of health, and which, I regret to say, is often a fatal error. Had they confined themselves for a short time, a marked improvement must inevitably follow. Exhausted nature would have enjoyed a state of repose, which is indispensable, after any fatigue, whether of mind or body, for the happy operation of any medicine. When I say repose, I do not mean a constant state of inaction, but that relaxation which occurs when we retire occasionally from the business of our calling in life. It is this simple fact which has established the healthy characters of our several watering-places. Who are the frequenters of those places? They are chiefly composed of the busy mercantile classes, who seldom waste much time in analysing the several causes which conspire to re-instate them in health, but very frankly ascribe all to the credit of pure air. I am free to admit that air has something to do, but I am not quite satisfied that it is by its purer condition. Changes of air, we know, are often attended with extraordinary effects. A change from bad air to air of a worse quality has been found to be attended with an improvement in the state of health; which leads us to think that the mere change alone was all that was required. It produced new impressions, by the succession of which, animal life can only be maintained. I am not here limiting the effects of air to the chemical combinations which we are led to believe take place in the lungs; its influence upon the general system is much greater than we are aware of. We know that in the very low orders of animated creation, where lungs do not exist, the vivifying effects of air are produced by its contact with the surface of the body. This unfortunately is a mode of operation too simple for the mass of mankind, who can consider nothing in medicine effectual which is intelligible to plain understandings—"Les sots admirent tout, et ne sont frappés que des choses extraordinaires."

The limits to which I am confined in this Magazine must necessarily prevent my entering in detail upon many very interesting points connected with this subject: there are, however, a few great leading principles, which, if attended to with even a moderate degree of firmness and resolution, will secure to us the blessings of a healthy habit of body. The first step to be taken in repairing the wear and tear of our system is the regular supply of food, which should, if possible, be a mixture of animal and vegetable diet. One great evil pre-

vails in the circles of the rich and luxurious ; they live too much on animal food, combining, in the smallest possible compass, the most concentrated forms of nutritious matter. Vegetables, as not being sufficiently stimulating for the excesses of those classes, are but little used amongst them ; so that their blood possesses but little of the refreshing qualities of vegetable matter, so indispensable to our existence. There is another evil attending this practice. Our digestion requires a certain degree of tension and pressure. For this purpose Nature intended that we should take in a certain portion of unassimilable matter along with the pure nutritious substance, so that by its bulk it may afford that pressure which is required. All the ordinary classes of society act thus in conformity with the dictates of sound philosophy ; their common diet, together with the nutritious matter which it contains, has also a certain portion of unassimilable matter, which, though incapable of conversion into animal matter, nevertheless performs a highly important part in the mystery of animal life. If this degree of tension be maintained in the higher orders, whose diet is of such a concentrated form, what frightful sources of disease do we instantly discover ! It imparts not only the stimulus of distension, but also that of irritation, by its strong and rich spices. There is a popular error amongst the rich, that their strength is better supported by strong soups than by plain solids. This has been proved by an eminent philosopher, John Hunter, not to be the fact. He fed two dogs, one on rich broths, the other on solid meat ; the former became weak and emaciated, the latter strong and fat. It has always been admitted that the most invigorating food is such as is introduced into the stomach in a solid form : even substances which require a slight effort to digest, have been considered to improve the tone of the stomach by the increased action which it has been forced to undergo. Thus we see that the consommé system of cooking, which prevails with the rich, and which they consider as the first step in the progress of digestion, is but ill adapted for maintaining muscular vigour. I cannot pretend to lay down rules which will apply to the various constitutions of men ; the old saying of "one man's meat," is a good illustration of the folly of attempting it. Whatever any one finds to agree with him, is a sufficient authority for his continuing it ; his own experience on this point is worth the learned lore of all the colleges in Europe. Yet we should not live entirely on any particular articles of diet, however well they may agree with us. The greater our variety, if simple, always taking care that we do not overload the stomach, the better for the general tone of the muscular system. When I say variety, I mean simply, that we have on each succeeding day something different from the preceding, not that the stomach is to be crammed every day with a heterogeneous mass. By this change of new substances we excite new sensations, upon which animal existence hinges.

To lay down any specific rules for diet or regimen, in a mixed community, is of little avail, unless it be placed under such circumstances as may give them a fair trial. It is unnecessary to state that such a condition of society is nowhere to be found. In prescribing for large masses, our duty, therefore, is to class them into their several

orders. In doing so I am strongly of opinion, that physicians would in this way, after no great lapse of time, arrive at a more successful system of treating disease. Unfortunately, most writers on medicine take up the abstract subject, man, and with little reference, perhaps at times none at all, to his position in the social scale, prescribe the same treatment for the peer as the peasant. It will not, I think, be denied, that the lazy and luxurious aristocrat, whose habits of life, *ab ovo usque*, are so essentially different from the peasant's, will require, when ill, a different system of medical treatment. Would it be going too far to suppose, that the organisation of the higher orders of society takes on a different mode of action from those in humbler conditions? We know, from the study of the physical history of man, that his position in the order of creation is marked by the perfection of his physical conformation; as his brain becomes more fully developed, he rises in the ranks of intellectual beings. When we thus see a more perfect brain endowed with higher attributes, may we not apply the same reasoning to the other organic secretions of the same class and order of beings? But this is a view of the subject which I must reserve for a separate paper, and shall proceed now to offer some useful practical observations on maintaining a healthy habit of body. These remarks are not intended to apply to any who are positively and decidedly ill. It would be an insult to their good sense to prescribe, without first knowing their complaints. Their own medical adviser must be their Magnus Apollo. There are, however, thousands to whom I may address myself, with a full assurance that I perfectly understand their ailments. With this class, the first step to disease is a weariness, a lassitude, and wasting of the muscles of the body. This unfortunately is not looked on as a state of disease; perhaps, strictly speaking, it is not one, yet to the shrewd and observing physician it is one pregnant with fatal consequences. The common observation is, such or such a one is thinner than usual, but will soon grow fat again. Unhappily that "again" seldom if ever comes. These people seldom carry their thoughts beyond the surface of the body. They see the arms, the thighs, and legs, become living skeletons; and yet, strange to think, they fancy that the organs of the chest, the abdomen, &c., still maintain their natural healthy proportions. It is hardly necessary to say, that such a supposition is opposed to all the received laws of physiology. The heart, the liver, and other organs, share generally in the wasting of the external form. Yet in this state they are expected to remain healthy, and perform their usual functions, merely because positive inflammation does not manifest itself. To such I can only say, proceed cautiously but steadily in supplying healthy pabulum for the repairs which the system, if it be not diseased, will assuredly make. I will not specify any particular articles of diet; every one is acquainted, by books on dietetics, with all that is convertible, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, into the flesh and blood of man. Let every one's own feelings direct him on this point. Whatever course is attended with an increase of muscular energy, and buoyancy of mind, is confirmation strong as holy writ, that it may, and ought to be, persevered in. For the dyspeptic invalid, I have long thought that the usual breakfast hour

was too early. Habit induces them to go through the formula of a breakfast, which I am sure nine out of ten feel no inclination for. To this class I would prescribe early a small cup of strong coffee, with an equal portion of milk, cold and fresh, which, with a small cut of dry toast, would be much more agreeable to weak, delicate stomachs, than the present mode of eating by rule. At eleven or half-past, I should advise a good nutritious *déjeuner*, consisting of hot plain-dressed meat, with eggs; these latter are more nutritious than is generally supposed. I cannot too strongly condemn the use of hot tea at this meal; if it must be had, it should be taken lukewarm. The dinner should consist of a fair proportion of animal and vegetable substances, with a couple of glasses of wine, port or sherry; the former I generally prescribe. Invalids must carefully avoid taking large drinks of any kind during dinner. The stomach with them is already too flaccid; fluids will but increase this infirmity. Some light supper is always necessary, but it should be of the farinaceous kind; and the drink at this time may be some weak but agreeable stimulus, so as to impart a gentler impulse to the stomach to complete the process of dinner digestion. The prevailing evil with these is obstinate constipation, a natural and necessary consequence of the general muscular debility, which extends even to the muscular coats of the intestines. Much of this distressing complaint may be obviated by a little more attention to the vegetable part of our diet. Vegetables, we know, are generally proscribed from the table of the dyspeptic, and doctors pronounce them as difficult of digestion. I am free to admit that in the present mode of dressing vegetables, they are unwholesome; but that they are essentially unwholesome, is what I firmly deny. Let them be boiled, or dressed to a pulpy state, and they constitute some of the most nutritious articles of diet. In this state the digestion is not disturbed by the extrication of the gaseous products, which usually attend under the present half-boiled condition. Yet, with the most assiduous attention to diet and regimen, it is often impossible to regulate the bowels. In this state, when organic disease does not exist, the maxim of Lord Bacon is deserving attention: "*Nihil magis conducit ad sanitatem et longævitatē, quam crebræ et domesticæ purgationes.*"

Exercise is an item in the management of health, which requires our particular and constant consideration. Its abuse is as fruitful of evil as its neglect. When the system is not much reduced, a little walking will be highly advantageous, but let me caution invalids against it before breakfast. It is a popular notion, that a walk at this hour improves the appetite. One experiment, I think, would set this in its proper light, and prevent a repetition of it evermore. The excitement of the walk, for with invalids the slightest motion is attended with excitement, gives a false impetus to the appetite, and the invalid, mistaking the excitement of debility for the healthy stimulus of a good appetite, is tempted to indulge more freely. A very few hours will soon convince the invalid, that the little strength which the stomach possessed for digestion, has been exhausted by the walk, and the food which he has taken in remains an undigested mass, leaving him in a state of languor, unfitted for the slightest physical exer-

tions. I consider that people of this class do a great deal more injury to themselves by their long walks to obtain an appetite, than even by any other excess in which they may indulge! Horse exercise is here the only resource; but for those who cannot command this luxury, there is still patience and an omnibus. This latter I am disposed to look on as one of the most effectual modes of saving human life, from the wear and tear incidental to large cities, which has been discovered for the last fifty years. Want of sleep is a common complaint with patients of this class. That very many of them are unable to sleep out the whole night, I think very possible; yet I do not think it is so much the refreshing influence of sleep which they sigh for, as the pleasing oblivion of passing a certain number of hours every night in a state of torpor. The human frame does not absolutely require all the hours which we devote to sleep. Some systems require more of it, some less. There is something surpassingly beautiful in the simple adaptation of means to ends, which Nature, in her emergencies, pursues. With some, in one hour's sleep, she will wind up all the exhausted powers which twenty-four had produced, and in this short interval prepare the system for renewed struggles. Pichegru, the famous general of the French revolution, declared that for twelve months of active campaigning, he never had more than one hour's sleep out of the twenty-four. It appears that the powers of the sensorium are rapidly wound up in the first moments of sleep, and the remaining part of the refreshment is to be ascribed to the general repose which all our organs enjoy.

There are but one or two topics more, connected with this subject, to which I can here refer. Of these, the one to which I beg especial attention, is the great indifference which pervades every rank as regards warm bathing. The neglect of this simple hygienic measure can only be duly estimated by a knowledge of the important functions which a healthy clear skin performs. Many suppose that provided they breathe healthy air, that little more is effected in any other way by it than the oxygination of the blood in the lungs. This would indeed be limiting its operation, which is now well known to extend over the whole surface of the body, upon which it acts in many cases, similar to its action in the lungs. The warm bath, by keeping the cuticular membrane in a clean healthy condition, facilitates its operation; but it also does another important thing, it keeps the cuticular orifices open for the natural transpiration which incessantly takes place through them. We may form some idea of the functions of cuticular transpiration, by referring to a curious case recorded of a French prisoner. In 1799, a Pole by birth, but a Frenchman by service, became an English prisoner of war; he was tall, well made, and though thin, enjoying good health. At the age of thirteen he was seized with a voracity which the rations of ten men could not allay. He delighted in raw flesh, and in his rage would devour dogs, cats, dead or alive. In the action at sea in which he was captured, he took up the leg and thigh of a man, which had been shot off, and was devouring it until torn from him. The day before the last report was drawn up, he ate four pounds of raw cow's udder, ten pounds of raw beef, two pounds of candles, and five pints

of porter. In this man the fœces were not proportioned to what he ate, his great evacuation was by sweat; during sleep there was a dense vapour constantly exhaling from his skin, which carried off in this way a great deal of what should have passed through the common passage of the intestinal canal. The history of this case, it is to be regretted, has been lost in consequence of his being exchanged; but we have enough of it to show the important functions of the skin.

The last point to which I beg the reader's attention, is the cold shower-bath; but here I beg to assure him, that in doing so, I do not by any means intend to throw cold water upon what has preceded. Next to the regular daily supply of good nutritious diet, I consider the shower-bath the most powerful agent in invigorating the human frame. In it we have one of the most effectual and economical stimulants which the whole range of medical experience affords. It is not of course to be indiscriminately prescribed, nor is it suited to those whose lungs are affected, or who have bad organic affections; but, with these exceptions, there is scarcely an individual, from the peasant to the prince, who may not derive from it lasting benefit. To strong robust people I would direct it early in the morning; to persons of more delicate fibre at midday. Its good effects are increased by the use of a flesh-brush directly after. For those whose constitutions will not bear the shower-bath, there still remains a good substitute—the *cold air bath*. This is effected by stripping completely, and in this state rubbing the body for some time with a coarse linen cloth or towel; a flesh-brush should also be used. By this means we regulate the secreting surface of the skin, impart tone to the subjacent muscles, and energy to every fibre of our frame. Let the shower-bath be used but for one week, and I maintain that any one who has, even for that short period, felt the increased tone of muscular power and buoyancy of spirits which it imparts, will not be easily induced to neglect it afterwards.

STANZAS TO SPRING.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh ! 'tis pleasant to look to the coming spring,
 While the winter winds are blowing ;
 When the flowers shall bud, and the sweet birds sing,
 On the bough into beauty growing ;
 When the snowdrop, pretty nun-like flower,
 And the violet, dainty fairy,
 Like a maiden coy, in her wintry bower,
 And the primrose sweet and chary,
 Above the withered leaves shall show—
 Oh ! then is the time through the woods to go.

Oh ! I love to watch the blackbirds run
 Through the glades in their plumage glossy ;
 And the squirrel, so frolic and full of fun ;
 And the sparrow, so bold and saucy,
 That comes, like a sturdy beggar, to get
 Our alms from the bird we cherish ;
 The robin, so sacred to all, the pet
 Of our childhood, that must not perish
 For lack of the refuse crumbs that lie
 At our lattice, to catch the sweet bird's eye.

Did you ever mark in the moonlight hour,
 Or in the sunshine brightly glowing,
 The chesnut tree, ere a leaf or flower
 On its russet boughs were showing ?
 When embalmed in the gum that nature spread,
 To protect the embryo blossom,
 The tree, as it lifts its regal head,
 Is more brilliant than beauty's bosom,
 In the jewelled blaze of her court-day wear,
 Or the diamonds that flash in her glossy hair.

I've watched that tree in the moonlight cold,
 As it shone in its gem-like glory,
 And thought of the legends we read of old,
 Of Aladdin's wondrous story ;
 And in sooth it seemed, as if magic fays,
 With their tiny hands, were spreading
 A thousand lamps in that bow'ry maze,
 For some gay court fête or wedding ;
 And I fancied I heard their golden strings,
 And the rush of a myriad of fairy wings.

Oh ! 'tis sweet to indulge in a fairy dream,
 When the soft moon shines above us,
 And the aged woods and the silver stream
 Are as friends that know and love us.
 But the dream of life is a long, long dream,
 And so chequered by joy and sorrow,
 That the sun that smiles in his evening beam,
 May arise in storms to-morrow ;
 But the holy winter of age shall bring
 The joys of a long, an eternal spring.

HALF HOURS.

VERY inconsiderate are those critics who addict themselves to anti-thetical smart sentences! "This author," says a certain reviewer, whose pages I had not patience to go on with, "has taken the first subject that came to his hand, and explained it in the first mode that came into his head." Now, these, I humbly opine, are the two very best things a man *can* do, who is bent upon becoming an author at all rates. What is there upon the earth, or under the earth, or out of the earth, that has not been written upon? The world, the universe, infinite space, are "all before him, where to choose," traversed and trodden, in every direction, by his billions of predecessors; and what will his threescore years and ten do for him if his subject be to seek? By all means take the first that comes to hand, or your sands may be numbered ere you have determined upon your title-page. And with respect to *modes of explaining your subject*, lay aside your pen, drop the design of authorship all together, go back to your ordinary walking and talking, and endeavour to content yourself therewith, if you feel within you the stirrings of a moment's hesitation on this head. "Second thoughts are best," is a beggarly adage, the invention of the timid, the refuge of the weak, the parent of universal scepticism. How can that claim to be the birth of your mind, which is the production of deliberate selection, and which you may or may not determine whether it shall be born at all? And what right have you to offer to the world wisdom which has need to be sifted and criticised beforehand? Ganganelli says truly, that a man might often find at the nib of his pen what he goes a great way in search of; and I maintain that no man who writes from pure love of writing, should be allowed to hold a pen, if he require to travel for his illustrations much beyond its nib. I should like to know where originality is to be found, if it be not in a man's first thoughts—or truth, save in the spontaneous testimony of his faculties for discerning it? All later testimony is liable to be bribed, or may incur suspicion of being borrowed. Write with all despatch if you wish to be original, and never imagine that your perceptions of *truth* will be improved by multiplying questions concerning it; the world is already too full of these. But, in fact, men all know what is truth better than they, or you, are apt to suspect; and when you wish to illustrate it to them in any way, do not perplex your readers by exfoliating the whys, whens, and whereases of your evidence, nor yourself with laborious oratory—the clearest ever is the flowing stream. Some writers are complained of for their too great negligence of critical rules; others are censured for their pedantry in adhering to them. *They* best defeat criticism who have *a way of their own*; who follow their pen; in short, who write *naturally*: and how can any man do this who considers and elaborates?—a bewildering process, through which the lively imagination inebriates in its abundance, and the feeble becomes intimidated through discovered sterility. They inevitably grow into copyists, who are incessantly studying to produce effect.

The most of all which writers employ to add to, vary, or heighten their first conceptions, may be traced to foreign models; and the habit of looking abroad for accessories, of trying to catch the tone, air, gait, or periwig of this or that great original, be he the brightest or biggest that ever wore one, tends but to the production of ill-fitting affectations, or to the debilitation of native powers. The ready writer, like the bee, may indeed have drawn his *funded stores* from a variety of flower-beds, but that honey is the best whose compound betrays no prevailing flavour of any favourite nectary; unless we may except the incurable Scottish *heather honey*—and does not this owe its superiority to a *flower of the wild*? The man who wishes to write sincerely, or to earn the praise of original thinking, has nothing to do but to grapple firmly with his own ideas; “to know his own aims,” as Göethe recommends, “in the first place, and then manfully to follow them out, looking neither to the right nor to the left; nor before him, towards critics and reviewers.” The aims of a good mind will necessarily emanate from, and be directed to, some good moral purpose, and ought therefore to be fearlessly pursued; the ideas of a sound mind flow naturally in an even and clear current, which adventitious infusions will but sully and disturb, and the lucubrations of the imaginative man ought specially to be kept within his own borders, and to exclude other men’s luxuriances, or there will be no bounds to his extravagances, nor end to his vagaries.

“Thinking,” says the elegant Pliny Melmoth, (of whom a benign full-length portrait, in possession of a worthy descendant of his family, is at this moment before my mental vision, decorated with the flowing curls and clad point devices in the ruffled beau costume of George the Second’s day—and I imagine I see him saying it,) “thinking seems to be the least exercised privilege of cultivated humanity.” This sounds severe from lips so placid; but how stands the matter now, in the reign of our first and fair Victoria?—when no one can pass the like censure on humanity, cultivated or uncultivated, as respects the privilege of writing; for who does not write? I presume Melmoth to have meant, thinking with a man’s own thoughts, for this is the only description of thinking which can have a right to the name. Has the disposition for close thinking been improved by the more extensive reading and writing of our day? Has the power of producing new images, and limning them out to the mind’s eye with greater clearness and precision, been increased by our more profuse materials? Is the mind’s progress keeping pace with our other improved velocities and facilities? Do the wheels upon the channeled railroad give out brighter sparkles where they pass, than those upon the free and flinty highway? I would say no! Our ancestors had no railroads in literature; their turnpikes were fewer and less levelled, and they improved their vigour, while, forcing their way through difficulties, they struck out paths for themselves. Even our middling-spelling great aunts and grandmothers had, in their household epistles, novelties of wit, and touches of original thinking, which we look in vain for in the fluent, ornate, and more voluminous productions of their fair (or *unfair*) descendants. A whirl of miscellaneous ideas—germs and atoms of thought, resembling those animalculæ which require

the powers of the telescope to bring them into distinct vision, and when there, present every imaginable heterogeneity of form, is perpetually going on within every man's brain, savage or sage, and certainly most to the disturbance of the civilised man: even many very clever persons use their minds, like their watches, without examining into their interior mechanism, following only some index on their surface, according as the springs of passion, fashion, or expediency, may direct. To get out of the complicated disturbance which their own particular dance of cerebral atoms occasions them, when the writing fit comes on, instead of taking the microscope, and applying it to the sorting and settling of the volatile progeny within, they fly off to the sorted and sampled granaries of brains which have preceded them. Your simple savage bears his whirl more quietly. His flitting minikins of thought occasion him small concern; he is not a candidate for literary fame! but the man who is, and is in haste to obtain it, competed for as it is by such hosts of his contemporaries, readily perceives a present convenience in availing himself of the labours of predecessors, and lays hands upon their stored, and, he may possibly conceive, hidden samples, without scruple or remorse. Geniuses are proverbially fitful and indolent. They have a right to distinction, and therefore consider themselves privileged to pursue it by the readiest roads. They are placed above the vulgar suspicion of being plunderers and copyists, and therefore think they can "*afford*" to be borrowers. Byron's genius sufficed to leaven all things; but who was a more extensive and unscrupling borrower? No man. Many use bricks who pride themselves upon being above brick-making, and disdain not, too, to build on other men's foundations. Many have mounted by the ladder of an inferior artist, and have then kicked it down, crying out that it was but a wooden one! Many have patched with the fragments of those very works whose reputation they have contributed to demolish. Many have lit up for themselves a transient blaze of popular distinction at some sparkle of a lamp which they affected to despise. Shame on such purblind disingenuousness! Shame, shame on such cowardly and indolent expediency!—equally prejudicial to the moral and intellectual sanity of the perpetrators, and to the advancement of the republic of letters, which they pretend to have at heart—for what is the use of farther writing, if it be not to bring into wholesome exercise the energies of new minds?—to extend the realms of thought, or to fructify with fresh ideas the soil already prepared? Let each man who *will* write dash fearlessly into the Maelstrom of his own ideas; let him perish and disappear, if they have not strength to bear him up: he will, even in the latter event, be entitled to the thanks of his country; he will have quenched, in an honest and chivalrous attempt, an abortive literary life, and may, at the same time, have restored to his country a useful citizen. The leap of Marcus Curtius, cheered on and encouraged by the acclamations of thousands of his admiring countrymen, did not so much for them as this! The gulf closed over him at the clatter of his horse's hoofs, which any other heavy metal could have done as well, without the living sacrifice! The dealers in scientific matters are, unfortunately for themselves, less independently circumstanced than are those free-trading owners of general literature,

against one of whom I presume our reviewer's shaft to have been levelled; but if the victim he was purposing to scalp *was a writer on science*, and his subject that which lay nearest to his hand, so much the worse for the candour and humanity of the critic. Cultivators of the exact sciences are, in their writings, to a certain degree tethered within a circle by their subject-matter, and have not the privilege which other literary men possess of flying off into infinite space. They have to do with the hardware of facts, data, and strict definition. Their discoveries are conducted and completed according to square and rule, and by square and rule they are liable to be judged. However skilfully they handle their tools—however extensively they may have benefited mankind—they must be contented in most cases with the enjoyment of a journeyman's fame. Indeed, the more delicately subtle their theories, and the more felicitous their illustrations of them,—the more they simplify and lay open the arcana which mystify the paths of science to the ignorant and the indolent—the more will those ignorant and indolent—nay, the more will even their own learned brethren, clamour against them the cry of eccentricity, of feebleness, or of plagiarism. The idle are everywhere leagued to depreciate the labours of the industrious. The hard-working prosecutors of scientific research, though willing enough to take to themselves the reward of a monopoly of public favour, question, and resent as presumptuous innovation, every new and successful deviation of others from bygone laws and the beaten track. Who does not know that Leibnitz produced, as his own, one of our Newton's most important discoveries, which the latter had communicated to him confidentially, and afterwards charged *him* as the plagiarist? And who knows not that the starry Newton was taxed with availing himself of the numerical labours of an humble cotemporary, at the very moment when he lay under suspicion of endeavouring to retard that individual's hard-earned profits, and impede his merited fame? These were ill-looking charges against such magnates as Newton and Leibnitz; but they may possibly both have been erroneous ones, founded in negligence or mistakes made by themselves, and disseminated through the gossiping ill nature of partially-informed on-lookers. Persons engaged simultaneously upon the same subjects of learned discussion may by possibility arrive at exactly similar conclusions in the same moment of time; and the vulgar are sure to imagine, when their superiors are brothers of a trade, that they must necessarily, like themselves, be envious, suspicious, and over-reaching, with one another.

Public benefit, however, is not obstructed, but rather promoted, by the bustle and eagerness to affiliate the shadowy property of fame, which calumnies like the above-mentioned have often produced. Such contests are calculated to help forward the diffusion of useful knowledge. Nothing better advertises a discovery than abuse of the discoverer; and many valuable novelties may be elicited, through the stimulus to investigation induced by disputed claims. Men may thoughtlessly take part in a controversy, but they cannot follow it out without thinking. At this moment, Great Britain and America, the Old World and the New, are in energetic exercise of an important commercial benefit, and at odds about the merit of its first discovery,

when, for aught we can prove to the contrary, the discovery may have been made in the "world before the flood." The celestial empire too, we have recently been informed, has stepped in to contest with those countries the invention of that wondrous discipline of art through which the lawless winds have been made to cower before the mightier powers of steam. And so let it be! Do we paddle the less merrily where once we sailed, defying winds and tides where once we dreaded them, for remaining unassured whether Jonathan or John Bull, Confucius or some antediluvian Anak, lit the first fires of the keel-impelling boiler? Not a whit! "Let us eat our oysters, and who will may dispute the honour of having opened the shells," is the first sort of commentary which passes through the minds of an ungrateful majority of those who are benefiting by the labours of scientific explorers, when they hear of such disputes. Every man is apt to fancy he could, if he would, handle the knife and crack the shell. Yes, the sons of science must needs work with tangible instruments, and according to rules, which are patent to all; therefore, in the exercise of their devotion to *their* Alma Mater, they must, not unfrequently, be contented (like others in the service of virtue) with finding their own sole reward. But he who draws entirely upon *self-contained* resources, who does the work of his own mind with his own invisible tools, cannot be so easily paralleled, defrauded, and defeated! He legislates, as it were, from the independent throne of a separate existence, and *his* are the words to command the respect due to oracular authority, and to obtain the meed of an undisputed fame. People may talk as they will of *classes of mind*; but every individual differs in some particulars, body and soul, from all others of his kind: and the coinage of *his* brain can never be plundered undetected, who stamps upon his currency the faithful impress of his own intellectuality. A late clever writer has given us the reason why people are generally so "useless and disagreeable," that "most persons labour under an absolute incapacity of describing what passes within their own souls;" and I heartily agree with him. But how is this? Simply because they are too much occupied with the passages of other men's souls, read too many books, and write too little. The last-mentioned affirmation may appear to be at variance with some foregoing remarks relative to the abundance in the present day of writings and writers; nevertheless what has been advanced in each case is true, and will bear to be investigated.

"Reading," says Lord Bacon, "maketh a full man;" but a man may soon be *too full* of the knowledge derived from books: "conversation a ready man;" yes, too ready to be agreeable, for every one likes to be heard, and your *ready man* is sure to be in every one's way: and "writing, an exact man." Most true! but exactness must be defecated of everything extraneous. He will assuredly be the most *exact* man, who employs only his own ideas, and who searches them out pen in hand. Now, too many people go to their books first before they take up their pen, and it is through a similar waste of time that conversers are often troublesome. Write, write, by all means. Take, if you will, the first subject that comes to your hand, but be sure to treat it in the first mode that comes into your head. By pursuing this

process, you will soonest arrive at the art of thinking with your own thoughts. Celerity best disperses the vapour of the brain, and rallies ideas into shape and service: thus, also, you will soonest become competent to give a clear description of what passes within your own soul. If it be an empty, needy, begging, and borrowing soul, without doubt such a process will annihilate you as an author: so much the better! But if you have within you any native pith and substance, it is thus that you will bring out your flitting atoms, quicken them into life, and expand them into beauty. What are called *flashes of mind* in a writer, are doubtless ignited by the rapid pen, and one flash of a man's own mind is more profitable to himself, and will do him more credit with the public, than a myriad of second-hand ones. Such a process as I have recommended, will justly put him in the way of obtaining the reputation of originality, and of being a clever thinker; and he, who by some lucky hit has once established this reputation, may go on fearlessly with the sure prospect of an increasing fame, if he only persevere in the same honest, straightforward course. Confidence in a man's own powers—a "respectable assurance," I once heard it called—has a wonderfully reciprocating influence. The man who puts trust in himself is sure to command it from others. And after all, what is it that best promotes literary success? Not what a writer does for himself, not what he does for his subject, but what he makes his readers do for themselves.

They readily give their suffrage to the clever man, who, in the first place, enables them to comprehend him, and who successfully moves and delineates what they find within themselves. They are pleased with themselves for the facility with which they apprehend what he has made clear to their less exercised faculties. They admire their own virtue for relishing his noble sentiments, their own sensibility for being touched with his pathos, their own humour for appreciating his wit, and forthwith they become his partisans and advocates through good and evil report.

Bulwer saith, "the mind of a great writer is a type of the general mind." This can only be true in a certain sense, for the general mind is not great; but the mind of an original writer will assuredly touch numerous springs of thought and feeling which are common to all, and his readers, though they may be altogether incapable of competing with him in felicities of expression, will often find occasion to rejoice in the pleasant notion, that he has only anticipated them "in their very own thoughts;" and this is the true secret of popular authorship.

" 'Twere strange indeed if I could not
Write full as well as Walter Scott,
He says but first what, had he stay'd,
'S the very thing I would have said."

R.

DECEPTION.

A TALE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Mrs. CHARLTON soon introduced me to her father, Mr. Wickham; she had not exaggerated when she told me that he was a truly venerable, benevolent looking old man. His mild tone of voice, his silver hair, and his kind and placid manners, tended more than anything had yet done to reconcile me to the part I was acting. He spoke to me soothingly and encouragingly; he told me that such plans had often been put in practice before, and that the end fully justified the means; and I could not believe that one apparently so good and amiable would sanction any mode of proceeding that was culpable and sinful. How attractive a quality is mildness! and what reprehension can be sufficiently strong for those who employ it as a snare to delude their fellow-creatures into the ways of evil! Lord Ellerton had an intimate friend residing in the neighbourhood of Exeter, and I persuaded him to accept his often-repeated invitation to pass a day and night at his house. Soon after he departed, my contemptible drama of deception began. I secluded myself in my own apartment with Mrs. Charlton, her father, and a woman whom the latter had recommended to me as a nurse; and never, I am sure, did the most severe bodily pangs equal the mental suffering which for several hours I endured in the contemplation of my own exceeding sinfulness. When the darkness of night came on, the woman to whom I have alluded quitted the house by the back stairs, and returned in about an hour, bearing a beautiful infant. I had often heard of the joy (and I have since known it by experience) which every mother feels when she hears the first cry of her baby; but the cry of this poor little innocent impostor excited absolute aversion in my mind, and I transferred to it the anger and displeasure which I ought to have bestowed on myself and my tempters. A messenger was sent after Lord Ellerton; he returned full of exultation and happiness; he lavished munificent presents on all the agents in this iniquitous deception; overwhelmed me with thanks and blessings, and half devoured with caresses the child, which, had I left it in its proper station, might probably have soon greeted his eyes sleeping beneath a hedge in a lane or corn-field. My secret was known to very few. I had on some frivolous pretext dismissed my own maid before we quitted Ashburn Park, and accepted Mrs. Charlton's offer to supply her place for a time; and I did not engage a new one till I was completely recovered. When I speak of my recovery, I do not employ a mere figure of speech, for the agitation of my mind, and the inexplicable forewarning which seemed shadowed out to me of the future evils in store for me, as a punishment for my sinful deception, actually caused me to be in so nervous, feverish, and debilitated a state, that I was unfit to leave my room till the expiration of a month. I had now the hard task of

¹ Continued from vol. xxi. p. 373.

counterfeiting tenderness and triumph in my manner towards my supposed son and heir. I almost wonder that I did not feel some emotions of kindness for the unoffending little being whom I had won by the magic of gold from the embraces of its rightful mother; but I disliked it, first because it presented to me a perpetual memento of my transgression; and, secondly, because I was deeply, bitterly jealous of the caresses lavished on it by my husband. I imagined that by the excess of his fondness for it, he was offering a slight and indignity to myself, not considering that as he believed it to be my own, he might reasonably conclude that every proof of his tenderness towards it would be a subject of rejoicing and gratification to the heart of its mother. Sometimes anxious to preserve appearances, I attempted to nurse and caress it; but, as in everything but my one great transgression I was of a frank and open disposition, my efforts at dissembling were so awkward that Mrs. Charlton generally put an end to them by taking the babe from my arms, and observing to Lord Ellerton that my feelings were so warm, and my health so delicate, that I must not be allowed to give way to my maternal sensibility. Early in the winter we removed to Grosvenor Square, and I then certainly had some cause for exultation. At that time it was the custom for persons of fashion to resort to London at an earlier period than is the case at present, and our house was thronged with visitors, all full of admiration for the infant heir; the condolences of my female friends were now exchanged for congratulations, offered by some of them with a good, and by others with a bad grace, but all were courteous enough to descry a strong likeness in the little viscount to his parents; some said that he was the image of me, others declared him quite a miniature model of the earl; and a few, when applied to for their judgment, settled the matter in a truly diplomatic style by saying, that he united the features of both in so remarkable a degree that it was impossible to decide which he resembled most strongly. My sister-in-law was the only person who spoke the plain truth; she maintained that the child did not bear the faintest likeness either to the earl or to myself, but I and Mrs. Charlton immediately bore her down by quoting the words of at least twenty dames of high degree, whose opinions were quite the contrary; and as she had no means of proving her asseveration, she was obliged to submit to the mortification of being told that she was decidedly in the wrong, although at the same time she felt conscious, and with great justice, that she was decidedly in the right. She and the young Orson she had brought with her, who was old enough to feel thoroughly mortified at the birth of his cousin, and not old enough to conceal his mortification, now looked on the child with scrutinising and fault-seeking eyes, evidently anxious to discover some defect on which they might ground a disparaging observation. For the first time I felt triumphant in the conviction that he was not only very healthy, but remarkably pretty.

"A fine child, certainly," she said, in a chilling, measured tone; "but perhaps more liable on that account to be in danger if attacked by illness."

And she immediately commenced so long a catalogue of all the

evils to which infants are liable, that I am convinced she had prepared herself for the assault by studying some medical work on the complaints of children; for, not satisfied with keeping in the beaten track of common-place maladies, she enlarged on at least a dozen of which I had never before heard.

"It is best to put you on your guard, my dear sister," she concluded in an hypocritical tone; "you must not set your heart too much on this sweet boy."

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Charlton, who was more than a match for her in the art of skilfully tormenting, "do not render yourself uneasy, Mrs. Neville, by anticipating that you are likely to be deprived of the pleasure of possessing so lovely a nephew; the life of the sweet little viscount, I hope, will be preserved; but, even should such unhappily not be the case, Lady Ellerton, I fully trust, will follow your own excellent example, by presenting to the world, not one fine boy only, but a little race of them."

There was nothing remarkable or extraordinary in this speech of Mrs. Charlton; it might naturally have occurred to anybody as a fit rebuke to the clumsy malice of Mrs. Neville, but it struck me with all the force of a prophetic revelation. Strange as it may appear, it had never for a moment occurred to me that at any future period I might give birth to a child of my own, and now the very allusion to the probability of such an event overpowered me, and I burst into an hysteric flood of tears.

"You really must not come to see Lady Ellerton again if you agitate her so," said Mrs. Charlton, reproachfully, to my sister-in-law; "very few young mothers could bear to be prepared in such plain terms for the death of their first-born son."

Lord Ellerton entered as she was saying these words: she explained to him the reason of them, and he reproved Mrs. Neville severely, who took her departure with an exceedingly disconcerted air, and then applied himself to console and re-assure me with the utmost tenderness, for he had begun to see and lament my indifference to the child, and was really delighted with this my first out-breaking of maternal fondness and solicitude. I had suffered much from his coldness before the arrival of the infant, but I may safely say I now suffered much more from his kindness. I even told him that I was unworthy of it; but my watchful guardian, Mrs. Charlton, led me away, uttering audible expressions of admiration at my exceeding humility. Hitherto I had found Mrs. Charlton a most valuable co-adjutor and assistant, but she now began to assume a tone of freedom and equality very unpleasant to me; when alone with me, she was continually reminding me of the hateful topic which I wished to blot for ever from my remembrance, entering into every minute particular attached to it, praising her own skill and dexterity in conducting the scheme, and alluding to the gratitude which I ought to feel for her as having first suggested the plot to me, and afterwards furnished me with the means of carrying it into execution. So far from regarding the author of such a suggestion as my friend, I considered it with justice to be a measure that stamped her as my bitterest enemy; and even if the acquisition of an heir had been a source of as much plea-

sure to me as it had proved the reverse, I should not have felt my conscience burdened with any extraordinary weight of gratitude, since I had transferred to her father and herself the three thousand pounds of which I have previously made mention, and felt assured that even after paying all expenses connected with the purchase (how dreadful a word for a land of liberty!) of the child, they must still retain an ample remuneration for their trouble; indeed I had flattered myself, that as Mr. Wickham had no female relative residing with him, his daughter would probably voluntarily offer to take up her future abode at his house. Such an idea, however, had never entered Mrs. Charlton's mind; she looked forward to an introduction to fashionable society through my means; and although her general fawning softness of manner continued, it was mixed with an occasional ease and *nonchalance* of bearing, and with an assumption of protection and encouragement towards myself, which at length caught the attention of my husband, and excited his displeasure. "You must teach your hired companion to know her place, Isabel," said he to me one morning; "she was certainly unwearied in her attentions to you during your confinement, but I rewarded her exertions by many handsome presents, and I do not think it requisite that you should now pay the penalty of them by admitting her to a footing of perfect equality with yourself. Mrs. Charlton is not a woman of birth; and although her manners on first acquaintance are very plausible and insinuating, she is not in reality, as your own good taste must have informed you, a woman of education and refinement. I do not approve of her accompanying you so often into society, and still less do I approve the hostess-like air of welcome and urbanity which she puts on to the guests whom you receive at home."

This conversation determined me to speak to Mrs. Charlton, and I took an opportunity of doing so; she was exceedingly indignant, reproached me with ingratitude, and used several expressions towards me which I should have resented most severely from any one else. The work of retribution was already beginning, when I, well born, highly educated, and the wife of a wealthy British earl, stood trembling beneath the upbraidings of my humble companion: but it was *only* beginning; fatal and bitter was its termination. Truly does the Scripture say, "Bread of deceit is sweet to a man, but his mouth shall afterwards be filled with gravel." Full of fears at an allusion which Mrs. Charlton had made to the ruin that was in store for me if she betrayed my secret, I uttered somewhat of an apology to her, which she coldly and stiffly accepted, and immediately left the room. We were engaged in company that day, and I saw little of her; the next morning she went out after breakfast. Hour after hour elapsed, and she did not return. I began to feel nervous, agitated, and feverish, imagining that her long absence was in some measure connected with our dispute of the preceding day. About an hour before dinner, a footman came from Mrs. Neville's house, with a verbal message that Mrs. Charlton had been with Mrs. Neville the whole of the day, and would not return till night. Oh! what horrors did that message cause me! Happily Lord Ellerton dined out that day. I do not think I could have counterfeited tolerable composure in his presence.

I felt assured, and certainly circumstances seemed to warrant my conclusion, that Mrs. Charlton was taking her revenge on me by informing my brother and sister-in-law of the deception I had practised on my husband. From them I knew I could expect no mercy—in fact, I deserved none. I could not eat, I could not read—least of all, alas ! could I pray ; I could only walk up and down the room in a state of nervous irritation. So certain did I feel of the detection impending over me, that I once even contemplated the idea of making my immediate escape ; but the thought of voluntarily rendering myself a stranger to the husband whom I loved beyond all the world, was agonising to me, and I resolved to stay and abide the worst. I made a singular discovery that evening ; the poet says, “ sad hours seem long ; ” the remark is very true when the sadness is unconnected with fear, but extreme and well-founded apprehension causes the hours, which we believe are hurrying to our ruin, to fly with inexpressible speed. Six hours had elapsed between the message brought by Mrs. Neville’s footman and the double knock which announced Mrs. Charlton’s return, and they had not seemed to me more than one. She entered the drawing-room with her usual specious, insinuating smile, which had lately become quite odious to me, but which now seemed for the moment to recover all its former fascination in my eyes, since it convinced me that she could not meditate immediate and active hostilities against me. I inquired, with as much appearance of composure as I could assume, the cause of her long visit to my sister-in-law. The answer was so simple, that I wondered at the inquietude I had inflicted on myself. Mr. Neville was on the point of removing to another house ; his wife, finding that some additional furniture would be necessary, had availed herself of the economical experience of Mrs. Charlton to direct her in the choice and purchase of carpets and curtains ; and, after making use of her services for the whole of the morning, had conceived that she was in courtesy bound to invite her to remain to dinner.

Thus fell to the ground all my imagined horrors of exposure and persecution. Justly is it said, “ The wicked flee when no man pursueth.” It was, however, more than a week before my nerves recovered the shock of this dreadful evening, and during that time I trembled violently whenever I heard a knock at the door, and turned pale if I saw a letter delivered to my husband.

Mrs. Charlton no longer soothed or consoled me ; she was evidently beginning to reciprocate the dislike which I entertained for her ; but I was not troubled longer than a fortnight with her company, for her father was suddenly attacked in a dangerous manner, and sent for his daughter to Sidmouth. In a few days she wrote to me to inform me of his death, and I was unfeeling enough to rejoice in the tidings. Mrs. Charlton had repeatedly informed me that her father, herself, and the nurse, were the only persons in possession of my secret, and having so few a number of witnesses against me, the removal of one seemed to give me an additional feeling of security. I wrote to Mrs. Charlton, declining, in the kindest and most courteous terms, to receive her again as an inmate. Her answer was full of reproaches and complaints : the three thousand pounds, she said, she had delivered to

her father's care, but no account of it had been found among his papers ; he had died leaving a very slender provision to each of his children, and the evils of poverty were before her ; she concluded, however, by saying, that a lady who was proprietress of a boarding-school in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth, would be willing to receive her as a partner, if she could raise a sum which she named, and which was one of tolerably large amount, within the next three months. I exerted myself to complete for her the necessary sum before the allotted time, and by sacrificing several projected charities, by rigid economy in my personal expenses, and by the sale of some valuable antique trinkets that had belonged to my dear mother, I succeeded in satisfying her rapacity.

I now enjoyed a little respite of ease. We went to Ashburn Park, and all our country neighbours poured in to admire the beauty and intelligence of the little viscount, now ten months old. The venerable family domestics were loud in their expressions of delight, the grey-headed steward found a likeness for him in every ancestral face in the picture gallery, and the stately housekeeper said, that " baby as he was, any one could tell, by his way of holding himself and looking about him, that he came of a noble stock." I could not smile at their mistakes ; I could only envy the simplicity of these honest people, who were incapable of even imagining the depths of wickedness into which their mistress had plunged. Often an apparent trifle caused me to feel sensations of the most painful description.

Lord Ellerton had a worthy and valued friend of the name of Percival ; he passed some time with us this summer ; he had always ranked among my greatest favourites, and I derived much pleasure from his society. One day we were speaking of the cruelties of the Inquisition. Lord Ellerton related some particulars of its tortures, which he had obtained from a Spanish gentleman.

" The Inquisitors are not cruel in all their punishments," observed Percival ; " they have one of a peculiarly merciful nature : the criminal is kindly desired by one of their body to embrace a figure of the Virgin before entering into any further disquisition ; he eagerly complies, doubtless thinking that the religious rite which he is called on to perform is an honour and a privilege ; the figure is a piece of artfully-contrived mechanism, and when he embraces her, she draws forth a poniard, and stabs him to the heart."

" Horrible !" said my husband ; " I can imagine no death so excruciating ; he must feel that he is the victim of treachery ; and what agony of racks and screws can equal such a conviction ?—true, it is but for a moment ; but the moment in which we become sensible that we are duped, must concentrate in itself whole ages of suffering."*

* To be continued.

PROSE SKETCHES.¹

BY A POET.*

THE VALE OF CHAMOUNIX.

THE ascent of Montanvert became severe and difficult; the path, or rather the sheep-track, lay through whole groves of pines: some withered, some struck down in their strength, and writhing, as it were, under the fragments of rock which crushed them. Some barren, and blasted by lightnings, stretching out their arms, stood up, the pale anatomies of what they had been; and some lay, root and bark, on the ground, turned to a pale flinty colour, like the grey fragments of crags that lay scattered round them—a solemn and most impressive scene! The storm, or avalanche, like the Angel of Death, had swept through them—the stronger lived, the weaker fell—such is human life!

At times I emerged from the pines, and I had glimpses of the village of Chamounix, lessening to a pack of cards carelessly scattered on a table; the vale narrowing, and the mountains gathering closer and darker round it. But I looked no more—for I reserved myself for the greater impressions from the summit.

I passed one enormous rock, the size of a house, that had fallen from the head of Montanvert, and which, resting midway, hung there pausing. I looked upwards along the bare channel it had left, where once were groves of pines, all crushed down: and then I measured the immense sweep of distance which lay between it and Chamounix. So little seems to stay it, that one feels, on some night of storm, it is sure to go—and *then*!—My guide seemed to guess my thoughts—his remark was characteristic,—“A piece of artillery pointed right for Chamounix,” said he, “which Nature will discharge at her own time.”

Of all our senses how that of the sight the most deceives us! In manhood, as in the first dawn of childhood, we only judge of distance by experience. In the latter state, we think we can grasp the golden ball on the church spire; and in manhood we run over mountains, and triumph over them in thought, without the faintest idea of their real magnitude. I found myself half way on Montanvert, when I was nearly exhausted—and when, finally, I reached the height, I carefully restrained my eyes until I had recovered from my fatigue; for all our faculties succumb and are destroyed on the slightest sense of exhaustion. For myself, all the finer feelings of my nature are gone; I am restless, and sink into a depression of spirits which those only can know who have experienced them.

I rallied almost immediately; for I stood on the Montanvert of which I had so often read;—that beautiful oasis in the desert! that mountain valley of greenest mosses, and of loveliest flowers, thrown playfully by Nature within the icy grasp of everlasting Winter. And there they stand, looking at each other, each meeting, and yet—like feeling and apathy—never allying themselves. You *might* say, why describe that which has been so often told? I answer, because it will be described a thousand times more, for who receives the same

¹ Continued from vol. xxi. p. 112.

* John Edmund Reade, Esq., Author of “Cain the Wanderer,” and “Italy,” now in the press.

impressions? And then, from me, you will have *confessions* also, for I write down every feeling. When, at last, I looked round me, wound up as I was for the spectacle, I was not disappointed. The flinty ridges of Montanvert towered close behind me—the long extending ranges of the snow-capped Breven rose full in front—the unseen depths of the gorge lying between us, whose bottom was Chamonix. I saw the Arve, in one far point, rolling through it like a snake, and I heard its many voices. The vale is a reservoir, where all the cataracts and water-courses of the hills meet together, and swell the stream into the furious river which it is. How impressive do the bold, awful sides of the Breven appear, as seen from the heights of Montanvert!—its brows wrinkled, as it were, and deep furrowed with dried water-courses and torrents, the mournful and prophetic memorials of past and future devastations. Close beside me, and on the right, was the Glacier de Bois, sweeping downwards from the Arguille de Dru, which rose at the entrance of the Mer de Glace, in pinnacles. I only paused on it, as it was dallying with the clouds, for a moment; for my eye had caught the Mer de Glace, and *there* I was arrested from everything. Let no one attempt to describe the indescribable; above all, let no one imagine they can form the faintest idea of *what* the Mer really is, until they have been *on* it; to look *upon* it is nothing; for the eye is never to be trusted. Truly is it said, that our senses deceive us, and yet in them how confidently do we trust and judge! It was on the Mer de Glace, by the Jardin, that I received an impression of awful sublimity; an impression of power, and of might, and of majesty, to which words are like the winds which whistle round them; but what I *saw*, I may tell. I stood, then, in the very centre of a rough tumbling ocean, but an ocean of ice; everywhere rising and falling in mountain waves, each wave from twenty to thirty feet in height. They seemed in fluctuating motion, and yet all were still! And here rested the very climax of their sublimity. Some had half turned, “and on their curl hung pausing,”—some were as if eddying round, to rise again in volume; but all was petrification—all was the motionless silence of death—and the pale livid blue openings in the rents and fissures of the ice confirmed the impression.

What a cleft in the very heart of the world is Switzerland! Here, when the waters of the deluge rushed back again to their deeps,—here was made their wildest effort to free themselves; what awful and tremendous monuments have they left behind them of the warring elements which then shook the world from its foundations, and, perhaps, hurled it from its sphere.

I was so absorbed in the idea which had seized me—in the immensity of the object which I beheld—that, for a time, the Col du Géant was unheeded; and even Mont Blanc himself though the Vision was before me. But my eyes, at length, arose from the whitened and the icy chaos in which I stood, and finally settled there; and with what feelings—with what a sensation of power and of adoration! *When* I first ascended, I thought it a pillar of strength, *now* I felt it a footstool for humbleness: so fickle are our impressions when we are in the hands of maternal Nature! The winds must have been high on its summits; for I saw a tempest, or rather a whirlwind, eddying midway

round: the snows, heaved upwards, were thrown over it like the smoke of a volcano; now darkening and now lightening its peaks; and all this work of noise, of whirlwind, and of devastation, moved before me, in the immense distance, as silently as a dream.

Nothing could be more awful or imposing than this appearance which the Blanc made while folding, as it were, his mantle round him. Well might such sights have created idolatry among the earlier sons of the earth. Man is, naturally, idolatrous: to excite intensest devotion, he must have some visible type before him of the Invisible; something embodied to turn—to cling to; this the Catholics well know and feel; for this, were the stars and the rising and the setting Sun given to us, to recal to us more immediately Him who made them; but it is before the mountains that man renews all his innate though forgotten impressions.

To throw the more prominent features of landscape before the eye by a few bold strokes of the pen or pencil is easy, but how describe objects which hold nothing in common with the lower world? How impress the mind of the hearer with the feeling of awe and of wonder which are inspired by those immense masses of ice, girded in and over-crested by rocky pyramids still more enormous? by the contrast of the snow's dazzling whiteness with their sombre colours—by the purity of the air, and the clearness of the sunlight, which makes every object to stand out to the eye—by the profound silence of the solitude, broken perhaps, at intervals, by the distant reverberations of falling granite or avalanches—and even by the very barrenness of the rocks themselves, which support nor animal, nor tree, nor verdure. I stood looking on this scene of savage desolation until I felt almost startled, as I recalled the green and lovely field which lay but a few hours' walk behind: I almost thought I was forgotten by Nature in a chaos where she had never smiled;—that I was "the last man" looking on the skeleton of a world.

"How its hills

Roughly swell upwards like enormous waves
In fluctuation fixed; through which earth's ribs,
Bared to the skeleton, protending, show
The wounds time has not healed. Yet was it once
How beautiful! the abode of happiness,
Though now so changed; it pictures what has been
In silence which is eloquence: even thus
The waves rolled over her, and swept all life
Before them, making of her moulded form
A wreck; and when their rage was spent, they sunk
Between the hollows, rudely severing
Her limbs, and girding them with waters; leaving
Those hills above, like shattered monuments,
To tell the desolation they had made!"

CAIN THE WANDERER.*

Yet this was said too hastily; for before my eyes was a rock, whose tabular summit rose like an island among the sea of snows. The frosts, which cover all else, seem scarcely to linger there; it is crowned with a verdure of delicious green, and with the prettiest Alpine flowers; from hence the Savoyards have called it *Le Jardin*;

* Revised edition in the hands of Messrs. Saunders and Otley.

indeed it has the exact form; and the glacier has fenced it round with enclosing walls—and there it rises, like some bright remembrance, smiling amidst the frosts of old age.

How delighted I was that I had descended on the Mer de Glace! for when first standing on Montanvert, I felt little inclined, partially from fatigue, partially, perhaps, from the effect of the air. I have said how impossible it is to judge of its wonders at a distance—the eye, as ever, deceives us; and as we look down, its inequalities appear but like the undulating ridges of the waves after a storm. Descend into it, and how wonderfully the scene is changed! those waves are magnified into hills, and the hollows between them into valleys. How astonished was I when I found myself standing amidst a sea of petrified waves—icy and motionless!—when I found myself sunk and buried among them; when I looked along them, rising everywhere around me like a tumbling ridge of hills, half hiding from me the rocky and precipitous shores around them! *then*, astonishment indeed absorbed every other faculty.

I stood, and observed everywhere the beautiful *accidents* of nature—how thickly they gathered around me! I saw profound chinks, vast caverns, and little narrow lakes of palest blue water, enclosed among crystal or azure walls; rivulets of sparkling green, rolling along icy canals, and precipitating themselves (mocking the greater streams of earth) in abysses below. I drank a little from my hand; it was indeed “clear—but oh, how cold!”

I felt overstrained, and I reposed on what I saw around me. I was standing by the shore of the Mer de Glace, which was covered with heaps of debris lying under precipitous rocks, which rocks again were but the bases of the Aiguilles above them; they forming the footstool to Mont Blanc. As I stood, I placed one hand on the ice of ages; the other, on the flowers of yesterday! I plucked one of them, for I felt how much they resembled ourselves—*they* were blooming; while round them gigantic pines were lying in every state of ruin and decay; like empires, they had their centuries, and were gone, as these will have their hours. Nature is here one eternal metamorphosis. One sees the efforts of all times and of all seasons met together. The snows and the frost of Lapland, the flowery vegetation, and the brightest suns of Italy—mosses and ice—waters frozen into glaciers, forming glorious rainbow-arches of rivers, which one afterwards beholds bounding like youth exultingly along happier plains, and “rejoicing to run their course.” The harshness of winter—the softness of summer—the glowing hues of autumn—all are manifested here! One looks down, with an expanding heart, on a very paradise of a hundred leagues of plains covered with spire-crowned villages, and with joyous vintages—one turns round, chilled and shuddering, to twenty thousand feet of ice, which form their line of horizon. I left the beaten track, and struck up immediately against the side of the mountains, in a part where I think few or none might have been before me. I clambered incessantly for one hour up a ridge nearly inaccessible, I should think, to any, excepting to him whose head turns not on the edge of precipices. I threw myself at last on a sort of platform, under a lofty aiguille, which I know not by name; but, what a moment to me was that

when I saw what my vision had gained by the ascent ! I was there, like Marius, among the ruins of nature—or rather, I seemed to look upon the world ere the Almighty had called it into order. I stood above all : around me was a broken sea of mountains, and the clouds were breaking around their highest tops. The glorious sun was above, and the voices of the thousand torrents were heard below, breaking the almighty silence ! What a thrill of exultation, of joy, of wonder, of love, and of gratitude, ran through me ! I looked along it all with a sidelong glance, and half reclining myself—(you know not the pleasure of this, but Coleridge knew it well, and he has described it)—thought I really was looking on another world. I felt alone as the Arab in his desert, on a spot perhaps untrodden by the foot of man ; and this very sense of freedom, this inner consciousness, was, perhaps, half the joy, for, when unawed and unchilled by the presence of men with whom one has not one feeling in common, how the inmost soul unfolds itself !

I sprang up and caught firm hold of one solitary pine, which overhung a dizzy precipice. One arm of it was hanging broken over a depth which I would not have hung over for all beneath the sun, and yet *there* was a butterfly sporting ! I trusted to its trunk, and I swung myself forward.

I saw mountains behind, around, and beneath me : fronting me, across the abyss, where lay the Vale of Chamounix, rose the range of the Breven, and a host of mountains ; close at my right, across the Mer de Glace, were the red pinnacles of the Dru ; and behind me, the Blanc in his clouds. A sea of clouds also, beneath me, was silently opening, and disclosing lovely spots of landscape, and then softly veiling them over, as the breeze fitfully entered into the veil of silvery mist, and shook its dewy folds. Then suddenly, and, as it were, in the midst of the sky, a bald craggy peak, like a spear, would reveal itself, apparently based on nothingness, and then become filmy and dim, and vanish away : all was motion—all was life—all was progression (which is life) even here. The Winds were abroad, and the birds of prey flew screaming past me—the Waters were calling each other, and flowers were bursting into life. Over this face of chaos, Life and Death were met—production and devastation—beauty and decay ! All the energies and powers of Nature were here in their first strength ; all warring on each other, and living on devastation : the life of each was the other's death ; and that death, or change, was the cause of renewed and beautified existence ! And here I stood above it all ; my only visible companions were the Col du Géant and Mont Blanc ; and nothing to interrupt the feeling which was opened between me and the pervading Infinite ! The feelings I then gave full way to, have half atoned for an age of past or future crime.

I was recalled to myself by a greater chilliness of the air—I looked on the mountains—they were all hidden. No longer motionless, the clouds were rolling by me in enormous volumes, dark or lurid ; all was sad and savage—desolate and repelling. The wind made the most extraordinary sounds among the caverns and peaks ; and big drops of rain began to fall. The spirit in me was gone ; the depression I was in was profound. Had it not been so, how should

I have been excited—for the clouds were rolling beneath me like billows of a stormy ocean! No pen nor pencil ever pictured the wildness of their forms: suddenly the lightning flashed, and the thunder bellowed from *beneath*, reverberating through ten thousand echoes, *such* thunder as I never heard before. But half dead with overstrained excitement, I thought only of rest and my excessive exhaustion. The rain fell in torrents; I was drenched in a moment, and the wind almost hurled me from the sheep-paths, while struggling downwards; my umbrella was broken, and my baton was lost. What changeable creatures we are, and how much on the slightest accidents depend our noblest thoughts and actions! Some hours since, I had lived, feeling and embodying some of the finest impulses which man can know; full of ennobling sentiments, breathing the most refined humanity; feeling the general blessing of existence—a part, and the most ethereal part, of the majesty, the power, and the greatness round me.

What a host of feelings and imaginations are crowding on my memory as I write! At one o'clock in the morning Victor Simon stood by my bed-side, to summon me to fulfil my promise of ascending the Breven for the sunrise—I was in such a delicious dream too!—and then I so hate being waked early;—but at one o'clock in the morning! I hesitated a moment, but a more powerful impulse even than inveterate habit prevailed, and in ten minutes I was mounted, and on my way to the Breven. If we could more often walk at night, what different creatures we should be! How it throws man back upon himself! How, more than all the books on earth, it teaches him the *γνωσις σεαυτου*—his senses no longer deceive him: Darkness, like a palpable thing, prisons him in—the only objects on which he *can* look, are the stars and moon, and they do not flatter him. However puffed up he may be, he can extract no flattery from them; they inspire but two sentiments, as they have done for ever—their infinity and *his* nothingness. The dullest eye can guess at their eternity: and the most apathetic, that they speak of something beyond himself. My eyes were fixed constantly on them, as, cold and high, they twinkled in a sky of ebon blackness. The only sounds which broke on a silence which else had been too startling, was the continual falling of stones down the Breven's sides, and the roar of rushing torrents.

Light was beginning to skirt upon the darkness when we reached a miserable chalet. The man—a greater picture of emaciation and wretchedness I have scarcely seen—had just lighted a few sticks, which threw a red glare over his gaunt and wasted features, and showed the sort of pallet from which he had just risen. It was open, through crevices in the roof above, and from those in the walls round, to every wind of heaven and to every shower of rain. He seemed to have become, at last, as insensible as the elements themselves; for on our appearance, or our departure, to the questions we asked him, or the money we gave him—(that sole argument which reaches the *heart* of a Swiss, if anything can,) he appeared insensible, and showed neither surprise nor gratification. His bread, made once in six months, I saw him break with a heavy stone—it was indeed one black stone knocked against another. I put a piece of it in some hot

milk, but it scarcely yielded, and was most unpalatable. This man was a proof that a human being, living apart from his kind, subsisting on wretched diet, and exposed to every vicissitude of weather, may become at last as impassive as the very elements of which he is the butt. The hut was close to the Cheminée, the end of my route. I despatched the guide to warn me of the first breakings of dawn, and wrapping myself up in my boat-cloak, I lay down by the fire.

At five o'clock in the morning I was sitting on the Cross of Cheminée, alone in the great theatre of Nature, watching with a more intense curiosity than ever I watched as a youth the rising curtain of the theatre of Art, when the light of day should be kindled, and when the sun, like the harp of Memnon, should awaken the almighty harmonies of the unfolding world of creation! How patiently I sat!—now watching the stars, each moment growing softer, and swimming in a warmer ether; now watching the awful-looking pines above me develope their black edges against the sky, and now looking over the precipice's brink, and endeavouring to fathom the depths beneath;—but all was cold blue mist, wreathing palely in eddies, as currents of air, unfelt by me, drifted through them. But the grey light each moment mingled more with the darkness, and made it palpable. My eyes were fixed on the east, while I thought of the blessings which the sun was each moment conferring. I have ever, from a boy, revered the worship of the Persian and the earlier Chaldean—the religion of Nature herself. Men bow down before images of martyrs, and cross themselves before the gaudy splendours of the Roman Catholic altars; and yet here is the immediate type of the Maker—the fountain—the very source of all life and health!—the life of the earth—its very heart and soul!—which, if gone, would crumble instantly to atoms. I thought of the high prophet Milton—the real poet is always a prophet, for how prophetic is Nature! It is *she* who makes him so; she teaches him; her future is read in the past. It is from her that all his chief inspirations are drawn. In that most sublime of all passages—that language which an angel could almost use if addressing his Maker—well does he say of light, from his full impression of its purity, “May I express thee, *unblamed?*” but wherefore not recal now, as I did then, the whole of that transcendent passage?

“Hail, holy light! offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or of the Eternal, co-eternal named,
May I express thee, unblamed? since God *is* light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence uncreate!
Or hear'st thou, rather, pure ethereal stream!
Whose fountain who shall tell?

Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert: and, at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite!”

Such were Milton's ideas, clothed in a language which rolls along like a mighty river, and with the pomp, and with the sound and mag-

nificence of an organ peal! Such were my thoughts—to write them is only to recal them—when the sun rose above the edge of the mountains. The first *coup d'œil* was all: I could not look at his intolerable splendour a second of time: not dim and pale, as seen through the mists of the vales, he arrested the empyrean at once. The light of the very clouds round him was aching; the eastern side of Breven seemed in one blaze of fire—*literally* this was so. I looked backward, and, sheltered by the mountain's enormous height, the world beneath lay in shadow. I stood, as it were, on the isthmus of the two eternities—between the Day and the Night—contending for mastery. I turned from the east, and I hastened towards the highest point of the Breven, hanging over the gorge, and full in front of the whole range of the Alps. I think that, at this moment, I saw one of the most awful appearances which a man could look upon. Immediately while the sun was rising in the east, the lengthening gigantic shadow of the mountain was reflected, darkening, on the ocean of mist, which hid the nether world. It was, indeed, a wonderful thing to behold! I felt as if I were looking on the visible shadow of the Creator's presence, when the risen sun had first *felt* his command, "Let there be light"—and obeyed it! The sea of clouds below lay no longer motionless, but were rapidly rising and eddying round. Some agitating influence had reached them, and they were heaving up from their depths in enormous waves: and gloriously bright or shadowy, as the rays of the sun fell on them. Glorious hues, indeed—with what a sweeping pomp they rolled along! Had all the eastern kings of old passed by, clad, too, "in barbaric pearl and gold," how poor had their procession seemed!—yet all was in silence—all as noiseless as a dream!

But no language—no expressions can convey the impression of awe, and yet the thrill of delight which I felt, when suddenly I saw in the horizon opposite to me, and, as I knew, across the ravine where lay the invisible Vale of Chamounix, the mists darken, and assume a palpable form, until, rolling off from either side, the Aiguille du Midi rose silently its giant form upon the air. The contrast between the airy drapery of cloud hovering round, and the grey and everlasting pyramid, made it appear—all palpable and massive as it was—like a thing unreal; while the mass of clouds, which rolled round its foundations, made it look as might have looked, the first pillar of the world when based by the Creator upon nothingness.

I gazed on it in breathless wonder, and scarcely daring to move, from the fear lest anything should escape me. Immediately confronting me, and in a moment more, the whole range of the pinnacles of the Alps, the glaciers dazzling the eyes, and Mont Blanc, arose before me, based upon the clouds! I was all eye—remembrance or association there was none; it seemed like some wonderful *appearance*—unreal; but I felt it *was* real, and this made the impression so awful. There, swelled up before me, based on nothingness, an endless range of snowy mountains, thunder-split pinnacles of every form and fancy, and glaciers, like robes of ermine, floating down from the shoulders of these mountain kings. Nature's own temple, whose foundations were the world; whose pinnacles were the Aiguilles—whose organs were the waters—and whose unapproachable spires were the triple-headed summits of Mont Blanc! And here was I alone before this marvel of mar-

vels!—men talk of St. Peter's, and justly; for *there* is the reunion of all that man can do, and sublime it is: but *here* is the work of his Maker.

The eye receives, at a glance, the six glaciers which pour themselves into the Vale of Chamounix, and the inaccessible peaks among which they have their birth. The Mont Blanc rises above them all, the crowning pyramid, which ever appears more grand and majestic, as one surveys him from an elevated position. One sees all those immense masses of snow and ice, which, despite of their great distance, dazzle the eye, those silent glaciers which, detaching themselves like so many *solid* rivers, glide between whole forests of black pines in twisted folds, and pour themselves away at the bottom of the valley; and then how deliciously, turning from them, the eye reposes on the deep green of the woods, the delicious softness of the valleys!

I stood, and looked *into* and upon all the wonders and the secrets of the Alps. I traced the glaciers, those motionless monuments of hanging rivers, up to their very summits; and the water-courses, and the torrents in which they ended. I saw what storm, or earthquake, or volcano, had done round its sides; and I saw how it still stood, fortified only by its shattered ruins gathering round it; and, unlike the works of men, commencing of themselves fresh foundations. The Ocean of Mist opened below, and then only I reposed on the beautiful—the forests of pines were like dark shadows on the mountain's sides—spots of living green, now vanishing, now reappearing. I raised my eyes once more, and I looked towards the Alpine range. The sun was resting on the glaciers, on ruins of arches, pilasters, cornices, and pyramids, a very mockery of earthly ruins!

The white clouds were sometimes rolling between the glaciers, and round the sides of the Aiguilles, and sometimes breaking over them, and deluging their sides in masses of foamy light. The whole atmosphere of clouds, disturbed and broken, resembled a silent ocean in its fluctuation, heaving its enormous waves over the craggy summits of the opposing mountains: no hand of artist or poet could express the scene: the sublimity of the sight, the soundlessness of the motion—it was a thing to see, not tell. Such an appearance one might picture on Mount Sinai, when on the hill alone was that communion between the law-receiver and his Creator; and what added to all this, was the unbroken silence. There was no sound—nothing moving. It seemed as if He was lifting up his veils of mystery, as if He had unfolded the curtain from on high, and pointed to his own works. “Behold, atom of an hour, the pillars of the foundations of the world—the portals of those waters that let out the ‘fountains of the great deep.’ Behold here, on the wall of nature, the visible handwriting of the Infinite; and yet all these shall pass away.” And they are, each moment, changing and dissolving; stars, at length, their cycles ended, pass away; and these in their turn shall “leave not a wreck behind.”

The impression on me, long and full, was made. The lesson was taught; to be, during my little breathing time here, unforgotten. I turned away, and began to descend, lest, on such a spot, any unworthy feeling should make me, sublimated as I was, remember my mortality.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE BRIDGE OF NOTRE DAME.¹

"A little while before this time a son had killed his mother upon the said bridge, and much people said, that this most wicked deed was the cause of all this ruin."—*Annals of Aquitaine.*

Chapter III.—The Vigil.

GODFREY proceeded slowly along the bridge, in order not to awaken any attention in the few passengers upon it, and had advanced nearly half way in his little journey, when he was violently startled from his ruminations by a loud crash, that seemed to proceed from beneath the bridge, and which was followed by the splash of the detached stones falling into the river. Several persons on the bridge ran to the spot, just above the arch from which the noise proceeded; but the night was, at this moment, too dark to permit them to distinguish, and they returned quietly on their way. Godfrey, in the mean time, had entered the house unperceived.

"If all end well," said he, as he opened the door of the dreary and deserted house, which was henceforward to be his home—"if all end well to-night, how gaily shall we pass the fête to-morrow—if not——"

A deep sigh, which rose to his lips in despite of him, prevented his finishing his phrase, and made him feel ashamed of his weakness. Checking his thoughts, he mounted lightly the staircase to the great chamber, in order to ascertain if all was in the order he had left it. Everything was there in the same position, and he felt something like satisfaction in making the observation, as though he had expected to find a difference. He then proceeded to examine his arms—a keen double-edged sword, which had belonged to his father, a light Scottish axe, and a bright Italian dagger. Thus armed, and veiling his light to prevent its being observed through the windows, he judged it prudent to revisit every part of the house, and examine carefully the fastenings. All this performed to his satisfaction, he returned to his chamber, shut the door, let down the great dusty curtain which hung over the window, placed his lamp in the chimney, and then sat down in the great heavy arm-chair, to enliven his spirits with a cup of excellent wine.

Despite the good wine, and despite all the mighty efforts which he made, he found it impossible to detach his thoughts from the hideous history connected with this house, and the chamber in which he was sitting. He figured to himself the hardened murderer recklessly searching in the iron chest for her wealth, while his wretched victim breathed forth her dying groan at his feet; and raising his eyes to the opposite side of the chamber, he beheld that very chest standing in the obscurity, a terrible witness of the truth of the past. This object affected him strongly, and he almost felt inclined to quit this chamber, and choose another; but, independent of the consideration that there was no other bed in the house, shame overpowered his momentary terror, and he resolved to remain where he was.

Another cup of wine, and his spirit felt a little more cheered. As the curfew had rung some time, and all seemed quiet in the street, he

¹ Continued from vol. xxi. page 412.

had determined to go to bed, when the great clock on the bridge struck ten. "If," said he to himself in anxious rumination, "if my enemies be beings of the other world, it is the midnight hour, they say, which I have to fear. Against them, mortal arms will be of no avail—hope in Heaven must be my only preparation to meet them. If, on the other hand, those who attack me be human, why, then, my human arms shall serve me well, and I will not put them from me, even in my sleep."

He arose to examine the bed, and shake off the dust which covered it; in his progress, another object caught his eye, and brought a painful oppression to his breast—a long black stain covered the wooden floor, near the iron chest, and ran from thence towards the window. He would not demand of himself what had originally been the character of this stain; it was enough of horror for him that it was there.

His thoughts recurred to Robert de Leglie—to his father Richard—to all of that abominable race, who seemed born for the commission of crime—and the infant son whom the parricide had abandoned. Godfrey thought that if he could counsel that son, he would tell him to die; or, if he needed courage for that, at least to deny his father, his family, his name, and abandon his country for ever. Such a name is too heavy with blood for an innocent name to bear.

Eleven o'clock! It struck loudly from the clock of the bridge, and Godfrey felt as if he heard the voice of a friend. The streets were still as death—no sound but one, the tramp of the night guard going its usual round. That ceased, and Godfrey began to feel the strange influence of the approach of the midnight hour, and, to lessen its power, advanced to the window, and looked out upon the river. The night was clear; but the moon being at the full, it was only just rising, so that he saw the surrounding objects with difficulty, and indistinctly. Still he could discover a dark body upon the river at some distance—a fisherman perhaps benighted, and lying there till the morning, or a wood-raft at anchor. No—the body was in motion, and was evidently advancing towards the bridge; and now it came nearer and nearer, till he could distinguish a boat, with a single rower, directing its course towards the bridge.

The circumstance was nothing in itself—the river-craft were passing at all hours, from night till morning—there was nothing then extraordinary that a boat should pass the bridge at this hour; but Godfrey thought it extraordinary that he should think of Robert de Leglie at that moment, and call to mind that fifteen years before he had also approached in a boat, on that fatal night when——

He rallied himself—tried to laugh at his dismal ideas, and continued to watch the advance of the boat. The rower was straining hard, as if he had far to go ere daybreak, and ever and anon looking anxiously round, as if for some friendly sound or sight to encourage him. At length he neared the bridge, and finally disappeared under the arches. At that moment—in the very instant when the boat entirely vanished from the sight of Godfrey—there arose, as if from the very bed of the river, a shriek so loud, so agonising, that Godfrey's hair rose on his forehead, and a cold sweat covered his temples. He listened—it was not repeated, and a silence of death reigned all around him. What

had become of the stranger?—had his little boat been drawn into one of the eddies formed by the decay of the bridge, and was his the shriek he had heard? His generous sympathy with the sufferings of others overcame every other feeling: he opened the door of his chamber, traversed the corridor, and entering a room in front, looked out cautiously into the street. There everything was so still, the sentinel was so tranquil at his post, that Godfrey began to believe his senses were traitors, and to accuse himself of a cowardice he did not feel. He returned half ashamed to his chamber. “I will face this midnight hour,” said he to himself; “I will meet it thus, on foot, prepared for the worst—I will not retire to sleep till it shall be fairly past: the half hour has just struck—soon, then, the midnight hour will strike also.” He went on, not speaking but thinking, thus: “It might be imagination, that shriek—but suppose it was real!—did not the servant hear the terrible shriek of death at the instant of the assassination of her mistress?—that gory stream!—those gaping wounds!—that mangled breast!—the breast which had nourished the murderer.” He grew sick of these images, and tried to banish them, but in one shape or other they constantly recurred to his imagination. “Luke Breville—what could the poor wretch have witnessed in this chamber of force to turn his brain?—might not his delirium also be the effect of his fear?—am I not brave and resolute,—willing to face death rather than misery?—and have not my ears tingled and my flesh quivered at the sounds I have heard to night? How easy, then, to madden from bare apprehension, in a mind not strongly armed against the danger!”

He continued to ruminate, and tried hard to fix his ideas upon the future, should this night pass over well for him; but, strange as it may seem, his mind could not admit this idea, or admitting, could not retain it: it was ever chased by something terrible—he felt as if he *could not hope*—when he attempted to contemplate the future, a mist rose before it, and shut it out from his view. Suddenly, as it appeared to him, the clock struck the quarters. He shuddered. In spite of himself, a cold horror ran through his whole frame—he threw himself back in his chair, shrouded his head and his face in his houppelande, and thus awaited the last stroke of the bell that should announce the terrible hour.

It struck. He did not yet uncover his face. “What forms will meet my gaze,” thought he, “when I look up?—the murdered or the murderer?—the fiends, punishers of crime, or the condemned enduring their tortures? Holy St. Crispin! this is the day of thy triumph, aid me, I beseech thee—befriend me in this drear extremity—let not my earnest hope be vain!”

He threw off the covering from his head, and looked around. Nothing—all was as he had seen it a few moments before. He listened—immovable stillness—not a breath beyond his own: his eyes pierced every corner of the room, every angle of the gloomy chamber—absolute void: his heart beat quicker, and he smiled.

“Blessed be the Mother of God—thanks to good St. Crispin,” he cried aloud, “the midnight hour is come, and brought, by their mercy, only calm and peace in its bosom.”

He sat thus for half an hour, calm, tranquil, and re-assured as to the events of the night. Soon he felt an inclination to sleep, and,

satisfied as to his safety, he resolved to indulge it. He threw himself upon the bed, covered himself with his houppelande, placed his sword by his side, took his good battle-axe in one hand, and his dagger in the other, commended himself to Heaven, and, wearied out by the excess of his emotions, soon fell into a sound and quiet sleep.

When he awoke, it was suddenly, as if startled out of his slumber. It had been broken by a tremendous noise, a repetition, but much louder, of that which he had heard on entering the house—it was the cracking of the bridge, the disunion of the pillars, and the noise of the dissevered mass rolling into the river. Without moving his position, he looked around him, and his eyes fixed vaguely upon the door. He thought he saw it move. He said to himself, “I am still sleeping, and I dream.” He shut his eyes, opened them, and looked again; the door was slowly opening, and after a moment’s pause gave entrance to a tall and muffled figure, who, with a stealthy and mischief-meaning step, advanced towards the table near the chimney. Godfrey shuddered—but his firmness returned on his remarking, by the care the intruder took to tread softly, that it was no visitant from the other world he had to deal with, but a denizen of this, with whom he could and would grapple in terrible but equal encounter. He was about to spring from the bed and face the enemy, when a second reflection told him it would be better for a few minutes to watch the intruder, and seek to divine his intentions. Grasping his arms, and placing himself in such a position as would permit him to rise in a moment, he continued to watch the stranger.

The intruder carried a covered light, and appeared surprised to find one already burning; he gazed all around the chamber with a steady scrutinising look, till his eye rested on the bed; he made a step forward, as if to approach it; then, as though some sudden thought had struck him, as hastily recoiled. He seemed to struggle with himself, and to sink under a defeat, for he *fell* into, rather than sat down in the great arm-chair, which was near the table, and appeared to muse for some minutes. At length he rose, and, as if with a sudden impulse, hastily approached the bed, and Godfrey could distinguish the long blade of a dagger glittering in his hand.

The archer did not waste time in guessing the intentions of his visiter, nor yet allow him enough to act. He sprang from the bed so rapidly, and with such force dashed against the ruffian, who did not expect the attack, that to hurl him to the ground, to wrench the dagger from his hand, press his knee upon his breast, and tightly grasp his throat, was the work of a single minute.

“I yield—I yield!—mercy—mercy!” stammered the strangled ruffian; “spare me. I pray you by your father’s soul—I pray you, by your mother’s breast, do not take my life.”

Godfrey was alone—the stranger was a tall and powerful man, who had only been conquered by surprise. He knew that the safest plan would be to bury his dagger in his throat, but he shrunk from the thought of shedding blood, when perhaps it might not be necessary. In the struggle they had receded from the bed, and the stranger was lying at the foot of the iron chest, and covering with his body the long dark stain which ran beneath it; his frame shuddered convulsively. The position suggested an idea to Godfrey.

“Blood,” said he, “has already been shed in this chamber—the blood of a mother by her son. My hand shall not have fellowship with his, even though in my own defence. Swear to me, then, that you will make no farther attack upon my life, and that you will go quietly hence on the instant—swear to me this, by the blood spilt here, and by your mother’s soul, and I will let you go.”

“I swear!” said the ruffian.

Godfrey released and assisted him to rise, still, however, keeping firm hold of the two daggers, one of which he concealed in his bosom; the stranger seemed stupified and confounded by his fall, and did not immediately recover himself. He threw a haggard look on the spot where he had lain, and retired from it with a shudder of disgust. An instant afterwards he had recovered all his energy, for, before his antagonist could be aware of his intention he had sprung past him, and made himself master of the sword which had fallen from the bed when Godfrey leaped from it. Nothing dismayed, though greatly indignant at the treachery of this man, which awakened all that was terrible in his nature, Godfrey prepared for a second combat by firmly grasping his battle-axe, which had escaped the other’s observation. The two enemies stood opposite to each other, watching with eyes of lynx the slightest movement which might indicate a purpose of attack. After a brief examination of some moments, the stranger lowered his sword.

“If I were disposed to forget my oath, Damoiseau,” said he contemptuously, “the chance would be somewhat against you; for a sword in my hand is not matched by a battle-axe in yours. I should strike ere you could approach me; and, in truth, Messire, you deserve little better at my hands for your want of hospitality, and the cruel reception you have given me. A traveller, bound to a distant part of France, I arrived here too late this evening to find shelter where it is usual to seek it, and thought that for one night this uninhabited house might afford it.”

“Is it usual to ask hospitality with a dagger in the hand?” demanded Godfrey; “it is certainly not the way to obtain it, and you have only received that which you sought to give; but I do not wish to argue with you, or to know any more, either of your person or the real motives of your visit. You have sworn to leave this house—depart then in peace, and leave me to myself. I do not wish to pass the remainder of this night in your company.”

“I have sworn to respect your fair safety, young sir, and I shall do so, as I have promised; but leave this house?—no, not till I have achieved the purpose for which I came; for, since you have had wit enough to divine me, and I fear you not enough to lie to you, I will acknowledge that I had a motive in coming hither, independent of seeking hospitality; therefore, till my purpose in this house be accomplished, neither you nor I shall quit it—me, not without the object of my search—you, because I will not give you time to inform the careful provost that a robber, as you will call me, lies concealed in the haunted house of the bridge. I have little time to lose, therefore I shall immediately begin my search, and if you attempt to escape while I am so occupied, your blood be upon your head.”*

* To be continued.

INTELLECTUAL LONGEVITY.

CRABBE, COWPER, SCOTT, GIBBON, &c.

MR. MURRAY has judged wisely, and humanely too, in publishing the "Life of Crabbe, by his Son," in a separate volume, apart from his works. This will gratify many a poor student "in life's low vale remote," who may have been touched by the early and the melancholy part of the history of the Poet of the Poor, and who can now learn the means of his success; and it will find its way into the dwellings of many humble possessors of the former editions of the poems. The fine spirit of humanity breathed throughout the memoir—its graphic pictures of natural, hearty rustic life and village manners,—must render it a favourite everywhere, even independently of its connexion with Crabbe. The lives of Milton, Dryden, Pope, and others, delight us only from their relation to the hero as a man of letters. The episode of Stella and Vanessa,—that fatal domestic tragedy,—has imparted a deeper and more universal interest to the biography of Swift. But on the lives of Crabbe and Cowper we seem to repose securely, as on a resting-place for the affections; we see English society and English feeling developed with all the truth of unsophisticated nature; and we learn not only how fine spirits are attuned to fine issues, but how much of the elements of poetry, romance, and moral beauty, exists on the surface of this work-day world. What fancy could have portrayed more devoted, heroic, or unshrinking attachment than was evinced through many a long year by good old Mary Unwin and Lady Hesketh? What novelist—sentimental as Sterne himself or Henry Mackenzie—has conceived more of the power and passion of love than is evidenced by Crabbe's "Journal to Mira?"

Southey should also detach his life of Cowper from his edition of the poet's works. The laureate, however, has not put so much *heart* into his pages as the Parson of Pucklehurst. He has overlaid his memoir with critical and literary lore, so that it seems almost a bundle of annotations, strong, like the bundle of fagots, when united, but separately, in its incidents, presenting few striking or salient points. It resembles Scott's biographies of Dryden and Swift, but Scott has a wider field. In his narrative of the religious opinions and experiences of the poet, we think Southey has been successful and judicious. The mixture of mental suffering and bodily disease which led Cowper to attempt suicide, shows how early the taint of insanity had fastened on his noble nature, and that it was unconnected with fanaticism. Yet who can read his letters without seeing that the counsel of Newton, though kindly intended, had a bad effect on the timid and nervous poet? He wanted cheerfulness and consolation, and he received gloom and terrors. Then there was the poor schoolmaster at Olney, "Teedon by name," whom Southey has first brought on the stage. This weak, wrong-headed *Dominie*, with his dreams and visions, was suffered to buzz about the poet, enfeebled and worn out by years and affliction, till he actually believed him to be a prophet commissioned

from heaven! "He who had formerly regarded Teedon with as much derision as was compatible with real kindness to the poor creature himself, and with his own compassionate nature, consulted him on his hopes and fears, his dreams, his waking impressions, and his engagements, *and carefully wrote in a book the oracular responses which he received, till he had filled volumes.*" The head and hand that traced "The Task" to be employed, day after day, in writing out such impious and contemptible drivel!

"God of our father! what is man!
That thou towards him, with hand so various,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not evenly, as thou rulest
The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute?
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That, wandering loose about,
Grow up and perish as the summer-fly,
Heads without name, no more remember'd;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these, thus dignified, thou oft,
Amidst their height of noon,
Changest thy countenance and thy hand."

A majestic and heart-humblng apostrophe! It is a remark of Patrick Murdock, the biographer of Thomson, but which might have been written by the schoolmaster of Olney, that the life of an author is best read in his works. Cowper's life was chiefly melancholy. With broken health, a wounded spirit, and dilapidated fortunes, he wooed the Muse as a last refuge from gloom and despair. Yet the staple of his writings is healthy, cheerful, and invigorating. He looks upon the world often in sorrow and anger, but with no cynical asperity, indifference, or morbid sentimentalism. He does not delight in exposing needlessly the baser sides of human nature, or revealing our common frailties, like Byron in *Don Juan*, merely for the purpose of holding them up to scorn or derision. His sympathies were as lively and acute, and as widely spread over the face of creation, as his descriptions are animated and correct. He is truly the poet of domestic life—the historian of the heart.

Crabbe suffered severely in his youth, but he did not suffer long. He was happy in his friends and patrons, and in his family. He was a well-beneficed clergyman, rising to the last in popularity, enjoying the good things of this world, and regarded with respect and reverence. Above all, he was happy in his temper and disposition—quiet, easy, and cheerful—with just enough of literature and fame to gild the progress of life, relieve its sterner trials, and occupy its vacant hours. His serene atmosphere had none of the thunder-clouds and storms which hung over and darkened the horizon of Cowper. But mark the result, so opposite to what might have been anticipated. In most of the portraiture of Crabbe there is an almost total absence of those lights and softenings which pervade the pages of Cowper. He looked on mankind as one who refused to be com-

forted—he drew it as full of pain, and vice, and misery; as destitute, in the main, of generous action and romantic principle. He stirred up the dregs of human nature, and exhibited their blackness and deformity, yet worked them into poetry.

Our early impressions and experience of life are certainly the strongest. Cowper's youth passed away in refined intercourse, in lettered ease and luxury, among the wealthy of the land. Crabbe's was dark and painful—spent in low society, amidst want and suffering, irascible gloom and passion. Burns, the Scottish Poet of the Poor, drew some of his finest home-scenes from the experience of his father's fireside. The English Poet of the Poor inhaled inspiration from the same source, but how different were the fathers and the pictures! The “banks and braes of bonny Doon” were not more unlike the frowning coast and dark scrambling street of Aldborough, than was the tenant of Lochlea to the salt-master at Slaughden Quay. Yet both were good men—pious, affectionate, clear-headed, and stout-hearted. God had stricken them both with adversity, which William Burness, removed far from the flowery snares of temptation, bore with a meeker and more resigned spirit than George Crabbe. Each struggled manfully with his destiny, and before they were removed from a world which had not been their friend, nor the world's law a protector, each felt and perceived, with a father's pride, that his eldest son—“the first-born of his mother, when life and hope were new”—was blessed with talents and genius far above his equals and companions. The full vision of his son's fame was not revealed to the father of Burns; but old George Crabbe witnessed his boy's success, and ere his head was laid in the grave—after a rough and stormy life—he fondly transcribed the whole of his son's poem, “The Library,” with his own hand. A ship-load of gold, or silver, or precious stones, could not have made him a happier man.

We have wandered from Cowper. When he and Crabbe became poets, each recurred to his early feelings and imaginations. The scenes deeply imprinted there were reproduced in their native colours, and as what they wrote came from the heart, it goes to the heart. They worked after different models; but a common feeling of contentment and fellowship with humble things led them to describe rural life and existing objects. A distinguished living author, Wordsworth, has emulated their example—

“Repining not to tread
The little sinuous path of earthly care,
By flowers embellished, and by springs refreshed.”

The fervent piety of Cowper, with his warm imagination and pure manly taste, invested his pictures, though homely, with a train of elevated sentiment and feeling above the mark of the rival Poet of the Poor.

Crabbe had more of the comforts and elegancies of social life at his command than Cowper. He might have “wheeled his sofa round,” let “fall the curtains,” and, with “the bubbling and loud hissing urn” on the table, “welcome peaceful evening in.” The delightful amenities of refined society were constantly present with him, or at his call. Yet he did not, like Cowper, attempt to describe them, or paint their manifold enchantments. When he took up his

pen, his mind turned to Slaughden Quay and its wild amphibious race—to the parish workhouse, where the wheel hummed doleful through the day—to erring damsels and luckless swains, the prey of overseers and justices of the peace—

“ Brought by strong passions and a warrant there.”

He revelled in the dens of desperate poachers, gipsies, and gamblers, where vice and misery stalked undisguised in their darkest forms. Like his own Sir Richard Monday, he never forgot his parish. We do not, however, wish to overstate or exaggerate. Village life in England, in its worst form, is composed of various materials, some bright and some dismal, and Crabbe drew them all. His powers, observation, and description were different from Cowper's, but extended more or less to all he saw. Still he had a strong predilection for the unlovely and unamiable—his pathos and tenderness are generally linked to something coarse, painful, or startling; and his anatomy of character and motives leaves, us in the end, grieved and ashamed of our common nature. Swift used to read the third chapter of the book of Job on his birth-day: Crabbe's poetry would sometimes dispose us for the same melancholy task. His occasional lights are like those seen in his own inimitable description of the shipwreck—

“ From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws
On the wild waves, and all the danger shows;
But shows them beaming in her shining vest,
Terrific splendour, gloom in glory drest!
This for a moment, and then clouds again
Hide every beam, and fear and darkness reign.”

A living poet and critic—Thomas Campbell—has stated that situations far depressed beneath the familiar mediocrity of life are more picturesque and poetical than its ordinary level. “ Disparities of station give the moral painting of poetry its boldness of outline. The commanding situations of life are its mountain scenery—the region where its storm and sunshine may be portrayed in their strongest contrast and colouring.” Cowper and Goldsmith achieved wonders with the “ familiar mediocrity of life,” and the triumphs of Pope were gained within a narrow, uniform, and artificial circle. The observation, however, applies well to Crabbe, who has written nothing more vivid or terrible than his “ Sir Eustace Grey,” “ Sir Owen Dale,” and the “ Poachers;” while the “ Tales of the Hall” are greatly inferior, as a whole, to the “ Parish Register” or the “ Borough.” His smaller tales are perfect dramas in incident and effect, and it is a wonder they have not (in part at least) been adapted to the stage. They are drawn from the life, and may be compared to those actual existing models which sculptors and painters work from, instead of diluted copies or general conceptions floating in the brain. With materials which scarcely any other imaginative writer would stoop to pick up, he goes forth conquering and to conquer—his fidelity to Nature, bad as she may be at the best or the worst, is his sword and shield, his panoply and his chariot of war.

Crabbe wrote on in advanced life—till he was considerably past sixty. Cowper's fancy was late in blossoming. Nearly half a century had

passed over his head ere he thought seriously of being a poet and an author ; but once begun, his mind went on yielding perennial fruits and flowers, till crushed by the fatal malady which overwhelmed his reason. Both may therefore be added to the number of those great men whose genius burned brightly to the last. There is what Gibbon calls "an autumnal felicity" in the lives of some eminent men of letters, (as Fontenelle, Buffon, our own Hume, Johnson, and others,) which springs from the enjoyment of success, easy circumstances, and satisfied ambition. We allude, however, not to this moral happiness, but to the interesting fact of original and powerful genius being often found to improve in ardour, in extent and boldness of invention, as well as in richness and mellowness of colouring, as years increase, and the evening of life sets in. The blaze is most intense when on the eve of being extinguished. Shakspeare unfortunately cannot be cited, for his life was but like a poet's midsummer dream. Yet the "Tempest" is supposed to have been the last production of the bard of Avon. What a pity that some "good-natured friend" did not sometimes step into the poet's study at "New Place," Stratford, when he was in the act of composition, looking out on his trim garden and extended fields, (purchased years before, when he contemplated retirement from the toils and bustle in which he did not delight,) and tell some faithful chronicler, like Griffith, what lines and scenes he saw traced from day to day by that golden pen. Tasso also died in middle life ; and Dante, the immortal exile, like our own Milton in character and genius, grave in demeanour, who

. spake
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet—"

had ceased to wander in the woods of Ravenna, and his perturbed spirit was at rest, ere he had completed fifty-six years. We shall not revert to the poets of antiquity—to the aged father of epics, with all the world for his temple—or to the father of lyrics, characteristically killed with a grape at the age of eighty-six—

"For in death's hand the grape-stone proves
As strong as thunder is in Jove's."

The gentle Cowley too—the true English Anacreon, when he chose to be in the vein—died young. But have we not a long line of English worthies behind? Chaucer was sixty-one when he entered on the "Canterbury Tales." Bright and searching must have been the "engine" of the old man, fanciful controller of the *parva custuma vinorum*, &c. in the port of London, and happy the moment when first dawned upon him—we hope in Donnington Castle, or slumbering at the root of one of the oaks in the park—the idea of the Tabard Inn, Southwark, with his story-telling pilgrims—knight, squire, merchant and clerk, monk and prioress, parson and pardoner, the "Wife of Bath," and all the merry train

"Of sundry folk, by aventure yfalle
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride."

Dryden had well-nigh reached the psalmist's cycle of threescore and ten ere he wrote his "Fables." He had passed through various stages of taste and power as an author. The "wit-writing" or

affected conceits of his youth were soon thrown off; his rhyming plays stuck longer by him, perhaps because they were more profitable; but in strength as well as purity, in freedom as well as vigour of thought and versification, in copiousness of imagery, his Fables excel all his works, excepting one or two of his later satires. His old age was an "all-hallown summer," or "latter spring," as prolific as that of Falstaff. Need we mention the name of Milton, who, after "long choosing, and beginning late," composed his immortal poem when the infirmities of age and blindness, no less than evil days and evil tongues, compassed him round? Johnson wrote his "Lives" (incomparably the best of his works) at the age of seventy. Burke was upwards of sixty when his rich and powerful mind, drawing resources from every thing in nature and art, threw out its most splendid conceptions. Then, had we not Scott, impassioned, tender, and teeming with romance at fifty-five? Have we not Wordsworth, still the genius of the rocks and woods, the Druid of the-Lakes, pouring forth his interminable song, soft, solemn, and diffusive as summer clouds, and touched with streaks of golden splendour,

"With yellow radiance lightening all the vale?"

Gibbon was never more eloquent or impressive—more poetical—than when at the close of his stupendous work he took leave of his literary labours. The most familiar of his readers will pardon us the insertion here of the striking and picturesque sentence in which the historian records the completion of his great task.

"It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden [at Lausanne.] After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotion of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

The sensations of Gibbon at this memorable moment reminds us of the feelings described by Bruce the traveller, when he at last stood by the fountains of the Nile, and mingled his tears with their waters. Numerous other articles of intellectual longevity might readily be accumulated in addition to the above. Literature is full of such instances of the triumph of mind; and examples might also be quoted from the history of those who, from Cicero to Chatham, have acted a conspicuous part on the crowded theatre of public life. Genius is often more brilliant at its setting than at its rise, and this is a destiny of great minds which it certainly is pleasing to contemplate. It seems to ennoble our common nature, and to set a seal upon our immortality. As the physical powers decay—when the bowl is broken at the cistern, and the grasshopper becomes a burden, we feel exalted on witnessing the mind tower over the ruins of the body, and shed around its tottering walls a wide, a never-dying lustre.

THE LOADED DICE.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

INTRODUCTION.

MR. ABEL O'HARA TO MR. BARNES O'HARA, GRAY'S INN, LONDON.

Inismore, Dec. 1, 1837.

MY DEAR BARNES,

I AT length begin to try and obey your commands as to putting together, in a shape available to our dear readers, some of my glances at outlandish things and people. Herewith you have a new French tale, such as it is. But you will perceive that it has nothing to do with the exact day we live in; being rather a faithful report of information received from others, of matters which occurred some time ago, than the result of observations made with my own eyes and ears. Upon the veracity of my *raconteurs* I can, however, place full reliance; they are, in fact, survivors, in extreme old age, of the events they have detailed to me, and which happened to themselves. Blanche, to whom you are about to become known, is—or at least was, about three years ago, before I left her delightful country—a fine old toothless lady, *au troisième*, in the Faubourg St. Germain, and a great friend and gossip of mine. I liked much the still fresh simplicity of her nature, and her honest, impassioned, matter-of-course aversion to men, women, children, and things, such as they then surrounded her, and such as two tremendous revolutions had helped to make them. To be sure, a harsh critic might pronounce her somewhat *bornée* in mind and general information; her geographical knowledge, for instance, was not very minute; for after discovering, in the beginning of our memorable acquaintance, that I was an Irishman, she edified me, one day, with a question to the effect—Was not Ireland some kind of an appendage to England, built somehow on stakes, and a variety of other wooden work, jutting out into the sea? But pass we that. It, and even other little similar peculiarities of thinking, do not incapacitate my fine old *Vendée-an* friend from conveying a true account of some accidents of her own life, and of the lives of others, her immediate connexions; and if she firmly believes the present Duchesse de Berri to be personally immaculate, and that her son, Henri V., will yet, and soon, be king of France, why we can only say, in the first instance, that the excellent old lady follows up, at eighty-six, in favour of the Italian princess, an amiable prepossession indulged towards her own husband at about five-and-twenty; and in the second instance, that since her dream of the future appropriation of the French sceptre gives her much innocent pleasure, it would be a great pity to waken her into her senses out of it. Dominique I have also been intimately acquainted with. He still lived with his ancient mistress, when I knew them both, more

ancient still than her, and a very curious specimen indeed, in 1834, of a village loyalist of the time of Louis XVI. But I tire you with my gossip. Let me at once leave you free to form your own opinion of the little domestic story I have endeavoured to preserve from the oft-repeated anecdotes of my two worthy friends, as well as to correct it at your usual pleasure. Always believing me,

My dear Barnes,

Your affectionate brother,

A. O'H.

CHAPTER I.

The Baron de Grainville, a widower, his only son, Jules, that son's young wife and children, and a simple domestic, or rather follower, found upon the baron's estate in La Vendée, took refuge, though an insecure refuge, in Paris, after his family mansion in the south had been burnt to the ground, his patrimonial acres confiscated, and himself, and all of his name and family, denounced, during the reign of Robespierre, as traitors to France.

Insecure, indeed, for a person of the political principles cherished by the baron, might Paris at this time be called; when the admission even of aristocratic blood, to say nothing of prejudices, was sufficient to foredoom its author to the summary remonstrance of the guillotine; and if he and his family could have lived out of the headquarters of terror, Paris would certainly have been no place for him or them. But they could not do so. The fact of their having run away from La Vendée, suggests that La Vendée would have been no sanctuary to run back to. The same may be said, with still greater truth, of all the more revolutionary districts of France. An attempt to cross a frontier, or approach a coast town, was hopeless. Nay, egress beyond any barrier of the city itself must have proved, without the ordeal of such a scrutiny as no royalist would dare to encounter, an attempt equally impracticable, or else fatal.

Paris, then, though the very theatre of the atrocities in which he dreaded to be, with all that was dear to him, involved, was the best, because the only place in which the baron could hope—and but barely hope—to escape the daily descending stroke of the kind of abstract vengeance which Robespierre now dealt to every person within his grasp, who had ever worn good clothes, or at least worn them gracefully. For, still extensive and minute as were Robespierre's measures of espionage in the capital of his reeking and shuddering kingdom, disguise of name and identity had a better chance of escaping detection among a crowded and motley population, than it could have had in a small town, in a village, or in the open country; and, in a word, upon this chance, little as it was, De Grainville exclusively relied—for life.

But in keeping up his incognito, it was not alone fear of the observation of enemies that made him uneasy. In the characters of the three individual who shared with him the secret of that incognito, he believed he had much to apprehend on its account. His son Jules, yet almost in his youth, was naturally light-hearted, laughter-loving, and yet danger-daring even in his laughter; a kind of person who

would toss his cap over a breach, as if to show him the example of jumping up after it; and, superstructed upon these characteristics, Jules was a high-blooded aristocratic, and such a scorner, in his own way, of democracy of every kind, that he used to laugh at it until the tears came into his eyes; nor could the noise of the very cart passing under his window on its way to the guillotine change this contempt even into the kind of respect which a wholesome terror ought to inspire. He loved gaiety too, in whatever shape he could lawfully find it; and lately perhaps not under this proviso. In fact, fresh from the daily sports of the field, in his almost pastoral *Vendée*, with his noble neighbours, and the good parish *curé*, and from the mimic court of the *soirée*, in his own or in an adjacent *château*, Jules was not the more passively to be shut up in Paris, mumping over a fear for his neck, and doing nothing in the world else, when Paris, constituted socially and politically even as it then was, could afford him—apart from the felicity of loving his good wife, dancing his fat children, prozing with his sage father, and quizzing their poor man-of-all-work, Dominique—the slightest chance of killing old time agreeably. And, from what we have here said of Jules, his father, notwithstanding repeated promises of prudence and caution, and full reliance on his son's affectionate anxiety for them all, had some doubts of that son's natural capability perfectly to throw off its guard the dangerous vigilance by which they were hemmed in.

The confidant, whom De Grainville feared even a little more than Jules, was Dominique, their single attendant. The native of a little isolated village, far south of the Loire, where hundreds of thousands of people, nominally French, are, from religious and social habits, and other circumstances, as un-French as if they belonged to a different country altogether—this young man brought with him to Paris, in idea, in feeling, in manners, nay, even in the old-fashioned expression of his face and person, little likely to amalgamate with his northern neighbours, particularly in their model-school for everything at present worthy of imitation—the metropolis. He stood out, therefore, inharmoniously and unfitly from the crowd around him, like an intrusive figure in a badly managed picture—a constant object of notice, to be sure, but of such a species of notice as only threatens to compromise the character of the whole group with which it is unhappily connected. On this account he was a source of continual uneasiness to his old master. His incapacity to remember the assumed names adopted in the family, to drop all old titles and terms of respect, to learn the new phraseology of liberty now used on every occasion by good subjects of the republic, was additional cause of alarm. But there was another cause still more grave. The baron apprehended bad consequences from Jules' want of a proper sense of the shocking dangers to which they were exposed; he had no such fault to find with Dominique. That individual was enough terror-stricken for all the purposes of caution, and (extremes will meet) for a good deal more. The very names of the chief actors in the tragedies of the day, or of anything connected with them, threw him into a fright sometimes bordering on frenzy. And yet he would court allusions to them, nay, venture upon such of his own accord,

notwithstanding the effect sure to be produced in him, and what was worse, exhibited by him, in consequence; nor was it any extenuation that, during his fear-fit, Dominique occasionally gave utterance to his feelings in, strange to say, humoursome words, 'or at least in words meant as humoursome; part of the spirit of which was perhaps natural, or had been locally habitual in his native hamlet, part a miserable make-believe affectation of indifference to what his heart quailed at in its core.

It is to be added, that Dominique was obstinate in adhering to some prohibited modes and articles of dress; and that since he came to Paris he had renewed a very youthful acquaintance in La Vendée with a young female, lately entered into the service of a notorious terror-woman. Of this more hereafter.

But perhaps the person of whose peculiarities of character De Grainville entertained, upon the point in question, the most abiding apprehension, was his son's excellent wife. Not that she was not studiously and minutely observant of such directions as advised change of names, of costume, and so forth, and all avoidance of unseasonable topics,—for to do these things with facility was only part of her serious and methodical mind; but Blanche could not so easily give up or forget the show, or at least the indication of certain deeply-fixed principles and habits, now become perilous to their possessor. She would "bless herself," for instance, before or after dinner, and begin, if not checked by a "hush!" from her father or husband, to perpetrate the enormity of saying grace. In teaching her children their prayers in the nursery, she would not regulate her voice to the pitch of deference to be paid to the ears of strangers living under the same roof with her; and once or twice her father-in-law received a shock, and Dominique an electrification, at finding her demurely and loftily coming down stairs towards the hall-door with a large "manual" in one hand, and her eldest toddling little boy held by the other, on her way to church (as if there had been a church open for her.) The baron further doubted, should an occasion unfortunately occur for her appearance before a political catechist, that Blanche would for an instant, in answer to a single question, deny the possession of one iota of principle, religious or political, or her knowledge of any one fact, upon the concealment of which depended the lives of herself and of all belonging to her. To hold her tongue, was, as has been intimated, easy enough for Blanche; but, if forced to speak at all, a falsehood or an equivocation—so strong were her early impressions of religion, and so soaring her sense of aristocratic honour—must prove impossible.

In these traits of Blanche's character, then, De Grainville saw daily reason for anxiety. We shall have occasion more minutely to exhibit the whole of her moral material—good, loving, trusting, solid, and a little egregious and uninteresting as it was,—but, above all, devoted as it was.

CHAPTER II.

Dominique was making arrangements for an early frugal supper, in the *salle-à-manger* of the *apartment*, on a second floor, in which

lodged the baron and his family. Even in comfortable, nay, the first-rate mansions in France, the eating-room, compared with other rooms of the house, was, and is, scantily furnished; but the one in question ranked several degrees, as regarded all its accompaniments, below any to which the occupants had before been accustomed. One unpolished oak table and a few very plain rush-bottomed chairs, were, indeed, almost its only articles of furniture; so that, with its tiled floor and cold-looking white cotton window-curtains, it had a very cheerless aspect—only partially corrected by the large mirrors inserted as pictures into immovable frames over the chimney-piece, and in other parts of the walls,—a feature, by the way, which redeems from a character of meanness the generality of otherwise very humble rooms in France, and which, in its proportionate profusion, renders a French saloon gay and brilliant, beyond at least English rivalry. All the time that Dominique was setting his table, he kept running to and from the window, muttering audibly. Part of his disjointed sentences, put together, would read thus:—"Ay, there it waddles back! Well, I know the growl of that cart's wheels—grinding along as if they went over foot-deep heaps of skulls and cross-bones—and lookee, what a leash now!—one, two, three, four—four poor citizens—and one, two, three—three poor citizenesses—seven poor heads altogether, belonging to those seven poor bodies, that, seven seconds after they draw up before Rob's chin-chopper, won't belong to anybody."

Dominique ran back to fidget at his table, and continued:—

"But they wont miss them, then. If truth was spoken, they could not well tell this moment whether they have them on or off—no more than I could tell whether it was my own or poor Jean Martel's that I saw, where I did not see himself, this morning."

Indeed Dominique's ideas, as well words, were somewhat confused on this fearful topic. He again whisked to the window, when his master, the baron, entered the room, and called out, "Dominique, dolt! *bête!* how often have I told you not to exhibit your fright-stricken visage at my window?"

"Monsieur le baron," began Dominique.

"Blockhead! how often, too, have I commanded you to drop your old modes of address to me and my family? Who is baron now? or comte? or marquis?"

"Who, indeed," assented Dominique; "who is anything? who is anybody?"

"What is the matter, Dominique? He raves more than ever all this day; your Nannon grown philosopher enough to forget half a life of love-making?"

"Getting mad on her philosophy I do believe, but still true to our tender friendship. No; that's not it. But my poor Jean Martel. You remember him, citizen; followed on our heels, here, to Paris; and former head *coiffeur* of our village."

"Yes; well?"

"It turns out to be an empty boast, that on his old sign-board; head barber, no one would believe it now. This morning I went to avail myself of Jean's art, in dressing one of the last of Vendéan *têtes*, when——"

"Yes, and one that, if not quickly revolutionised, will, as I often warned you, bring more than itself into trouble."

"Well; his little shop was filled with nasty, philosophical-looking people, who said he had just stepped over to—to a certain place—to get his own *tête* dressed by a superior artist. My mind misgave me; but I ran and got among the crowd, pushing and calling out, 'Jean! Jean Martel!' A man that stood near the—the thing that comes down—chop—so——;" and here Dominique made a sign. "I'm never to call it by its name, you know."

"No—because it gets you into such a panic. Go on."

"That man—one that my flesh creeps like a caterpillar to look upon—the citizen Soulier——"

"What! Soulier, one of the most subtle tools of the master-fiend! *He* noticed your frenzy, you wretched creature."

"Ay did he; hearing my voice, he paces me round to the—the——"

"I know, never mind."

"And I clean lost my wits, I do believe; for—'Dress my *tête*, Jean!' cries I; when—whiz! the thing darts down—and jump comes something else under it. And then says Soulier to me, 'Ay, in this fashion if you like! *Voilà une tête comme il faut!*'"

"Driveller! you will destroy, if you have not already destroyed, us all. At what time did my son go out this morning?"

"The citizen Jules was not at home all last night. Edmond, as you force me to call him, he's never at home now."

De Grainville turned off with a low exclamation of surprise and apprehension. Many of his former fears for Jules returned.

"Abhorring, as he does, these dishumanised monsters, Jules can be occupied out of doors only in engaging in some ill-timed plot against them, which may indeed seal our destruction," thought the baron.

"And he only came to peep at us for a moment, before you were out of bed this morning," resumed Dominique; "bidding me tell you—only a certain head put it out of mine till this moment—that he should be busy all day, till supper-time, with your secret agent from the country." This story of the secret agent did not satisfy De Grainville. "Yes—and immediately after supper, they must leave Paris together."

"Indeed!" cried De Grainville; "and pray does his lady know of this?"

"She does—and from himself, too, to be sure."

"And doubtless," the baron went on, in reverie—"her strained sense of duty allowed no question from her to him as to his absence last night, or the object of his journey this evening. Jules is sadly mysterious of late, as well with me as with that grave primitive woman; careless of whatever silent feelings she may indulge, I fear. Perhaps he thinks her devoid of character; yet he mistakes; at all events both she and I are too passive towards him; but I, at least, will alter my tactics, and, if I can, get her to assist me. Dominique, is your lady in the salon?"

"No, but in the nursery, getting the precious little ones to bed;

and they down on their little fat knees, round about her, and holding up their dear, white, little hands ——”

The baron interrupted him with an oft-repeated “hush !” and left the room.

Now Dominique had his own notions of the cause of Jules’ frequent absence from home, and, with his usual mutterings to himself, sat down to con them over. His attention was again attracted to the window, and he again went to look out at it. In this situation his energetic little friend Nannon stole in, tip-toe, upon him. She had been to seek him in a great fuss in his kitchen, and not finding him there, ventured to explore other parts of the premises. The moment she discovered him, Dominique, still looking down into the street, had started into an attitude which, although his back was fully turned to Nannon, the girl readily interpreted into one of extreme and sudden terror. She advanced softly, so as to gain a glimpse of his side face, and became confirmed in her opinion, and she peeped under his arm, also into the street, and saw the baleful eyes of the well-known Soulier, Dominique’s acquaintance of the morning, fixed upon his. Under their rattle-snake influence, Dominique helplessly stared and gaped, almost ready, as it were, to fall through the window, glass and all, and drop, a self-made victim, at the feet of his enchanter. Nannon caught, as the thing readiest to hand, at the long stiff *queue* which projected out from Dominique’s neck, almost at right-angles with his back-bone. He yelled and jumped as if he had been shot ; but he jumped backward however, or at least Nannon assisted him to do so, and remained out of range of further observation from the street.

When his mistress had slightly diverted him from his fright by a spirited remonstrance on his want of sense and philosophy in exposing himself at the window, she entered into other business with Dominique.

“I come here,” she said, “from pressing duties in the house of the citizeness Duchenois, to tell you that the young citizen, Jules de ——”

“The young citizen Edmond,” interrupted Dominique. “’Tis you that makes mistakes this time, Nannon.” While he was setting her right, the baron re-entered the room unperceived by the lovers.

“Well—to tell you that he is in great danger”—it need not be said de Grainville became attentive and a willing eaves-dropper.

“Danger from what ?” asked Dominique ; “from the ——” He made his usual sign.

“I need not convince your reason, Dominique, that when, in the first out-burst of liberty I accompanied to Paris, as her domestic assistant, Emilie Duchesnois, I thought her a very respectable person, and a genuine *philosophe*.”

“No ; but, Nannon, when you and I talk together in this natural, christian-like way, don’t you go for to say your heretical and murderous words to my ears—your *philosophes*, and the like.”

“Dominique, you are a bigot. Though I hate, as you do, those ill-dressing, unmarrying, terror-men, who at present sway our destinies, yet am I—I glory to avow it—a——”

"Well, your glory be it, Nannon, only don't call yourself names."

"Confound the little *grisette*," thought the listener, "her philosophy will make her forget even her gossip now."

Nannon declaimed away.

"Ennobled by reason, as all others are——"

"Not as *all* others are," demurred Dominique.

"Yes,—as any fellow-being is—as *you* are——"

"Leave me out, Nannon; I waive the compliment."

De Grainville could command his patience no longer. He advanced upon the ill-sorted pair, and asked what Nannon had been saying about Jules.

"Nothing!" whispered the girl to her lover; then turning to the baron, "No such name was mentioned, citizen; surely you draw conclusions from false premises. Admit him nothing, or we are all undone!" she resumed, at Dominique's ear; "I, you, he,—all! The old aristocrat is impetuous—would rush at once upon——"

"Harkee, Mademoiselle *Philosophe*," interrupted the person thus criticised; "though you dare whisper and philosophise in my presence, I say you have spoken of my son and that woman Duchesnois together—what has she to do with him, or he with her?"

"Good citizen," answered Nannon, with much cool dignity, "this vivacity of yours is very old-fashioned, I assure you," and she deigned to say no more.

"You, sirrah, speak!"

Dominique's master turned sharply upon him, and he was going to obey, when he caught his breath, and stood silent, his eyes rolling from the baron to Nannon, after catching her renewed whisper—"Hold your tongue, if you like your head where it is!"

"Answer, this moment!" continued De Grainville.

"Be a philosopher—draw on your invention," still counselled the *grisette*.

"Ask Nannon, citizen;—I'm sure I never spoke a word;—and she has only come to cut off for us, before supper, all this, you know," passing his hand through his hair, "that you often said is so suspicious."

"Yes; and this long streak between your shoulders, pointing it all out, like a note of admiration," said Nannon, again touching his *queue*.

"Begone, then, and let her do it," cried his master, "or some one else will cut it off, and something else along with it."

Glad to escape, he and Nannon retreated to the kitchen.

The anxious father revolved the hints he had just caught. Jules in great danger—and how? The name of Emilie Duchesnois had indeed been mentioned by Nannon along with his. Did that mean that he frequented the woman's house?—was it under such a roof he spent his time when absent from home? If so, no matter how many dangers he might meet there, from gaming habits and political spies;—there was for Jules, considering his lightsome character and late good-humoured indifference towards his wife, but one attraction. Yes; the brilliant syren had eclipsed the good, though perhaps monotonous, housekeeper. And here, a little of the absurd old spirit of feudal French fathers, in vogue before the first revolution, fumed up in the baron's brain, and he began to dream of prompt chastisement upon

Jules, for disobedience toward himself, and neglect of his lawful lady ; and for an instant *lettres de cachet* fluttered in the heated atmosphere of his imagination. From this it may be passingly inferred that our worthy baron had a little of what, in humble but expressive phraseology of modern times, is called "twaddle;" and cause for some additional presumptions on the point may hereafter appear. The individual about whose wrongs, along with his own, he was so much occupied, now entered the *salle-à-manger*.

CHAPTER III.

Blanche, her arms crossed gently, and her fair hands folding over them, like any old-fashioned queen at her own birth-day levee, slowly advanced over the unswept tiled floor of the humble little room, to give a formal evening salutation to her father-in-law. Her marble-like, handsome features, bore no expression of anything being the matter with herself, or any one else in the world ; a sedate smile of satisfaction at having performed the important task of putting her children to bed alone slightly altered their usual sober calmness.

"I must make her jealous of him, if I can," sensibly resolved the baron ; "that is, if such a thing is possible, disguising in the mean time my distinct suspicions and fears. Ah, Blanche ; I have been running about the house looking for you."

"So I've been told, sir," answered Blanche, with what might be called a great air of business, only that it was her usual air.

"Edmond leaves town this evening."

"Yes ; he has told me as much."

"And on what business, Blanche?"

"That he has not told me, sir ; but business, business of course."

"He is little at home of late, with his—business, business."

"Indeed, we miss him much."

"For my part I don't know how he spends his time."

"Indeed, nor I. Has Dominique laid the table nicely for his supper?" and she went to the table to see.

"You have never asked him?" continued De Grainville.

"Never, sir," answered Blanche, very quietly.

"I wish you would then, *ma chere*."

"Pardon me, sir, I had rather not."

"And why not, Blanche?"

"O, for a plain reason ; he has not thought it necessary to inform me of his own accord, and I have no right to induce him to communicate anything which his good sense would keep secret."

"He may be exposing himself to danger."

"I do not fear so. At first I did, but then I forgot his great prudence, and care, and love for us all."

"I am glad you are so assured of his care and love, Blanche, for us all."

"Yes ; I feel assured indeed."

"And your quiet smile proclaims it. And this home happiness, dear Blanche, while it is the best blessing from above, cheers, amid all his trials, the old father's heart."

"I think not of trials, sir ; I have my husband."

"For mere badinage, Blanche, answer me one question. Have you never,—no matter how passingly or slightly,—suspected this Jules of ours?"

"Suspected him, sir?—of what?"

"O, of anything you like."

"Of not caring for me, or of not loving me?—we speak of that."

"Well, suppose that."

"Never, since the hour he told me he did."

"No use," thought the baron, "this woman *won't* be piqued against the scamp. Yet something like it is necessary, to make her join me in my measures upon him. Blanche, I remember a peculiar admission you once made me."

"Upon this subject, sir?"

"Or something like it."

"I quite forget."

"You said—I do not know how the topic arose—you said you were aware that he must often meet ladies of more exceeding fascination, in feature and person, than yourself."

"Now I remember, yes; and I believe I added, in mind, and in accomplishment, and in manners, too."

"Yes, you were so very unjust to yourself: well, but has fancy never started a little doubt of him, with any of those superhuman beings?"

"No; for he saw many such before he saw me, and yet he chose me; and though he may still see many more every day, I am not much changed since."

"But your former rivals were mere rural divinities, your supposed present ones are Parisian; and Jules likes wit, and sparkle, and vivacity."

"We know he does like those gay and enviable qualities; but we know, too, that he preserves untouched his manly truth; besides, no dazzling and laughing lady of them all is the mother of his children."

"I'm beaten," said the baron to himself; "what an unchangeable creature! Let us to supper, Blanche."

"Without Jules, sir?"

"But he keeps us waiting," grumbled her father-in-law, who was hungry as well as angry.

"Only a little while, sir; and I am sure he would wait longer for you or me."

A peal of laughter rung along the passage leading to the *salle-à-manger*. We remember to have received, in our early youth, the following lesson from a respectable elderly friend:—"When you get married," said he, "and happen to stay out a little late at night, and reckon upon being received at home with a remonstrance, or else with silent tears, (the lady standing like a monumental-statue against the mantel-piece, a chamber-light in her hand,) this is your plan of conduct: instead of sneaking timidly to your hall-door, and knocking consciously for admission, stamp up boldly to it, and make the house ring again with a good tan-ta-ra-ra; and when the servant opens it, be sure to speak loud before any other voice can be heard, storming and swearing at the abominable neglect of having been left for nearly

an hour vainly thundering to get into your own house ; and then, without allowing a word of reply from any one, snatch the candle from the astonished and sleepy servant, and stride up stairs, and bang your chamber-door after you ; act thus, and you will get to sleep in peace."

We are very far from saying that we ever acted on this diplomacy, so strongly recommended by our sage, self-elected master ; but we suspect that it was in some light qualification of its spirit that the peals of laughter we have noticed were now sent forth by Jules, as he forced Dominique by the hand into the *salle-à-manger*—Dominique's loyal head of hair, with its appendage, clean gone, and in their place a red night-cap with a long tassel, insisted upon by Nannon as a safeguard against cold from its warmth, and against perilous suspicion from its semblance to a cap of liberty.

"Come along, man," cried Jules, "come along ; and speak now—tell us all what is this ?"

"No doings of mine," said Dominique.

"Ah, my dear Blanche !—father, good evening ;—but just look at this recreant of La Vendée,—turning tail at last to the good old cause !"

"The citizen, your father, there, bade Nannon do it," continued Dominique.

"Begone, you precious fellow, and get supper. So, Blanche ;—well !—only you *do* look so much on the ground, you cannot think how charming you look this evening." And gentle greetings ensued of course.

"O this world's wickedness !" said Dominique to himself, as he glanced behind him, going out at the door, "O this world's wickedness !—after all that Nannon has told me, look at him, and listen to him, now !—up to her very face, poor lady !"

"I'll keep my eye on him," resolved his father. "This morning, Jules, you desired Dominique to inform me that you should spend the day with——"

"With our country agent, sir," hastily interrupted Jules. "The man in the moon," added he, to himself. "Yes, dear father, and you know some danger *does* lie in our stolen meetings—you know, Blanche."

"O to be sure she does," muttered the baron.

"I did not know before," said his lady, opening her eyes in apprehension.

"But 'tis so, indeed ; and this day did not pass without a little terror, I assure you."

"Jules !" faintly screamed Blanche, taking his hand.

"And there again now !" resumed Dominique, as he came back with the supper-tray.

"Don't be very much alarmed, Blanche—don't, father ; but, as I came up with our man exactly at the corner of the Rue Vivienne, we were watched by such a hideous *sans-culotte*." Blanche looked up into his face, and stole her arm round his neck. "This was about—let me see—yes—about—within a quarter or ten minutes to eleven." Dominique went on with his own remarks—"A quarter to eleven ; and all that very time, he was—ah, poor lady !"

"So early in the morning, Jules?" asked his wife.

"Yes, Blanche; and soon afterwards, crossing to *Pont*—the *Pont Neuf*—the same scowling raggamuffin dogged us two streets' length, until at last we took refuge in—in a friend's house in fact, and then separated for the evening. Heaven grant something may not come of it!—and pardon me a very atrocious white lie!" he subjoined between his teeth.

"Heaven grant, indeed!" repeated his wife, piously.

"His flippancy *may* be true," cogitated his father; "we shall see, however. Come, Blanche, my child—supper."

The three sat down, and supper went on—Blanche making her usual matter-of-business fuss about picking out for Jules the morsels she thought he would prefer. The old baron resumed.

"Jules, you must not take all the chances of meeting this secret country agent of yours—of ours I mean—I beg pardon; I will see him myself next time."

"Will you, indeed, dear father?" questioned Jules to himself; "then you must first get skill in the knack of seeing things out of sight. My dear sir, do you expect me to consent to such a proposal?"

"And why should I not, Jules? I ought, at least, to be as prudent as you are."

Jules here turned in a very confidential whisper to Blanche; "One mustn't contradict one's parents, Blanche—neither luck nor grace would come of it—but ~~we~~ we know what we know, I believe."

"Indeed, and we do, Jules," replied his deifying wife, with a suppressed smile, and a confidential light touch of her finger upon his arm.

"No use," thought De Grainville; "he wins her against me with that one word.—Well, Blanche, and what do Edmond and you think about it?"

"Blanche, our common safety is concerned, I assure you," again whispered her husband.

"Perhaps, sir, Edmond may be allowed to differ with you in this."

"Oh, of course, Blanche, if *you* think so," assented the baron, too acquiescingly.

"Good, considerate girl!" flattered Jules; "and come now—this sparkling glass round to our new understanding." He clinked glasses with her and his father.

"To our new understanding, sir," repeated his father, looking at him across the table.

"How deucedly queer he looks at me," observed Jules' conscience to Jules.

"And to your safety, Edmond," said Blanche, sipping her thin sour wine.

"Tut, Blanche—no real danger after all, I'm convinced—here's to all our happiness!—bless us all! And, now, what must be must be—and so Blanche, I travel;" and he got up from the table with compressed lips, serious brow, and altogether the air of a man who, in the midst of seducing pleasures, makes up his mind sternly to take his part like a man in a case of necessity.

"So very soon, indeed?"

"Why, as I've told you, I must, Blanche."

"To be sure he must," commented his father.

"But I blush to say that, as usual, I have ordered no preparations for my journey."

"Do not blame yourself—you know that was my prescriptive care," said Blanche, and she ordered in Dominique with his young master's luggage already arranged; "but Jules, before you go, one word."

"Well, Blanche? something quite awful coming," said his conscience again.

"As it is my rule never to speak in your absence a word about you that I would conceal in your presence, I have to mention a piece of conversation which happened between your father and me before you came in."

"What, in the name of mystery, Blanche?" and Jules experienced an odd sensation about the stomach, which all Blanche's pet *morceaux* at supper were not able to baffle.

"In the name of mystery, nothing, Jules."

"Then *he* will think nothing about it," said Dominique, coming in with the luggage.

"But wait a moment," continued she; "don't you order Dominique to some place with these things?"

"These things?—oh, yes! Dominique—you just take them to the bar of the first *restaurateur* in the Palais Royal; another person is to call for them there, according to my orders."

Blanche made Dominique hasten away, only desiring him to leave behind a huge travelling cloak of great weight. The baron slipped after him, down the passage to the hall-door, and made him solemnly promise to follow to his destination in town the man who was to relieve him of his load, and afterwards Jules himself, after his departure from their present abode.

"And now, Edmond," resumed Blanche, as soon as De Grainville returned.

"Ay, now for it," assented Jules.

"But what I allude to can be interpreted by you, if I ask a few questions."

"I fear so," he again agreed, mentally.

"You have met, you know," the formal Blanche formally went on, "since our marriage, many fascinating ladies."

Greatly relieved, and greatly amused too, at her prosy absurdity, Jules burst out laughing.

"Nay—be serious with us. I remember, myself, some before it. Mademoiselle de la Fleur, for instance;—indeed a beauty."

"Yes, I thought her pretty," said his father.

"She!—pretty, if you will—but inane; dead in fact, only that she had a colour, could sit up, and shut and open her large eyes;" and Jules innocently smiled at the thought of how well he was prepared for his ordeal.

"Madame la Comtesse, too," continued Blanche.

"Tut—a mere toy—a nice *jou-jou*—her heart inside, as well as outside, made up of bits of tinsel, scraps of silk, and feathers."

"Say Madame la Baronne, Blanche," suggested De Grainville.

"That woman's existence—her mere existence—I never used to remember till *she* used to come before me," solemnly asserted Jules.

"Or Madame d'Esprit?"

"Ah!—of *her* I never could think of without yawning;" and he yawned through his words, as if to give present proof of the truth of his assertions, as regarded the point.

"Suppose, Blanche," again hinted the baron, "a sparkling little madame, who was the greatest friend of another little madame in La Vendée?"

"Oh, I remember—a broken outline—a shadow of beauty that had been—a good picture by one of the old masters; but half rubbed out, eyes and all."

"Her dearest friend, then, that our father speaks of?"

"And she, a patched refreshment of beauty—an old picture, too, cleaned and touched up by a bad hand—but well varnished, and put into a shining new frame. Have they done?" This was a query to himself. "My dear Blanche—fear never a show-flower of them all. I sauntered through every parterre in the garden, and, gentle lily, selected you; and prouder am I of you in my bosom than I could be of any flaunting rose or painted tulip, that vainly glittered in its sunshine, to eclipse you in your shade! Oh! I go on improving rapidly." Here was another "aside."

"Edmond, I believe it—our father knows I do; and our common Father also knows I do, and in consequence, knows my tranquil gratitude."

"Yes, Blanche—our lily you are—yet, apropos of you, *as* that very lily. One trait of the sweet flower I could wish you had not."

"Name it, Jules; and I will train myself to your wish, till nature grows and changes to your liking."

"Ah, Blanche—Blanche!—an old promise; but no matter. The lily droops—hangs its sad, grave head too much. Your eyes, Blanche, seldom dart smiles into mine, though even my father will tell you that a wife ought to look up to her husband."

"Oh, to be sure—certainly," assented the baron.

"Jules! and do I not look up to you?" asked the matter-of-fact Blanche, who no more understood a pun than she did geometry.

"Pass we the play of the little word, Blanche, as too trifling for your sage analysis; but look up, I say, glowingly, sparkingly, into the dear eyes of the man you love! Let *us* gaze downward on the clod whence we have sprung—but man is your original, and it becomes you to honour with your best regards the nobler matter from which you are abstracted."

"Very prettily spoken," said his father.

"Alas! it chides me, indeed, sir," sighed his wife.

"Now I may go?" continued Jules.

"Nay, Edmond; but that was in jest too; no matter—I've something else to propose to you. The night is cold enough, and before you go for a journey, just this cloak," and she took up, and it was almost

as much as her strength enabled her to raise—the great one, which, at her desire, Dominique had left behind.

“Blanche!” remonstrated Jules;—he continued to himself, “yes, just like the excellent person she is; her fascinations of late consist in making me eat, drink, sleep soundly, and wear warm clothing.” Then he resumed to her, “My dear Blanche, set me a-walking—and I must walk at a pace, too—through a crowded city, under that mountain of wool!”

“’Twill do you good,” abetted his father, spitefully pleased with anything that at present annoyed him. “Insist on it, Blanche; I’ll help you to fix it all over him.”

“To be sure, sir; and now another good, warm thing, wrapped well round the collar.” She began to apply a knitted, woollen apparatus, about a yard broad, and three yards long, and went on to coil it hard round and round his throat. “There; now you are comfortable,” she added, with a happy, self-pleased smile.

“Ay, he is indeed,” said the old baron, rubbing his hands.

“Well,” assented Jules, in a tone of resignation, comforting himself meanwhile with a promise of a prompt escape from his sweltering prison, the moment he could gain the street, “since it must be in this precious plight—adieu, Blanche; I must really be off.”

“Of course,” still agreed de Grainville; but there was—as all through there had been—a peculiarity in his voice and manner by no means comfortable to Jules. “Of course; but now that you must go, and now that you *are* going, may your wife and your father ask whither, Jules?”

“Blanche!” cried the person questioned, appealing to her, in a remonstrating way, for assistance against this sudden attack; and she gave it.

“My dear sir, if ‘our common interests’—(a quotation from Jules)—require Edmond’s silence, you will not press him on the point, we are assured.”

“No, Blanche, our father certainly will not,” followed up her husband, impressively, and with a hidden meaning, as it were.

“O! very well; certainly not,” said de Grainville, obliging to the last; only his son feared he was too much so.

“Once more farewell, then, Blanche; there—there, dear good girl.” Her affectionate adieus helped, more than anything else—for, after all, Jules respected and loved his wife—to make him feel what a pretty scoundrel he was becoming. “Good-by, dear father. Blanche, kiss the wee things for me one hundred and twenty times, every hour, till I come back. Good-by, sir. Why does he take up his hat?”

“Not ‘good-by’ exactly yet, Jules. I see you to your travelling carriage, at least.”

“Heavens! father, do not think of it. The night is so cold, after all. But that’s nothing; ’tis the very time of the evening when spies are most numerous in the streets, you know; and your very remarkable and aristocratic appearance and air, sir—in fact, father, leave the house in your company I cannot—all my feelings of duty forbid it. For goodness sake, dear Blanche, do take him, once for all, off my back!”

The obedient wife again interposed, of course; the accommodating father once more yielded, "of course;" and Jules deemed himself at last free to run down stairs, when, with a most solemn air, Blanche begged him to stay yet one moment, and left the room.

"What now? Every unsuspecting word of her's is as sharp as her needle. I wish I were fairly over the threshold—or I wish I could this instant properly respect its charmed limit, and resolve not to cross it at all. Ah! my boy, my fine boy!" he exclaimed, as Blanche re-entered with their eldest child; and he caught up the fat, sleepy little fellow, and kissed and hugged him.

"I thought you would like to give him one kiss at parting, yourself," smiled Blanche.

"God bless you, my child!" continued Jules; "and may you grow to be a stronger-minded and a better man than your father! Take him, Blanche—bless you both—and good night all—good night!" And he did finally succeed in hurrying away, but with a broken voice and moistened eyes.

"A better man!" cogitated Blanche, as she took the child to bed again. "Why needs he? why should he wish that?" And she went off smiling, happily, again.

When she returned to the *salle-à-manger*, she found Dominique with her father-in-law, the face of the one distorted with eagerness, fuss, and alarm, that of the other with superb passion. "There, now, he's in for it between them," said the domestic, as he withdrew, upon his mistress's approach.

"What could our poor Edmond have meant, sir?" she asked, still busy in her mind with the truant's parting words.

"What he meant—and what he felt in his conscience—*coquin* as he is!" answered the old French noble and father, his venerable notions of parental authority quite overcoming, as we are about to see, his prudence, almost his delicacy. Blanche wondered more and more, and stared and stammered. "You shall hear, my child—you shall hear in a moment." He sat down from the excess of his excitement.

"You tremble, sir; he has got into danger, indeed."

"Ay, has he, Blanche?"

"And for us, doubtless, rather than for himself? Danger to life? Call him back! call him back!"

"You mistake, child. 'Tis not exactly danger to his life, nor will he be so called back."

"Life not at risk? O! how you relieve me! Now I can listen to any lesser peril; for men—much as wives love them—must not recede from possible risk; and he is brave and prudent, and will go through it nobly."

"Poor Blanche! poor injured Blanche!"

"Sir, injured! how?"

"You thought I but jested a while ago at that boy, as to his possible want of devotion to you. I did not, however; I then strongly suspected him; but since then, almost this instant—from our servant—I have received full proof of the fact."

"Sir—monsieur le baron—hold, sir," said Blanche, with a dignity

which we grieve to fear some persons now-a-days would think dashed with absurdity. It was, however, truly virtuous; and, considering her education, religious and aristocratic, not forgetting her natural, primitive character, truly noble too. "Hold, sir, you are my husband's father indeed, and, as such, I honour you; but you speak of my husband, whom I honour with an honouring of which my sentiments towards you are but the reflection—the shade; and even from *your* lips, sir, I can hear no wrong of *him*!"

"Wrong! Blanche, my child; the wrong is from him to you—to us—to me as well as you. I tell you, that Dominique——"

"Excuse me, monsieur le baron, if I tell you that I cannot, ought not, will not, attend to the gossip of your absurd servant against him in whose truth and love I calmly rest all my truth, all my love, and all the hopes and happiness of a woman and a lady."

"Amazing—provoking—born obstinacy!" cried the despotic ex-noble.

"No, sir—not obstinacy—consistency. What! after five years that I am his wife, doubt him?—and for this! for anything! Good night, sir. Sir, I must first learn to doubt—myself;" and, with even an accession of dignity, Blanche sailed away to her bed-chamber. In her last words she gave, unintentionally, a hint of some portion of her whole feelings of love for her husband, and of her implicit and proud reliance upon him. That he was an immaculate object of adoration for his own sake, we do not quite deny; but so was he, for *her* own sake, too; she—the lofty lady, and the almost *devotée*—had chosen him, and he could not belie the soundness of that choice; in a word, he *belonged* to Blanche, and it was therefore impossible that he could allow himself to be considered as appertaining, in the slightest degree, to any one else.

At all events, Blanche, after calmly and devoutly going through her nightly devotions, in which was included a prayer for safety on the road for her beloved and faithful husband, went to bed, and soon fell fast asleep. Not so her indignant, we may almost say, fuming father-in-law. After standing motionless, and gazing after her, rather astounded at the first specimen of loud and vehement speech he had ever witnessed in Blanche, he snatched up his hat for the second time that evening, and now, with no one to criticise his movements or actions, hastily quitted the house.*

* To be continued.

GUIZOT.*

ENTER the *Chambre des Deputés* in Paris during the session, and you will see on the ministerial bench a man with wan and hollow cheeks, and the glance of whose deep-set eyes resembles the flash of some strange meteor issuing from the recesses of an unfathomed cave. One hand he keeps usually within his waistcoat, and, to judge from his convulsive gestures, you might fancy him the desperate gambler, of whom it is said that he pursued a similar custom at the play-table, that he might repress his execrations by secretly lacerating his flesh with his nails whenever the chances of the dice defied his skill. This man is Guizot. His full sepulchral voice adds effect to the gloomy expression of his countenance, but his sarcasms (in which, however, he seldom indulges) sometimes carry a thrill almost terrific, and ill correspond with his grave, we would almost say solemn, disposition of mind, rather inspiring you with a feeling little short of abhorrence and fear. On his cast of features, strong emotion, or even sadness, sits far more gracefully than humorous retort or cutting irony; indeed, hardly has he resumed his natural reverie or musing manner, than you at once recognise traces of mildness and social interest, certainly capable of greater developement in the circles of intimate friendship and domestic love.

When elevated on the rostrum, this tall and somewhat puritanical figure, these booming tones which thunder forth denunciations against the demoniac passions which disturb the peace of mankind, and inculcate submission and tranquillity with violence, altogether suggests to the spectator a striking remembrance of John Calvin's portrait at Geneva, placed, as the reformer is, upright in his pulpit, his eyes blazing with the combined fires of religious enthusiasm and personal ambition, the corners of his mouth firmly contracted, his high and expansive forehead grown yellow and livid by nocturnal vigils, yet indicative of penetration and strong memory, his head proudly thrown backwards, and his lips pronouncing the words seen upon the frame—"Non veni mittere pacem, sed gladium"—a motto well suited to both Calvin and Guizot.

Guizot, it appears, imbibed his spirit, though not his breath, (for he was born at Nismes,) in Geneva, where his early years were spent, and where he assiduously studied philosophy and history, for which he has since become so eminent. There he, no doubt, imbibed that propensity for republican aristocracy and citizen pride which lurks in all his speeches and writings. In that little corner of the globe where the wrecks of burgher patricianship had taken refuge, Guizot studied—perhaps unawares—the art of governing the people despotically, while at the same moment he protests and declaims against the despotism of the higher classes—the art of advancing gradually and with apparent frankness towards a secret aim, and watching for a proper opportunity, not disdaining in the mean time to equivocate

* In the articles we insert from our correspondents, we are not, of course, to be considered as doing more than affording an opportunity for the expression of their sentiments.—EDITOR.

and retract, if the occasion calls for it. The political condition of Geneva at that time must have exercised a great influence on a young mind, keen and reflecting as that of Guizot, whose cunning and dexterity seem rather at variance with his bold genius and bluntness of demeanour.

In early life the pecuniary position of young Guizot was that of the greatest part of the literati on the continent ; he was poor, but industrious and active. When he quitted the university, he was told that the whole world stood open before him, that the French revolution had favoured the career of many talented men, and that the infant empire could make use of the services of all resolute characters and clear heads. He knew that he had acquired knowledge and possessed prudence, that he was of an active disposition, and that the notions of liberty which he had imbibed at Geneva were not too susceptible of scruples and inconsistencies ; he therefore at once resolved to visit France, and court his fortune where it ought to prove kinder. At first, however, his prospects were not of a very promising nature. Devoid of any official patronage, he was soon roused from his golden dreams, and eventually deemed himself fortunate in obtaining the place of a tutor in the house of a Swiss family in Paris, for whose patriarchal virtues he ever afterwards entertained the highest regard and esteem. In strong minds, such as Guizot's, nothing is lost ; and in this family it appears he passed a sort of second apprenticeship, and drew from analogy materials for the fanciful fabric he afterwards reared. Constantly surveying the example of social order and classification, where all the members of the establishment occupied the places assigned to them by their lord, he probably based on this model his subsequent Utopian system of national organisation, which consisted chiefly in confining every individual to that station in life allotted him by birth and existing circumstances. The conviction he acquired then by experience, that people may feel happy and contented even in an humble condition, may perhaps have been the origin of those notions on government and society in general ; and judging by himself of others, he did not perhaps see the fatal egotism concealed in that system, by which all emulation in the arts and sciences must cease, since no rivalry and competition are to be tolerated. We, for our parts, will be charitable enough to ascribe to the invention of that system innocent motives, though there are a great many judicious men who think otherwise of it. His literary talents procured him an introduction into the house of Suard, then the rendezvous of all active and intelligent heads. There you could see at one and the same time united the Cynics and the Directory, the representatives of the republic, the last scions of the Encyclopedie, and a few emigrants, who, deluded by the momentary calm of the country, had ventured to return. From this period may be dated the connexion of Guizot with the royalist party, who brought him into public life soon after the restoration. Another frequent visiter at the mansion of Suard was Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, one of the most distinguished and best-informed women of the time. She regularly wrote for several journals, and especially for the "*Publiciste*," which principally owed its success to her exertions. She wielded in that journal the

scourge of criticism, and sustained the office with an energy and severity that astonished all those who were acquainted with her sweet and cheerful temper. Her style was elegant and pleasing; but her articles savoured nevertheless of a certain pedantical fastidiousness which she often but ill concealed, even in society, despite the affability of her manners. These diurnal labours and mental exertions at last undermined her health, and her physicians naturally recommended a temporary retirement and relaxation, but then the produce of her pen was the sole support, not only of herself, but of her aged parents.

In this perplexing dilemma she received one morning a letter from an anonymous correspondent, offering to undertake the critical essays in the "*Publiciste*" regularly for her, until the state of her health would permit her to resume the task. This letter, apparently written in a frank and friendly style, was accompanied by an article for the "*Publiciste*," so strikingly similar in its acumen and characteristic spirit to the taste displayed in P. de Meulan's usual compositions, that she did not hesitate a moment to affix to the paper her initial P., and it appeared next morning in the "*Publiciste*."

From that time she received regularly every day, as long as her illness lasted, similar contributions from her unknown assistant. Of course she anxiously wished to find out the author, and in Suard's circle they wearied themselves with conjectures, yet no one thought of suspecting the young and grave *littérateur*, who listened with his accustomed indifference and unconcern to all suppositions on the subject. The fair authoress at last wrote to her gratuitous deputy through the medium of the "*Publiciste*" itself, and requested him urgently to make himself known; he obeyed, and Guizot, then twenty years old, presented himself. Five years afterwards Mademoiselle P. de Meulan became Madame Guizot. A tender union of fifteen years was the result of an introduction as honourable as it was romantic, nor was its conclusion destitute of appropriate though melancholy interest; her always delicate health gave way, till, perfectly aware that no hope of recovery remained, she calmly took leave of her son and husband with a last request; to the latter, that she should be buried according to the rites of his religion, (the Protestant,) though opposed to her own creed, in order that she might die with the confident hope of being united with him beyond the grave. At the same time she begged of him to read to her some suitable work, and expired whilst listening to the funeral sermons composed by Bossuet on Madame Henrietta. This happened in 1827, after he had lost his situation as professor of history, and was engaged, together with the whole youth of France, in the sacred struggle for liberty against Villèle. This was the unfortunate but glorious period of his life!

During the fifteen years of his union with P. de Meulan, Guizot had experienced several times the reverses of fortune. He was successively entrusted with posts of importance under Abbé Montesquieu, Barbé Marbois, and Decazes; yet continually compelled to return to his original profession, viz. to get his livelihood by his literary labour. Even when he was dismissed from the directorship

of the departmental administration, he was so poor that he found himself compelled to resort again to his labour for subsistence. About the same period his brother-in-law, Devaines, prefect of Nièvre, had, like himself, lost his situation, and had come to Paris with his wife and two daughters, (one of whom Guizot subsequently married.) After that event the whole family lived together, and the interior of his house sometimes presented an amusing spectacle. In the large hall, at one table sat Madame Guizot, occupied with her nieces in cutting out the leaves of a book containing the translation of Shakspeare by Letourneur, making marginal notes upon them, and pasting them again together, while at another table sat Guizot himself, writing his history of France; a little farther were seen a few of his pupils trying to decipher the barbarous Latin of Oderic Vital with the help of a dictionary; in another corner some others were translating "Clarendon," and arranging, stone by stone, the great edifice of the "Memoirs of English History," which bears on its title-page the name of Guizot. All these various labours were executed under the immediate guidance of Guizot, in addition to his own memorable and unassisted works on the annals and state of his own country. This combination of various talented individuals, directed by one master spirit, exerted a successful influence over the literature of the time, and Guizot's labours were rewarded by a handsome maintenance, whilst his reputation increased and extended.

Having thus far noticed Guizot's literary career apart from his political life, let us now follow him into the circles of the Restoration, where he was introduced by Royer Collard, previous, it should seem, to his entertaining any of the sentiments of moderate liberty which he afterwards advocated.

Throughout his whole course, odd contradictions and striking inconsistencies continually occur, which can only be explained by the supposition that Guizot treated men actually as he did history; he connected and linked together facts in periods, and headed them under a favourite and leading opinion of his own; just so he uses men whenever placed in power. He cares little about the justice or the injustice of the principles he is called upon to set in practice, if they only tend to maintain what he terms order, and to establish some certain system, doctrine, or leading notion, as his great aim and darling hobby-horse. Plans for a new order of things in society have been pursued by Guizot under all imaginable forms. In the last year of the Restoration, he composed, under the auspices of R. Collard, a very complicated charter of several thousand articles, so that the chief objection made against it was, that it required no less than five full years to discuss it. The motions and speeches Guizot made, the numerous treatises he wrote, for the space of several years, during the cabinets of several ministers, so highly injurious to liberty, were probably done with the intention to secure order and control in a revived, young, and tottering government, without being aware that, in his mania for order he buried liberty under the tyrannical laws he advocated for its maintenance. This point of view will also explain his conduct in 1814, when his talents procured him the confidence of Montesquiou, then minister of the interior. Both Guizot and R. Collard, who was then chief commissioner of the

press, shared equally the confidence of that feeble and ignorant minister, who most frequently served as a mere tool for the projects of their superior heads.

Guizot may certainly be said to have then been sole manager of the whole department of the home office, and he exercised a most injurious influence on the nomination and elections of the prefects and other public officers in the departments. It is known what sort of officers were appointed during that period.

Whether the law concerning the press, which Montesquieu laid before the house in 1814, was the work of Guizot only, or not, is immaterial; it is known that he had a hand in it, and either Guizot alone, or in conjunction with R. Collard, framed the article by which, first, every book to be published was to contain less than thirty sheets, and, secondly, the appointed censors were to be invested with unlimited power to reject manuscripts, and interdict their publication, without permitting the injured parties to appeal to a higher tribunal. Whoever may have had the greatest share in that tyrannical law, Guizot or R. Collard, it cannot be denied that this first political act of Guizot was a violent encroachment upon the charter which had but a few months previously been promulgated; nor is there any doubt that Guizot was the author of the arguments which Montesquieu pronounced from the rostrum against the freedom of speech and opinion granted by the charter. "Censorship," said Montesquieu, repeating the words of Guizot—"censorship is of importance for the arts and sciences; it only became irksome at Rome, when the corruption of morals increased. That the people now object to the censorship, is equally with us the criterion of the decrease of the sciences." Montesquieu then turned to the recorder (Raynouard)—"I ask the recorder," added he, "whether it would be advisable to grant to bad authors, ignorant of the very rudiments of literature, a free and unlimited sphere? I ask the learned recorder whether his distinguished works are not the result and offspring of deep study and reflection? It is said, that censorship destroys the liberty of the press. Is the liberty of speech destroyed by interdicting licentious dialogues to be held on the stage? Journals may certainly convey useful knowledge and information, but does it follow that the editors shall therefore be at liberty to say whatever they choose? But it will be said, let those papers which contain seditious articles be seized; but I ask with what right can you punish twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand innocent subscribers, who have paid their money in advance for the crime of one individual, the editor?"

The arguments brought forward in support of censorship might form one of the remarkable lectures of Guizot on the principles of government. The project then begins with saying, "that the freedom of the press must be so maintained as to prove useful and lasting."—Guizot gave evidently his sanction to that law by putting his name, as censor, between those of Ch. Lacretelle and Frayssinous.

This political *débüt* brought Guizot and the government whom he served to the end they deserved—to flight and an exile to Ghent, where we find him again commissioned by the moderate party of the Restoration to petition Louis XVIII. for the removal of Blacas, and the

formation of a cabinet under the presidency of Talleyrand. Whether experience or expediency swayed Guizot's conduct in this affair, must be problematical, but Talleyrand became soon afterwards prime minister, and Blacas was removed. The party who charged Guizot with that rather difficult mission, were not, it appears, in a great hurry to acknowledge their sense of his services, for he was only called to public affairs after the dissolution of the Talleyrand cabinet.

Barbé Marbois appointed him secretary general in the ministry of justice. The same Barbé Marbois was afterwards, under the administration of his former *protégé*, removed from the board of calculators, of which he was president. It might, perhaps, have been creditable in Guizot, had he used his eloquence in the council to preserve the old man, who had previously forwarded him in the road of eminence, in quiet possession of his office; but in charity it may be supposed that he consulted on this occasion his conscience rather than his feelings, as none knew better than himself the cruelty which characterised the measures of the former, and the many odious acts in which he of course was compelled to participate. The official documents which issued in 1817 from the department of the ministers of justice were, in the mass, warrants, arrests, and depositions of functionaries, tyrannical ordinances, and violent enforcements. Barbé Marbois brought in an act against the seditious clamours in the house itself, while Decazes moved for the abolition of individual liberty, and the Duke de Feltre proposed the establishment of provostal courts. The motives on which Barbé Marbois based his projected law, were of a still worse character than the measure itself. "There are many men," he states in his oration, "whose code of morality only consists in the fear of punishment: against persons guilty of such crimes [seditious cries and clamours] our laws are at present not sufficiently explicit. Not only ought there to be framed a positive and direct law against such crimes, but the judicial proceeding ought to be greatly shortened in such cases, and the punishment, to have more effect, should be simultaneous." Was this project again an invention of Guizot? The avowed motives, at least, savour of his spirit; and what renders the authorship more credible, is the fact that Royer Collard, then commissioner of the king, came to the house about the same time to defend the law proposed by the Duke de Feltre, concerning the establishment of provostal courts. Impartiality must confess that Guizot, at the period in question, and indeed long after, struggled against the march of liberal opinions. His presence in the bureaux of the ministers, under Montesquiou as well as under Barbé Marbois and Decazes, was always a forerunner of coercive steps and violent measures. Surely he was not on these occasions merely passive! Such is Guizot's fondness for *systematising*, that all his writings teem with the propensity, and they display his inherent egotism on the subject, so far as to evince anger, aversion, and contempt for whatever has been arranged or accomplished without his directions, or not in accordance with his ruling theory, during the political changes and history of his own time. Follow him step by step through his state career, and he is first found advocating absolute power, then liberty, and then despotism again; and for each, in turn, spurring his hobby-horse at full speed. Nay, he endeavoured to intro-

duce order and discipline even into the first outbreaks of insurrections and revolutions. In one paroxysm of his monomania he attacks the people, in another fit he tilts at the government; now dips his pen in the red ink of censorship, and would enact violent laws against the liberty of the press—now, himself employs the self-same popular engine to disseminate pamphlets glowing with the spirit of freedom and independence. This peculiar bias alone can account for or excuse the otherwise glaring inconsistencies that transformed Guizot from a chief secretary of the ministry of justice to a president of the republican society of “*aide toi, etc.*,” and issued, in 1830, circular letters, on the liberal principle of elections, to those who probably still possessed his ministerial epistles of 1815. It is, in truth, so difficult to tell whether he best fraternises with *Despotism* or *Liberty*, that he might well sing, “How happy could I be with either!” Let it not, however, be imagined that Guizot is by nature cruel and tyrannical, or imbued with the spirit of the members of the old *conventions*, who insisted on the necessity of getting rid of one portion of mankind, in order to secure the prosperity of the remainder, and actually enforced or demanded the literal execution of their will. Far from following the sanguinary path of revolutionary innovation, Guizot is deficient in enthusiasm even in his theories, though, throughout the various political phases of which he was an eye-witness, he regularly created a certain doctrine suitable to the reigning principle, which for the moment he of course embraced.

At the time when the ministry of Pasquier was formed, Guizot said in one of his pamphlets, “Power and authority can only exercise a due influence when they are firmly maintained for a considerable period, and without their possessor making a too conspicuous use of them. Too frequent changes in high offices inspire the people with either contempt or disgust, and lower, if they do not utterly degrade, the government.” When Guizot wrote this, he was certainly not aware, as he now is, of the charms and attractions of power; having once tasted its sweets as a minister himself, he became so insensible to the obloquy attendant on the repeated *ins* and *outs* of the office, that, when rudely displaced, he not only watched with the keenest vigilance for a chance of reseating himself, but did not scruple to serve his successor, and indeed supported the cabinet of Perrier with such apparent and rare devotedness, that he might be almost termed the premier’s right hand. We know that Guizot’s efforts and labours during that session were duly paid; but money certainly cannot outweigh the honour of filling the principal place in government, nor indemnify a statesman for the humiliation of descending from the first to the second rank in public administration; but Guizot knew well that his hope to recover the first station could only be realised by adhering to the existing ministry, and showing himself an active and ready servant of its will.

Guizot’s physical and moral energies seem to increase with his labours. *Power* and *liberty* are so valuable in his eyes, that he is of opinion a minister can never have enough of them. He feels so happy in the possession, that, like a child with its plaything, he exhibits them on every possible occasion, however trifling. He con-

siders power as the *main engine* of warfare, in which all means are just, if they only lead to victory. Power, he thinks, has only to decide as to the party she is to embrace, and from that moment her motto is—“*vaincre ou mourir* ;” and destruction and annihilation to all who dare oppose her. In one of his pamphlets he says explicitly, “Power is abused when she quits the ranks of the victors ; she then commits treason on herself, and compromises her own nature. She quits those who are to govern, and goes over to those who only wish for the recovery of their liberty.” In acting up to this principle, all moral right ought to give way to physical strength ; or, in other words, no right can exist to wage war against the power of MINISTER Guizot ! Once powerful, Guizot does not believe any more in liberty ; he smiles when he is reminded of the flattering promises formerly given by that *power* which he now represents ; he never denies all that he has said and written previously in the spirit of the opposition party ; he must suit his doctrines to the principles he each time embraces ; and as those principles must emanate—as he asserts—from the most powerful of the realm, they are consequently as liable to changes as their authors. Such is Guizot as seen in public affairs, though we fear we have not yet sufficiently displayed the complicated features of his strange character.

If Guizot were to retire from ministerial life, without the least hope of ever re-entering it, then only might we see in him a man commanding our respect and admiration. He would then take up his pen, and write in that prophetic and religious tone so peculiar to him ; he would then carry over all the influence and ascendancy he had acquired whilst in power to the opposition. You would find him then as mild in language as he was formerly violent, and a perfect model of meekness and moderation. Nevertheless, this moderation is not devoid of pretension, and its quiet threats are more effective than any outbreaks of fits of violent rage. How clearly the politician sees his way when he descends from the cloud-capt pedestal of power ! How acutely he then perceives the relative sphere of the government and the people, and the spirit that connects them so closely, as to call forth wonders how imagination could ever dream of separating interests which are intrinsically one and the same. Strange, too, as it may appear, government must actually gain in moral strength whenever Guizot joins the opposition. As long as he is in office, he weakens the power with which he is invested, by its too frequent use and abuse ; it is a weapon in his hand, the edges of which become blunted by his striking with it on all occasions ; but no sooner is he deprived of it, no sooner does he belong to the ranks of the opposition, than he assails the wielder of that very power with the utmost delicacy, challenges him in a gallant way to single combat, and enters the list with lawful weapons ; in short, he arms himself in the virtues and the good qualities of the poor and vanquished, while as minister he appropriates only the repulsive pride and oppressive vice of victors and conquerors. Thus both Guizot's reputation and his country are gainers by his opposition to the ministry, and, *vice versâ*, both are losers when he is at the head of government.

Let us hear him speak when out of office. “Opposition,” says he,

" can only be of effect where there is a certain aim to be attained. If nations striving for liberty have acquired the right to complain that they are not free, they are sure to become in the end so, but they are not as yet so; and so long as they are not free, *power* and *liberty* remain equally weak, equally tottering. This is the case with us now, and in this state of affairs both *power* and *liberty* complain alternately. Both are right; for compelled as they are to exist separately, yet at the side of each other, they are both paralysed. We have seen it. Suppose an attack is made on the power (government) from the centre, the whole array of opposition rushes then at their signal to the onset, and, if successful, threatens to crush and annihilate the entire frame; for though the satellites of government, the friends of power, the laws, revenues, arms, and all other resources still exist, they are little better than dead letters, or become tools in the hands of the then all-powerful opposition. On the other hand, should *power* (government) obtain the ascendancy in the centre, it would then be omnipotent. Then liberty left without guarantees or strength of her own, the opposition can merely speak freely her dictates; but that is all: words without effect. A state of society must then resemble a fearful desert, where deep silence reigns unbroken, except by the voice of power, whose despotic mandates are issued at will, and without encountering any resistance, until the sound of 'to arms' produces a change; but, alas! what sort of change?—the dissolution of all social order!

" The present state of things is unsatisfactory to all parties. It is bad to see government invested with unlimited power; it would be worse still to be compelled to annihilate government in order to limit that *power*. But so long as the opposition is confined to the rostrum alone, as long as it does not take an active share in the affairs of administration, and does not exercise a decisive influence on government or society at large, the *object* of the system of representation is far from being attained."

Not satisfied with these general remarks, Guizot enters boldly into the question. "Should it be asked," he continued, "where and *how* it can be arranged to admit the opposition which combats government into the participation of administration, I answer, that its sphere and place are plainly pointed and marked out by the constitution of society. If the jury were independent, let the citizens take an active part in the local administration; the municipal authorities would surely be less passive and taciturn. If there were assigned to the department of education particular laws and rights, we should hear less clamour about teachers being destitute of pupils, and pupils of teachers. You wish to crush opposition wherever it may be found; in other words, you wish to force the opposition to the extreme necessity of crushing you. You have assigned to opposition a place in the house—you have felt the necessity of granting its members permission to speak, that is, you conceded to them that active part which is suitable to the place; but do you really believe that the whole party of opposition throughout the country—the whole of the minority at this moment (which are in reality not so)—can quietly wait until the five or six speakers of that party, forming comparatively a

mere zero, under restraint, and without a standing at least in the affairs of administration—until these five or six speakers, I say, shall succeed, either by eloquence or violence, to wrest government from your hands, and prescribe to others the same conditions as you did to them? What nonsense! what ignorance does it not betray concerning the rights of liberty, and the interests of government! Do you know why there is such a thing as liberty in England? Do you know why government braves in that country so many storms? Because the minister and the opposition do not wage war with one another as they do here, nor is there any possibility of their doing so. The opposition has there something more than mere organs in the two houses. Nobles and magistrates are of the party, and take an active share in the local administrations, in the affairs of state, and, in short, wherever their influence can be exerted; they are true to liberal principles, and act up to their own views, without being biassed or restricted by the government. The necessity of the existence and balancing power of the opposition is there so much felt, that many of the anti-ministerial phalanx always constitute a part of even the committees of the two houses, nay, sometimes of the very majority which triumphs in a question apparently inimical to the general views."

To quote all Guizot's sentiments, promulgated on various occasions in the same spirit, would fill a volume. In all of them shines forth a lively interest for justice and liberty. The language and principles he advances in the cause of liberalism are original and overwhelming: in the weight of noble feelings and motives by which he crushes the abuses and evils of government, breathe the expressions of his indignation!

Mental vigour, high principle, and sound argument, are perceptible in almost every sentence. The mind cannot tire in scanning over and over again his admirable pamphlets on this subject. Whilst perusing them, we anticipate the downfall of the Villèle ministry, which indeed quickly ensued from Guizot's powerful assaults. It was Guizot who, from the ministerial benches, silenced the discordant clamour, and subdued the rough and ill-mannered conduct—as it was termed—and the contradictory spirit of the opposition. Guizot, who had himself studied in the service of ministers that formal yet eloquent language so peculiar to accomplished statesmen, now in his turn instructed in the same style of oratory those impetuous and zealous youths who were previously capable of little more than inciting people to rebellion, being ultimately content to retire into exile, or with resignation to ascend the scaffold. The influence which Guizot, at that period, exercised over youthful and ardent minds, was incalculable in its effects.

To his indefatigable exertions, eloquent harangues, and powerful writings, was it attributable that the Carbonari, who were so scattered in small parties over the surface of France, as scarcely to have disturbed the reign of the Bourbons during the fifteen years succeeding the Restoration, now began to form themselves into various bodies and sections, being publicly countenanced, despite the article of the code which Guizot himself had framed two years before, ordaining their

dissolution. Guizot was for a long period the very life and soul of the committee of the political society, "*Aide toi, etc.*" A majority of the young members of this peculiar assembly were originally introduced by Guizot, and instructed to take an active part in the transactions connected with it, namely, by inducing the people to frame petitions setting forth the abuses practised by the government, by rousing the feelings of the nation, by pamphlets and journals, to assert its rights, and finally in urging on the popular classes the necessity of refusing to pay taxes whenever the ministers should pass unjust measures. They were advised also to keep up a constant correspondence with the electors of the departments, enjoining them to send liberal and independent members to the house. To the committee in question belonged the youthful writers of the "*Globe*," all of whom have since held offices under the government, namely, De Remusat, Duchatel, Duvergier de Hauranne, Dejean, Dubois, Montalivet, &c. At their side stood Carrel, Cavaignac, Bastide, Thomas, Marchais, and other young men, who, though labouring for the same end, and apparently acting with their compeers, were nevertheless distinguished and separated from them, as well by their past pursuits as future hopes—men whose cheeks were already furrowed, and who had become grey at the age of thirty years by a life spent amid perils and the constant excitement of political agitation, and who could now scarcely suppress a smile of contempt at seeing their inexperienced colleagues, under the guidance of Guizot, so zealously engaged about trifles, (as they called them,) but who, at the same time, were prudently lulling the suspicions and averting the vengeance of government by all necessary precautions, whilst engaged in their secret operations, they themselves, young as they were, having grown pale and emaciated in dungeons, and being honourably distinguished by the sentence of death recorded against them.

We shall not here enter upon the inquiry how far Guizot influenced the Revolution of July. He has since that period been minister and prime minister, and sat enthroned on the bench where Perrier undermined a constitution naturally vigorous, and shortened the thread of life by his vast and unceasing labours. When adverting to Guizot's demands of places and offices for the opposition, independence for the officers, and especially for teachers and professors, we might have noticed the energetic anathemas he hurled at the head of James II. for deposing Locke from the chair at the University of Oxford. Guizot, on becoming minister of public instruction after the revolution, dismissed from the chair of the university an old friend, who had, during the polemic campaigns, made his attacks on the philosophers of the eighteenth century and the ministers of the Bourbons, in the "*Globe*" and the society "*Aide toi, etc.*," for no better reason than because he had dared, on the preceding day, as member for the Vendée, to move for the withdrawal of the pensions granted to the *Chouans* by the Bourbons. The loss of his professorship was the consequence of this step, and with it his subsistence; but the manner in which Guizot attempted to justify this proceeding was even still more extraordinary, namely, by declaring—we quote his own words—"What I have done is distinct from all personal feeling, and does not in the least affect the re-

gard which I have always shown him, and shall always entertain for him." We must, however, do Guizot the justice to observe, that he never undertakes anything which he is not prepared fully to carry out, adhering with heart and soul to whatever party he thinks fit to belong, and acting upon the principles of to-day with the same zeal which induced him to enforce those of yesterday. Thus, whilst influenced by the spirit of a minister, he not only suppressed every feeling of friendship and of gratitude, but set at nought the established doctrine of moral philosophy, trampling on the very basis of Christianity, "Do not unto others what you wish not others should do unto you."

But how did Guizot reach the pinnacle of government? By degrees. He clearly saw that a compromise, or indeed any understanding with the Bourbons, was impossible—that the priests and nobility would never be reconciled either to his religion, profession, or republican aspect, and least of all to his notions of liberty. He turned, therefore, with great tact to the middle classes, perceiving with his usual penetration the immense resources to be drawn from them. With them he was in his native and original sphere—a man of the people: he became their leader, the citizen captain of the times of the league, the burgomaster of the operatives; in short, he found himself in his natural element, but he certainly did not plan the overthrow of the legitimate monarch; on the contrary, he was greatly surprised when informed of that event. His object undoubtedly was to persuade, or, if necessary, to compel restored royalty to adopt his own notions regarding the selection of ministers, by appointing them from the body of the moderate opposition party, from the aristocracy of the citizens and middle classes, of whom he was himself the focus. Finally, when the country was convulsed to its very foundation, he experienced the full force of the shock, whilst his hopes and desires had extended no further than that he might become a member of the privy council of Charles X.; whereas he was now saluted as the instigator of a conspiracy, and the originator of a revolution, which, though he was unconscious of having promoted them, had nevertheless overthrown all that before existed, even the favourite doctrines of his own philosophy. Guizot's perplexity must indeed have been great, accustomed as he was not to allow his affairs to be operated on by mere chance, but by his own powerful reason, foresight, and comprehensive calculations alone. How astounded must he doubtless have been on discovering that the throne had been thus suddenly swept away, and that he was himself placed in the centre of a revolutionary mass, which he had mainly contributed to form, but which was, nevertheless, in utter ignorance of any system, doctrine, law, or principle, whereon to act. He saw himself unexpectedly surrounded by those very youths, whom he had formerly employed to diffuse revolutionary principles and doctrines, who now congratulated him and themselves on their success. What could he do in this state of events but yield to his fate? And we are bound to confess he conducted himself with the good grace and intrepidity which his novel situation imperatively required. He now united himself more closely than he had ever yet done to the society "*Aide toi, etc.*," which became very formidable, receiving daily visits from his old

friends of the committee, to whose opinions on state affairs he attentively listened, and likewise adopted in his subsequent proceedings. This influence became apparent, even in the appointment of prefects and other functionaries, who were invariably chosen from the party whom Guizot now nicknames "La mauvaise queue de la revolution," (the bad tail of the revolution.) In obedience to an order issued by the new minister, the popular committee, established for the support of the Spanish refugees, was provided with provisions and money for the detachments which had been marched to the frontiers of Spain, in the hope and for the purpose of creating a revolution in that kingdom. In short, even the ultra-liberals were unable to discover anything in the conduct of minister Guizot, calculated either to excite their jealousy, or of which they could at all disapprove; his new friends being no less surprised than were his old colleagues of the restoration, to find in him such a zealous and enthusiastic supporter of the revolution. The reason is simply this: so unexpectedly was he drawn into the whirlpool of public affairs, the popular influence had so irresistibly raised him without the aid of a ladder, that trembling whilst he contemplated his position, and momentarily expecting to be thrust from it by these hot-brained and versatile revolutionists, he knew not how to descend from the eminence thus involuntarily attained. He overcame their prejudices, and won their good opinion by flattering and humouring them, and was gratified to discover that they were both humane and tractable, and not the demons and savages he had previously supposed.

There can be little if any doubt that Guizot, at this period, would have as readily given his sanction to a republican, as he did to a monarchical, government; in short, he would have accepted place under any form of government recognised by the revolutionary party. No sooner, however, did he find himself firmly established in his new position—no sooner had Perrier ventured to claim and to practise the rights of government—at a time when scarcely any man in France, not even Guizot himself, possessed sufficient courage to wield the administrative power—than our philosopher, returning to his old hobby-horse, again adopting those doctrines which he had so recently abandoned, and collecting about his person all those friends who, in the interim, had been discouraged and become isolated, like the disciples of Pythagoras, than he began to reform the school of the *Doctrinaires*. The most conspicuous feature of that school is *egotism* refined by *eclectism*. Whatever does not emanate from this school, is pronounced by the fraternity to be *absurd*, if not actually *criminal*. As to their theories, they are so numerous, that they can scarcely be said to have *any at all*.

When Thiers, whose conscience is of an elastic and extremely supple nature, found it impossible longer to hold the reins of government without fulfilling the conditions guaranteed by the quadruple alliance in behalf of Spain—which the king of the Barricades evaded by a course of the most shuffling conduct—who was it that did not scruple to form a new cabinet, willing to be controlled by the same shuffling principles? Why, *the master of the school of the Doctrinaires*, the author of the Revolution of the Barricades!

THE COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.¹

BY MRS. C. GORE.

CHAPTER II.

THE morrow, as if conscious that it had business of festive import in hand, dawned brightly at Dalesdene. The foliage and greensward, refreshed by the showers of the day preceding, resumed their summer brightness. New blossoms expanded—new fragrance floated on the breeze—all seemed in fitting mood to do honour to a bridal-day.

Unconscious, however, as the blossoms or the leaves, that any event of especial interest awaited her, the bright-eyed Anne shook back her clustering curls with joy as she looked out upon the freshened landscape, and, on being summoned some hours earlier than usual to her father's dressing-room, wondered only whether they were already rid of their ill-omened guest. On reaching the chamber, however, she found the solitary old gentleman seated in his flowered night-gown and easy chair, stirring his chocolate with an air more pensive than usual; and on inquiring with her ordinary gaiety, "Did you send for me? do you want me, dearest papa?" he reiterated so many times, and so tenderly, "Come hither, child!—draw near, Anne—nearer—nearer still!" that instead of taking a formal seat by his side according to her wont, she kneeled down on the silken cushion at his feet, and waited till he should unfold his pleasure.

Recalling to mind that it was at the close of one of Lord Lovell's former visits she had been first reproved by her father for her wild horsemanship and lack of maidenly discretion, the panting damsel fully expected to have some further fault found with the ordering of her attire, or the uncouthness of her address; and was, in fact, as little prepared for the overwhelming intelligence at length falteringly communicated by her father, as if it had been vouchsafed on the first day of her release from leading-strings and a bib and tucker.

"*Marry!*—become a lady in the land!—a wedded—wedded wife!—a matron—the mistress of a household!"

For her life's sake the giddy girl could not have contained herself at the notion; and covering her fair face with her hands as the words escaped her lips, she laughed long and unconstrainedly. But when, on looking up, she saw her old father's eyes suffused with tears, and a certain stern sadness diffused over his brow, she checked herself in a moment. The pearly teeth became again invisible, the sweet dimples disappeared, while with dutiful earnestness she took her father's withered hand between her own, and soothed it with silent caresses.

"I would the thing were matter of mirth," faltered old Heneage, as if in answer to the appeal. "I would it were a day of joy, as becomes a wedding-day to be. But, alas! my child—my girl—my darling—these nuptials chance under heavy auspices. The pros-

¹ Continued from p. 54.

pects of the country are all but hopeless; the prospects of the house of Lovell gloomy, as becomes those of the true subject when declines the star of his sovereign; and henceforward, my daughter, thy destinies will take the colour of theirs. Though for two years to come—sunshine or storm—thou wilt still abide with me, as though this match had never been, while thy bridegroom completes the measure of study indispensable to one of his great estate, still, ever as the wind blows with the Lovells, must ‘it blow with my shorn lamb.’ ”

Touched by the melancholy tone of her father’s voice, Anne became grave in earnest; for at the word “bridegroom” the idea of Arthur Lovell recurred for the first time to her mind. Arthur Lovell—a heavy, shy, mannerless school-boy—a dolt, who had frightened her Angola cat into fits by fixing a bell to its morocco collar—who had got her greyhound whipped by the keepers, by beguiling poor Lily into the mysteries of poaching—who had engraved with a diamond a planisphere of comets and meteors on the glasses of Mistress Corbet’s spectacles—who knew not Tasso from Ariosto, a peony from a rose—a straight-haired round-shouldered boy, sans taste, sans eyes, sans promise of amendment!

The light-hearted Anne now panted in earnest, and when, discerning her vexation, her father proceeded to acquaint her that her contract of marriage was already half-engrossed, and his own word wholly pledged to its execution, her previous flightiness gave way to a sudden burst of tears, as persevering as the freshening showers of the day before.

Mr. Heneage now begged her to retire and take time—*not* to reconcile herself to the match, *that* he seemed to fancy a matter of course—but to prepare herself for the ceremony. At the spur of the moment no grand parade was possible. The richest of her robes must be assumed to do honour to the occasion, lest Lord Lovell should imagine her indifferent to the honour of entering his family, and becoming daughter-in-law to her father’s earliest friend; and as the invalid issued his instructions to her to be as brave as her store of tires might admit, he unlocked a drawer of his scrutoire, and delivered to her hand a double string of costly pearls, on which he gazed with such wistful eyes, that Anne discerned in a moment they must have been the property of her mother.

Obedient to his wish, she rose and was about to retreat, when, ere she could cross the room, Lord Lovell entered, and her father, checking her departure, bade her kneel and ask his blessing. Raising her instantly to his arms, the noble friend of her father pressed her cordially to his bosom; imprinting upon her pure young forehead a kiss so truly paternal, that for a moment the misgivings of the agitated maiden were almost reassured.

“Lady Lovell can surely never raise objections to so sweet a daughter-in-law?” was his lordship’s sweet reflection, struck by the ingenuous expression of her lovely face. “What though ignoble blood be in her veins, a noble spirit must surely animate these speaking eyes, those graceful movements.”

“Lord Lovell cannot think so harshly of me as I have supposed,” was the maiden’s musing. “He could not look thus kindly on me,

were he not inclined to love and cherish me as a daughter. Yea—henceforward I shall have two fathers to caress me and protect !”

And, with another hurried salutation to them both, she fled from the room, to disclose, in the arms of Mistress Corbet, the wonderful tale of her promotion. Scarcely, however, had she entered the presence of the *gouvernante*, when the red eyes and quivering lips of her second mother apprised her that the secret had already transpired. The good woman had been weeping bitterly to find her pupil's destinies so hastily, and, as it appeared to *her*, unadvisedly disposed of. It was a poor consolation to her to know that previous even to disclosing his views to his daughter, her patron had thought it right to announce them to herself.

“Doubtless, my dear child,” pleaded Mistress Corbet to her pupil, “this measure, which to ourselves appears so hasty, hath been long projected by the wisdom and tenderness of your father. From the period of yours, and—and Mr. Lovell's birth, you have been probably destined for each other.”

And the effort made by the *gouvernante* to invest with the dignified title of “Mr. Lovell” the unmannerly lad to whose name she was accustomed to append a string of opprobrious epithets, overcame once more the gravity of the girlish bride ; and, surmounting her fit of the dismals, she clapped her hands and laughed aloud in glee.

“Come—come ! speak out for once. We are not yet a wedded couple. Call him as you would have done yesterday—that graceless, gross, untutored, savage of a boy !” cried Anné, throwing her arms around her friend.

“My dear child forgets herself,” remonstrated the grave preceptress, shocked at her levity.

“I would I *could* !” retorted Miss Heneage, shrugging her shoulders ; “but, good faith ! I have little just now in my thoughts which it is pleasant to remember. Yet must I make the best of all. My good father hath bid me let him see no peevish looks upon the matter. And, after all, *mamma mia*, since the Lovells, father and son, are to quit Dalesdene the moment after the ceremony, (which is to be performed at sunset,) and years must elapse ere I behold them again, the wars of these troublous times, which play the tyrant even with the lives of kings, may render me a widow ere I am well aware of being a wife.”

“In sooth they may !” rejoined Mistress Corbet, wiping her eyes, and cheering up at this comfortable reflection.

“To-morrow I return to my studies, as though no bridal ring were enchased upon my finger : and here, on this spot, I promise my best of friends that she shall have as docile a pupil in sage Mistress Lovell as ever she had in madcap Nancy Heneage.”

The good woman smiled affectionately upon the sportive girl ; but shook her head mistrustfully at the pledge.

“I have hitherto had hard ado,” said she, “to tame down that wild spirit to the proprieties of life. What am I to hope *now*, when emancipated from maidenly submission ? Mistress Lovell will not fail to deride the sermons of an officious *gouvernante*.”

“You think not as you say !” cried the warm-hearted girl. “Be
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still, as ever, my monitress, my guide, my friend ! Teach me to be patient this day with the untowardly cub who is to be my husband, (nay, fie ! I will say so no more !) and to be henceforward as much a woman as may not prevent my remembering that I am still a child."

But they had no further leisure for discussion. The silken robes were to be hastily fitted on—the luxuriant locks of the lady bride to be reclaimed to order—while the chamber of daisies was to be prepared. News of the wedding was already rife in the house. The old housekeeper was in despair that the honours of her feast were curtailed for want of warning—the old butler found there would be scarce time to set the old October abroach, that had been brewed at the birth of his young lady—the gardeners complained that but for haste they might have welcomed the young lord (that was to be) under a triumphal arch of laurels—the chaplain grieved that he had no time to figure in a new surplice on an occasion foreshowing future preferment—and the attorney's clerks, who were scrivening away in Mr. Heneage's justice-room, grieved to be obliged to neglect the fair proportions of the German capitals, for which an extra item might have been made to figure in their master's bill of charges. All day long did household cares of this description besiege the careless ears of the trembling Anne. Already the world seemed in league to inaugurate her into the duties of matron-thrift ; seeing that for the first time the housekeeper presumed to torment her touching the consistency of her chicken-soup—the old nurse to demand whether the fine damask napery was to grace the board—and the old butler to require the recruiting of half the village to assist in burnishing up the service of family plate. All were in league to perplex her. Every tongue was prating of arras hangings, silver screws, codlings and cream, saltcellars and flagons—of anything and everything but the bridegroom ; and Anne, who was at first disposed to treat so highly his pretensions, grew gradually indignant at finding him of such small account.

Escaping first from the chamber where her father and Lord Lovell were dictating to the notary and his clerks, clause upon clause, touching the disposal, to the fiftieth generation, of farms, manors, and messuages—and next from that where Mistress Corbet was giving audience to grumbling turnspits and awkward lacqueys—poor Anne retired at length to her maiden-bower, drew every bolt against intruders, and sat her down to muse and meditate alone.

A hectic spot burned upon either delicate cheek—wild and hurried glances were in her eyes—strange sounds in her ears—strange tremors on her lip. Was not this all a dream ? Could the even tenor of her monotonous life be really broken by so unprecedented a vicissitude ? Was her springtide gone ere come ? or rather was her summer dawning before the closing of springtide ? Were her destinies already accomplished ? Was there to be henceforth no doubt, no fear, no hope—*no love*,—for how could wild fifteen invest with associations of love the coarse schoolboy who had been drilled by his father to pronounce that hasty, unmeaning marriage-vow ?

Anne Heneage drew a deep sigh—another and another ; and never

before had felt so much a child, as now when required to assume, for the first time, the self-possession of a woman. Pure from the corruptions of the world of silks and satins, flounces and furbelows, her notions of marriage were either wholly ideal or wholly positive. She was familiar with the married estate only in the homely experience of her village pensioners, or according to the ineffable visions of ethereal poesy. To the one and the other Arthur Lovell was alike repugnant. She detested the thoughts of tramping through life the hand-in-hand companion of such a boor; and could form no idea of the beller of cats, under the heroic helmet of Rinaldo, or inspired by the poetical frenzies of Orlando. In every point of view the animal was equally distasteful. She could suppose him kneeling down at his father's word of command, (like Dash, her spaniel, couching at her own,) to imprint a clumsy kiss upon her lily hand; he blushing to his ears at his audacity, she to hers at his awkwardness. Lucky that there were to be no spectators of this vexatious bridal! There would be no bearing the horse-laugh of their Oakham neighbours on witnessing the uncouth gallantries of the schoolboy groom.

Her father, meanwhile, had announced that at midday or soon thereafter, the young gentleman might be expected. But noon and an hour more were thrown into the past by the dial, and no bridegroom appeared. It is true that all was kept cautious and close within doors, while spies were stationed at given distances from the house, to afford timely information to Lord Lovell should strangers of suspicious appearance draw near, likely to betray to the men in authority in the town-council of Oakham the presence of a general of Charles Stuart within the limits of parliamentary usurpation. None but the household and the confidential people of Elias Wright were apprised of his lordship's sojourn; and young Lovell had been duly admonished by his father to bring only a single attendant in addition to the two despatched for his escort. It was not likely, therefore, that he would arrive with tumult or stately presentment; and but that her window overlooked the court-yard, it would have been possible for him to instal himself unnoticed.

But as the hours drew on, and no Arthur was announced, Anne Heneage grew first weary and then uneasy. If, after all this note of preparation, the "laggard in love" should fail to make his appearance? If he should refuse to obey the summons and fulfil the engagements framed by his father? For a single moment she felt that she could almost be moved to like him by so spirited an act of rebellion; the next, she recalled to mind, with a blush, the shame of being a rejected bride—rejected by a boy—rejected by an Arthur Lovell! Since morning, a world of womanly wisdom had ebbed and flowed over her heart; leaving behind, like other spring-tides upon the sand, gay shells, fragments of wreck, and tangled weeds!

At length, when three o'clock struck upon the harsh bell of the turret, Anne started up, exhausted by her feverish musings; and satisfied that she was safe for the day—that accident or obstinacy had secured her from the immediate solemnisation of her nuptials—grew gay and girlish as before. She laughed outright when a glimpse in the glass revealed her slight figure encumbered with the unwonted

trappings of bridal attire ; and, stepping back, performed a mock curtsy to the respondent form of the would-be Mistress Lovell.

But, lo ! as she rose laughing from the profound obeisance, a knock at her chamber door reformed her at once to gravity ; and resuming her more imposing attitude, she opened it to admit Mistress Corbet. The good woman was trembling from head to foot.

"Has any evil occurred?" cried Anne, recalling to mind the hazardous position of Lord Lovell.

"None, my dear child—none!"

"Then why thus agitated? You are in tears."

"I am sent to summon you to the presence of your father."

"Is he displeased then? Does the disappointment weigh upon his mind?"

"What disappointment, my sweet girl?"

The name of Arthur Lovell vibrated for a moment on the lips of Mistress Corbet's blushing pupil.

"He awaits you for the signature of the contract," interrupted her venerable friend. "The marriage ceremony will afterwards be performed at the altar in your father's oratory. All is prepared. Nay—blench not now, my dearest Anne! Remember the self-possession you promised me. Remember the submission you owe to the fondest of fathers."

"I do—I do!" faltered Anne, pale with emotion, as she clung to the arm of Mistress Corbet. "What else but submission to my father would determine me at this moment to risk my happiness on so fearful a casting of the die!"

CHAPTER IV.

The morrow's sun was high above the horizon, and all at Dalesdene Grange had returned to its ordinary routine of dulness and monotony, before Anne Lovell sufficiently recovered her presence of mind, to regard dispassionately the circumstances under which she had ceased to be Anne Heneage.

For she *was* wedded; a wife, and yet a child; a wife, and soon perhaps to become a widow! Already the sentiments with which she had been tempted to regard that hasty union were wholly changed. Her levity on the subject had given place to an almost womanly seriousness; and though her aversion to the match was strong as ever, she detested it, less on account of her contempt of Arthur Lovell, than from being fully conscious of his contemptuous opinion of herself. Unjust as she had been in her estimation of the bridegroom's merits, he had shown himself equally prejudiced in disfavour of the bride!

Again and again did she recur to the amazement of the moment, when, having entered, with trembling steps and downcast eyes, the chamber wherein the two fathers and the men of the law were awaiting her signature, she raised them timidly to seek the clumsy school-boy to whom she was to pledge away her destinies, and discerned in his stead, standing at the right hand of Lord Lovell, a noble-looking youth, in air, gesture, and countenance, how unlike to him who, only three years before, had visited Dalesdene, to provoke the disgusts of

its inmates! Reason was now enthroned upon his open brow—his frame was nerved by the vigour of manhood—his deportment restrained by the graces of high breeding; so handsome a stripling had never appeared in presence of the astonished Anne. *One* only change was dissatisfactory to her feelings! The mischievous boy had been her friend and admirer; the accomplished youth could scarcely restrain, even under the watchful eyes of his father, the disdain with which he regarded his bride.

At the moment when, startled by the novelty of the scene, the trembling girl, accepting a pen from the hand of Lord Lovell, subscribed her name for the last time as “Anne Heneage,” and led by the noble lord into the adjoining oratory, pronounced her irrevocable vows of love, honour, and obedience, all these discoveries had not yet appalled her heart. She beheld in her silent bridegroom a person overawed and shy as herself; or rather, she beheld him not at all, so great was her emotion at being strained alternately to the bosom of her father and Mrs. Corbet, as though some awful circumstance were befalling her. But when, having quitted the oratory, she received in the adjoining saloon the compliments of the witnesses, it struck her that *one* voice was silent which ought to have been loudest in its courtesies; and raising her eyes once more in search of him she had just sworn to love and venerate, she saw him leaning against the carved wainscoat—cold, stern, pale, disdainful—evidently scorning all pretence of taking part in the general joy.

They sat down to the wedding-banquet, and things went more contrarily than before. Old Elias Wright having been entrusted with the ordering of the festival, had taken upon him a notary's privilege of pleasantry, to place the chairs of the youthful bride and bridegroom side by side at the head of the table. And there they sat,—Anne fair as a lily, growing paler and paler, and graver and graver; while young Lovell, dark as a sapling pine, seemed every moment sinking into gloomier reflections. There was evidently not a grain of sympathy between the young couple; nothing in common—nothing affording, even in the remotest perspective, a promise of happiness or love.

Few as were the guests, Lord Lovell, though sorely ill at ease, felt himself called upon to divert their attention from the evil dispositions of his son and heir, by the affectation of an empty hilarity. In spite of the cares that were gnawing at his heart—(cares how tremendous, since they regarded the impending ruin of his king and country)—he talked, and jested, as he praised the Dalesdene venison and quaffed the Dalesdene wine. The notary's clerks, who had seen in him that morning a care-aged, ruined cavalier, pawning the honours of his house and the happiness of his son for gold to pave the predestined way of his unhappy prince, were amazed to find him so readily assume the jolly boon companion; indulging in snatches of old rhymes, so as occasionally to bring a blush to the discreet cheeks of gentle Mistress Corbet. They began to think that, had there been no Lady Lovell in the case, the father might have proved the apter bridegroom of the two; so loud and frequent were his challenges to his silent son to pledge a deep health to the lovely ladies of the

county of Rutland, in bumpers of Bourdeaux. It was not for strangers to conjecture that Lord Lovell dared not adventure a more explicit allusion to the name of his new daughter-in-law, lest Arthur should give direct offence by refusing justice to the toast.

Better, however, had he resigned the young gentleman unnoticed to his taciturn sobriety. Excited by the wine thus forced upon him, the disdains of young Lovell rose in offensive laughter to his lips. It had been impossible for any man less drowsy than the half imbecile Heneage to mistake the hollowness of the young man's mirth, or the scornfulness of his expression. It was as clear as day that he saw himself a sacrifice to the political necessities of his father!

Young as she was, Anne Lovell became quickly aware that she was despised by the haughty youth beside her; and the consciousness, instead of overpowering her gentle nature, roused in her soul a degree of womanly pride and courage hitherto dormant. She scorned to weep—she was resolved to seem insensible to everything short of outrage. She would not wound her father's feelings by showing him how wildly he had hazarded the happiness of his child; she would not give that boy—that insolent boy—occasion to triumph over her by proving herself sensitive to his scorn. Her vexations could not be of long continuance. In an hour or two the strangers were to ride forth in the dusk, and leave her anew to her solitude. She had leisure before her for tears. Her fortitude should at least outlast their ill-omened visit.

From the instant the young girl found strength for this noble resolution, she raised her hitherto downcast face—she encountered the defying glances of her young husband—she adventured more than one acute rejoinder to his arrogant remarks. But all this was lost upon Arthur Lovell. His eyes were blinded by the wine that was confusing his brain—by the indignation that was throbbing in his heart. He beheld, in the lovely young woman by his side, only the hoyden girl at whose expense he had played off his boyish pranks—only the rustic for whose fortune his liberty and person were bartered as a degrading bargain—only the ignoble offspring of a booby country squire, whose veins were furthermore polluted by the blood of a Leicestershire grazier.

Right welcome was it to Anne, when, at the removal of the cloth, the then treasonable toast of "Church and King," gave intimation to Mistress Corbet and herself to curtsy and withdraw; and she discovered that her father's chair, instead of being wheeled as usual with them into the adjoining room, was to remain stationary at the convivial board. She felt that she could not, at that moment, have supported the interrogations of her father. "Do not speak to me," cried she, having wept a few minutes unrestrained on the bosom of her kindly friend; "girl as I am, I see through all this;—girl as I am, I feel it as such insults *should* be felt. But do not attempt to console me. I can bear anything at this moment but compassion. My wounded pride will bear me up. When they are gone will I be yours again. At present, dearest friend, do not unnerve my courage."

"You see things in too dark a light, my poor child!" pleaded the

prudent Mistress Corbet. "This young man is apparently of a more wayward, wilful disposition than we knew of. But has my Anne no indulgence for those who are wayward and wilful? Time—absence—the discipline of the world—will bring down that haughty spirit."

"Until he is moved to pardon the presumption of the village wench who has presumed to become his wife!" interrupted the indignant bride. "*Mamma mia!*—I have a spirit too!—I was not prepared for this; but the surprise shall not overmaster my courage!"

And surmounting the tremulous weakness of her frame, Anne Lovell paced the room with impetuous footsteps, sweeping after her the silken robes and pendent ruffles with which Mistress Corbet had been at such pains to embellish her slender person; till the good woman, as she sat gazing after her, was almost awed to observe that her frame seemed in a moment to have expanded into womanhood, while the energy of her expressions forbad all expectation that her character would ever again relapse into the meekness of a child.

"The evening is gathering fast," cried Anne, stopping short at the bay-window, and suddenly looking out. "It will soon be dusk—they will be gone,—and *then* for the bitterness of my despair! O that I should already look forward to its indulgence as a luxury!"

"My dearest girl!" remonstrated Mistress Corbet, "this excitement is misplaced and unbecoming; you will find among the discourses of the learned Selden——"

"Discourse me no discourses!" interrupted Anne, passing her hand impatiently through the raven tresses which it had cost the good *gouvernante* so much pains to place in trimly array. "To-morrow, for wisdom and patience—to-night, for resentment and self-respect."

"Prove it then in a more dignified composure," rejoined Mistress Corbet, affectionately embracing her pupil, and wiping away two tears that stood in relief upon her marble cheeks. "My Lord Lovell explained to you at dinner that his graceless son has insisted upon bearing him company to the army, instead of retiring quietly to complete his studies at Lovell House."

"A resolution to have moved my respect and admiration," cried Anne, "but for the pains with which he caused me to understand that his reluctant consent to the ceremony of the day was purchased by his father's promise that he should bear arms in the royal cause."

"You mistake—you mistake!" pleaded Mistress Corbet; "the young gentleman did but imply that, if esteemed old enough to become a husband, he was old enough to become a soldier; and that, having urged as much upon the good sense of the noble lord his father——"

"No plausible emendations will smooth away the insolence of his declaration on the subject," persisted Anne. "But hark!—I hear the tramp of horses! Lord Lovell tarries too long within reach of his enemies. If Lambert's people should obtain intelligence of his being here!——"

"Fear nothing," replied her companion, looking out in her turn; "these are his lordship's people and led horses. The turret clock is on the stroke of seven."

"For once your eyes are clearer than mine," said Anne, with a

faint smile, dashing away the tears by which her own sight had been obscured ; and at that moment the door opened, and her father's chair being gently wheeled by Gervas into the chamber, she flew as usual to assist him, almost forgetting for a moment that she was a bride, and in presence of a contemptuous and abhorrent bridegroom. Arthur Lovell, slowly following the old gentleman into the room, stood aloof, without deigning to address her ; and when Mistress Corbet, hoping to accommodate matters, drew near to him with some trivial but conciliatory remark on the state of the weather, he replied by a peevish expression of impatience at his father's delay, Lord Lovell being still engaged in a few parting words with the men of the law.

"His lordship is giving instructions, I conclude, for his will and testament," observed the insolent boy ; "an instrument that may become the more needful, since, if we loiter another hour at this place, there is every probability of falling in with the advanced guard of the rebel army, when my Lord Lovell may be honoured with heading or hanging, according to the summary process of martial law, as a scout or spy."

The peace-making woman replied with becoming moderation, while Anne remained still more becomingly silent. Little did either of them suspect the honourable object which detained Lord Lovell at a crisis of such instant danger. Instead of accepting old Heneage's invitation to a stirrup-cup, Lord Lovell hastily drew into the embrasure of a window the confidential notary of his friend.

"You are, I trust and believe, an honest man," said Lord Lovell, with an abruptness which Elias Wright was prevented from resenting by the earnest gravity of his manner. "There is none here but yourself to whom I can confide my counsel, and no time to confide it to yourself in decent and becoming terms. You are the adviser of my worthy friend,—the guardian of yonder poor innocent victim ; and I would fain constitute you her champion and defender. This morning, sir, you doubtless saw in me a sordid wretch, weighing my son's honour and that maiden's happiness against thirty pieces of silver !—You misjudged me. I swear to you, by all that is holiest, had I *then* suspected the temper of Arthur Lovell, I would have gone back penniless to the feet of my unfortunate prince, rather than peril the peace of mind of my old friend's daughter. The broils of these disastrous times have estranged me from my home. For years past, I have taken less note than was my duty of the progress of my son's character. I guessed not what revolutions might be effected there by the influence of his mother and her haughty family. It may be that the flames which have been long smothering, do only now burst forth ; but, on the truth of a gentleman and a soldier, I no more dreamed of finding a Hotspur in the listless truant of my fireside, than the lovely and sensitive creature I now discern in poor Miles's hoyden daughter. Puzzled, vexed, thwarted throughout the day, I am overpowered at this parting moment by apprehension of the anguish of spirit my rash improvidence may have created. Yonder bags of gold, good Master Wright, become hateful in my eyes, as though they were the price of blood ; for, alas ! my fears admonish me that they are the forfeit of human happiness."

"Your lordship is over late in the discovery," replied Elias, bluntly. "We have been labouring all night and all day to strengthen with technical legalities a ceremony which already you seem to hold too binding."

"Add not reproaches to my heavy load of cares," cried Lovell, in a tone of deep despondency; "but rather promise that, should I be hurried off among the thousands who must fall to establish the permanence of King Charles's sovereignty, you will watch over the happiness of our gentle Anne. Her father is on the brink of the grave; brother, kinsman, friend, defender, hath she none."

"My grey hairs and peaceful garb, my lord," replied Elias, gravely, "scarcely constitute me an efficient antagonist for one of your son's temper and degree!"

"You have prudence sir,—you have knowledge of the law; should I fall in the contest which a few days must bring to issue, Heneage, as mortgagee to the full value of the estate of Lovell House, may take possession, and I implore you to impress upon his mind the necessity of devising both that and his own inheritance in trust for the separate use and benefit of his child."

"But since your lordship's son will share the chances of the campaign," observed the notary, "*he* also might become a victim to his loyalty."

"My brother, Sir Richard Lovell, would succeed to my title and entailed estates," interrupted Lovell hastily, having been already twice apprised that his horses and men awaited his pleasure for the bestowal of the charge of money. "Dick is the worthiest and warmest of living souls," added he; "should my brother survive me, my daughter-in-law will find a friend to aid you in your task; should he survive me and my son—a father. Let me therefore entrust you with a few words, to be delivered to him in case of such a contingency, corroborating the appeal I have now ventured to yourself."

And readily supplied with writing materials by Elias Wright, Lord Lovell indited a few lines, in the course of which his heavy sighs and undisguised emotion avouched the solemnity of their purport. Though unwilling to expose to the matter-of-fact notary the nature of his prognostications, he felt that he was recording the last instructions of a predestined man.

"If bad tidings of our fate should reach you," resumed his lordship, placing the letter unsealed in the hands of the man of business, *this*, in care and confidence to Dick Lovell: if *he* too should be swept away, it is to yourself only I dare look for the remedy of my fault. Farewell, sir. Sustain our cause with your prayers—sustain this house with your counsels; and should all prosper, count hereafter upon the gratitude and good faith of the ill-fortuned Lovell!"

Touched by the fervency of this address, old Elias strained the noble hand extended towards him. There was no misdoubting the sincerity of so worthy a heart.

"I crave pardon for intruding to remind your lordship that the night draws on, and that we have a long ride ere daybreak to get the start of the rebels," cried Arthur Lovell impatiently, unable longer to cope with the prosy exhortations of his new father-in-law, or the scrutiny of his silent wife.

" 'Tis well—'tis well !" cried Lord Lovell, following him to the presence of the family. " We are likely to be in more haste to find ourselves back at Dalesdene than now to cross its hospitable threshold. Arthur, see the sacks deposited in the saddle-bags, and carefully strapped to the cruppers. Master Wright, oblige me by overlooking the transport of this important burthen, which will prove as welcome at head-quarters as a well in the wilderness. My daughter !" continued he, approaching Anne, when the bridegroom and the notary had quitted the room, and none were present but the poor deaf invalid and the *gouvernante*, who was attending to his moans. " Forgive me what hath chanced this day—forgive me for having perilled thy future peace ! God's blessings be upon thee, my sweet Anne ! If I live, thou shalt never need a strong arm and true heart for thy defence ; if I die, Heaven itself will be thy fortress and thy defence. Be brave, be firm, be good——" He impressed a solemn kiss upon her fair brow in lieu of concluding his sentence ; for, at that moment of expanded feeling, he found it impossible to add the conclusion he had meditated—" and thou wilt be happy !"

Lord Lovell felt conscious that it was to eternal unhappiness he had consecrated the daughter of his friend !

In a few moments the tramp of departing steeds disturbed the stillness of evening ; and even the usually unobservant squire was of opinion that there was a degree of unnatural formality in the cold salutation deposited by the frozen lips of Arthur Lovell as a farewell token upon the fair hand of his bride.

ABSENT FRIENDS !

A NAVAL ANACREONTIC BALLAD.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

ABSENT FRIENDS ! absent friends ! let the toast gaily pass,
 From the heart through the lip shall its echo resound !
 He's no true British sailor who'd flinch from the glass
 That on Saturday night all the crew should go round !

Absent friends ! who still love us, wherever we roam,
 Whose smiles are the polar light guiding us home ;
 From the tropic's warm sun to the bleak northern star,
 Here's Health and God bless them, wherever they are !

Absent friends ! Absent friends ! 'tis a true sailor's toast
 Whate'er be his country, his kindred, or name !
 All, all, have some dear magic circle to boast,
 From the " mid " to the captain, each heart feels the same !

Absent friends ! we will pledge them while far off we roam,
 For our hearts, like the needle, still point towards home ;
 Though a tear in the eye of fond mem'ry is seen,
 Here's our wives and our sweethearts ! our country and queen

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.¹—No. VII.

SIR WILLIAM C. SMITH, LATE BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.

THE great reputation of Mr. Burke, and his devoted adherence to the cause of the Irish Catholics, rendered him almost an object of idolatrous affection in his native country. His views were broad, and much more liberal than were consonant with the narrow politics of that day. The leaders of that party at length determined to attach him more closely to their interests, and, accordingly, young Burke was invited over to advance their cause through the able co-operation of his father. The existing government was what is emphatically call a job, both in its administration and constitution; party spirit was powerful, but public spirit was at a sad ebb; the freedom of the great body of the people consisted in an oppressive burthen of penalties, incapacities, and a proscription of four-fifths of the population. Young Burke was a man of very amiable disposition and considerable understanding, but by himself wholly inadequate to discharge the onerous duties which his situation imposed on him. He had not the energy to bear up against the vehement storms raised by the ascendant party, nor the adroitness to manage the fiery and impatient spirit of some of the influential Catholics, or allay their absurd and ignominious squabbles. The Catholics confided more in the sympathy and commanding intellect of his father, whose famous letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe appeared a short time before, and paved the way for his son's important mission. He came over to Ireland, but the issue is too well known to require any consideration here. He was very well received, and among the companions whose friendship his father enjoined him to cultivate sedulously, was that of Mr. Smith—an intimacy anxiously sought for by himself, independently of the injunctions of his father. They had vowed eternal friendship at Butler's Court. He knew his strong influence with that body whom his embassy was to affect, and he longed for his active co-operation in a cause equally dear to both. Mr. Smith was absent from Dublin when his young friend arrived, but being made aware of his coming, he left a letter of introduction to his father, Sir Michael Smith, as appears from a passage in one of Mr. Burke's letters. "What I want you to introduce me to is his favourable opinion. We have not, indeed, met often, or known each other long, but on the day when I sat next you at Beaconsfield, it seemed to me we made as much progress in intimacy as could well be made in an afternoon, especially by two lemonade-drinkers, which I remember we were at that time. From the kindness of yours, which is now before me, it appears you have not forgotten the evening which I have been alluding to, and I am led to hope you will consider mine to have been too ceremonious, and will consider our Beaconsfield afternoon to have put me on a

¹ Continued from p. 15.

footing of more familiarity with you than I have used." On Mr. Smith's return he reciprocated the attention he received under the roof of Mr. Burke—his son was a continual guest at Sir Michael's table, where, as well as at Lord Charlemont's, he experienced all that benevolence and affection which his paternal virtues, as well as his own, so amply merited. He derived valuable counsel and co-operation from the confidence and understanding of Mr. Smith, of which his letters to his father bear generous testimony. In the mean while Mr. Smith's pen was fruitful in a rich variety of productions—poetry, in which, though he did not build the lofty, yet he raised the graceful rhyme—essays political and literary, witty epigrams, and sparkling pasquinades. There were verses to imaginary Naiads in North Wales, and the Naiads of Tears, heroics in Latin, and paraphrases in French. One elegant conceit, the fable of the "Rights of Waters," and a paper signed Peter Parallel, published in a periodical of the day, were very agreeable to his great model, as appears from the following good-humoured letter.

"I have taken possession of one of your packets, and will forward the other as you desire. *Peter Parallel* is a very pleasant fellow, and tells serious truths with considerable humour. I need not tell you how much my son admires the 'Vision,' for I know that he has told you this himself. But though I, too, thought highly of it from the first, you either must have improved it, or I appear to have done it scanty justice; but the fable of the 'Rights of Waters' * continues

* "RIGHTS OF WATERS.—A FABLE.

"In I know not what century after the flood, a spirit of tumult and philosophy is said to have moved on the face of the waters. Rivers which—and this could not be from want of reflection—had been quietly advancing within their banks for ages, now discovered themselves to be in such a state of depravity as required a recurrence to first principles for its cure, and Rights of Waters were making a rapid progress through the globe. It was urged that this confinement within banks was a restraint which they had heedlessly imposed on themselves, contrary to the liberal intentions of nature. They were created fountains with equal rights, and deemed it expedient to go back to their sources as the only means of accurate investigation. Their forerunners, it is true, had been submitting to coercion time out of mind. But what was this to them? The rights of living waters must not be thus controlled and sported away. Divisions of waters into lakes and rivers—springs and puddles, they unanimously decried, as mere civil, artificial, fantastic distinctions, and pushed their researches to that early period, when water came from the hands of its Maker. What was it then?—Water. Water was its high and only title.¹ Now a murmur went, that in the time of Noah a great aquatic revolution had taken place, when all things were reduced to a philosophic level; beneath the sanction of which precedent it was agreed by the rivers that they would not be imprisoned within banks any longer, nor driven headlong in one direction at the arbitrary will of fountains, but would shed their last drop in asserting the rights of waters. Obscure as to his origin, ungovernable in his temper, and a leveller in principles, Nilus led the way, and Egypt was covered with an inundation. Every cultivated inequality was overwhelmed, and all distinction levelled to uniformity. Nature was supposed to have

¹ "If we proceed on, we shall at last come out right. We shall come to the time when man came from the hands of his Maker. What was he then? Man—man was his high and only title."—*Paine's Rights of Man*.

to be my favourite, and this you certainly have retouched, and to good purpose. Your manuscripts too are in high request. Miss — declares that if she were a Naiad she would be afraid of you, though I have made her confess there is nothing satirical in your gallantry. C — says your French is exquisite, and as he is a Frenchman, and no flatterer, he may safely be trusted. I am no competent judge of this matter, but I certainly think your English is exquisitely tender. I write in haste, but hope I have said enough to prove, that if the muse should present you with any other pledges of attachment, they might be sent to nurse here with every prospect of success. You must not, however, become a poet or gallant, even of the Naiads. Nature meant you, or I am much mistaken, for something more respectable and useful. Yet I must confess that the compliments and regards with which I am charged are intended for the poet. But I, who am an old politician, naturally direct my adieus to the embryo statesman," &c. &c.

Besides the papers alluded to in the above letter, he also published, in 1793, a very able political essay, addressed to a society formed in Dublin under the appellation of "Friends to the Constitution, Liberty, and Peace." The object of its primal establishment was to serve as a counterpoise, by its moderation and constitutional assertion, to the "Society of United Irishmen," which was then beginning to present a very formidable appearance, from the number, rank, and influence of its members. Mr. Smith, however, suspected that they were not more devotedly attached to the objects of their institution than the association they undertook to outweigh. He saw as much attachment to the constitution, peace, and liberty, in the one as in the other. They published a long manifesto of the principles which were to guide their action, but he affected to discover in this declaration of political faith a tendency to put in peril that constitution and social order with which they charged the United Irishmen. He published an address to that body, which had the effect of dissolving the society. He was now destined to receive a severe shock in the death of a dear friend. Young Burke fell a premature victim to the most terrible of all diseases—pulmonary consumption. He had been returned for the borough of Maldon, and was about to revisit Ireland as secretary to the new governor, the Earl of Fitzwilliam. This grateful intelligence he communicated to Mr. Smith, who flattered himself with a long alternation of that affection which they entertained for each other. But they never saw each other more. He died at Cromwell.

resumed her rights, and philosophy admired the grand simplicity of ruin; when, lo! the tide of tumult ebbed, and eminences were seen to lift their heads above water. The party was daily continuing to gain ground, and all things tended to a counter revolution. What had first been deemed the effort of enlightened virtue was now looked on as the rush of inconsiderate violence. What originally seemed calculated to further the views of nature was now seen to be directed in opposition to her will; while events suggested that to oppose her was dangerous—to conquer her impossible. Such are the result and moral of this enterprise. His forces all subdued, the baffled Nile retreated to his channel, after having reluctantly served the landed interests of Egypt by his hostile descent, though, like the commotions of the Seine, this also produced monsters."

House, and his disconsolate friend had barely time to be present at his obsequies. In his last years he used to narrate, almost in tears, the interview he had with the unhappy father some days after the burial of his beloved son. When Mr. Burke first saw him, he burst suddenly from apparent composure into the wildest and most passionate grief; he threw himself on his shoulder, and gave vent to his overwhelming sorrow in a gush of tears, accompanied with heart-breaking sobs. "Oh, Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith—my beloved Richard is gone! There is no hope for my grey hairs at this side of the grave! The comfort of my house—the stay of my miserable old age! Oh, oh—I shall never see him in this world!" And then he renewed his terrible grief, and flung himself on his face and hands on a sofa. Like Priam, he had to mourn his Hector—he had none to meet his enemies at the gate. To use his own words in his philippic on the Duke of Bedford—his hope—his consolation—his helper—his counsellor—and his guide—was gone!

We now come to another and important epoch in his brilliant career. The Roman Catholics had already achieved a triumph, but a very incomplete one, in a relaxation of some of the worst provisions of that iron institution—the penal code. One donation was of incalculable importance—the extension of the franchise to forty-shilling freeholders. It gave a view of moral power to a numerous class of the population, and, by investing them with a portion of their rights, increased their strength and nourished an appetite for more. This feeling combined with the mighty labours of Grattan, whose superhuman eloquence made every fibre of the national frame tremble with a consciousness of its right to liberty. During the vast and momentous struggle with the fierce and jealous spirit of England, from 1782 to the period at which we are now arrived, 1795, he wisely removed their pressing claims from the foreground of the picture, lest any evil spirit of discord should mar the patriotic and unbroken unanimity through which alone Ireland could hope to attain that independent exaltation which his exertions struggled vainly to secure; but now, after the existence of a free parliament for thirteen years, he turned to the advocacy of that question, whose success he well knew was the sole anchor by which the rights and liberties of Ireland could be held fast. The independence of that nation is a bodiless phantom, the great majority of whose population are slaves—the permanent security of that nation is past all hope, whose unanimity is continually liable to dissolution from the rancour and disaffection which necessarily originate in an unjust privation of liberties. He heard the distant roar of the union-surge, and was anxious for a cordial and united crew to man the guns and prepare for the conflict. Unfortunately, the parliament was haughty and stubborn in its refusal, and on this rock the state-galley split and went to pieces. His wonderful and inflaming oratory, together with the convulsed state of the popular mind from the inflammation of French politics, which still lurked in the country, operated forcibly on the more sensible and rational, to the conviction of extending the claims of the oppressed party. This wise inclination generated a corresponding bitterness among the men of the ascendancy. Matured reason was encountered with precipitate violence, unanswerable

argument with tyrannous assertion, and the demands of a people with the scoffs of a faction. In this melancholy state of things recourse was had by many of the friends of the Catholic party to the noble and sober wisdom of Mr. Burke, who, of all living men, was best able to aid them, by the soundness of his counsel as well as his commanding position—for, though fallen, he had lost little of his original brightness. Of the number who had recourse to his suggestions was Mr. Smith. He was now a member of the Irish legislature for the borough of Lanesborough, and before he adopted any fixed policy on a question which appeared so pregnant with difficulties, he resolved to consult his friend. His situation was a peculiar one—his father was of the Protestant, his mother of the Catholic persuasion; as he says himself, “What was I to do? two of my lineal and paternal ancestors were officers in William’s army, and fought and fell on his side—*Audi alteram partem*—my maternal family, a very amiable one, was Catholic, their politics were essentially Jacobite, and a distinguished member of that family followed the fortunes of the Pretender.” Though educated a strict Protestant, and having the additional advantage of being nephew to the celebrated Dr. Duigenan, from whom he received many an orthodox lecture both in religion and politics, he breathed out of the atmosphere of bigotry, and generously resolved to discharge his duties to the religion of his mother—not because he was solely influenced by filial regard, but because he thought a well-regulated liberty would consolidate the interests of the country, and restore unanimity where all before menaced dissolution. The first communication of importance which Mr. Burke received after the death of his son, when his mind had turned from its profound grief to a state of comparative composure, was a long letter from Mr. Smith, on the question which then divided Irish society. As a composition it is admirable both in matter and language, full of wise and constitutional sentiments, which proves how his progress in knowledge kept pace with his progress in years. We shall extract a few passages; they contain the fine germs of that high enthusiasm which he ever after exhibited, without deviating a moment, in the cause of the Irish Catholics.

“I am about to make a very usual return for great kindness by imposing a further tax on him from whom I have received it. The funds, however, on which I draw, whatever your modesty or prudence may induce you to allege, are universally known to be abundant. Besides, what I ask for is advice, in giving which you can furnish me without impoverishing yourself. You are aware that a measure of vast importance will shortly come before parliament. I mean that on which the Catholics have judiciously enough bestowed the title of Emancipation. I feel the magnitude of this question, and wish greatly to have upon it the assistance of your views. Your opinion I anticipate, or more properly speaking know, and what I now solicit from you is rather an outline (I cannot presume to look for more) of the grounds on which your judgment has been formed.”

* * * * *

“I have not imbibed prejudices at all hostile to the professors of that

religion. My father, whose line of politics it would be my wish to pursue, as long as he was in parliament, supported their pretensions. My mother, a most excellent woman, and all her family, are Catholics, between whom and me a cordial and affectionate intercourse exists. But, knowing my connexion with Dr. Duigenan, you may suspect me of having taken up some of his opinions, seasoned too with a portion of his warmth and zeal. This, however, I assure you, is far from being the case. He is a well-informed, able, and I think upright man, with an intellect perhaps coarse, but, above all question, strong. But his views are very different from mine. There is something, as it were, dissonant and antipathetic in the frame and constitution of our minds; and of whatever friendship there subsists between us, neither the *idem velle* nor the *idem nolle* are the source. Besides, he had ever held me and my understanding very cheap, and though his estimate may have been a just one, it was not calculated to seduce me into an implicit adoption of his thoughts."

* * * * *

"The longer the provocation lasts, the more exasperation and ill blood will be produced, and the greater the risk which must at length perhaps be run. If, then, the restrictive ought at some time to have an end, what better moment could be chosen than the present, when, from the loyal conduct they pursued hitherto, it may be inferred they have not yet been stung or stimulated into disaffection—a moment in which allegiance is exposed to unprecedented perils and temptations—when swarms of innovators are busy in every quarter of the country—when old establishments are sloping their heads to their foundations, and all that is passing around in the world seems to inculcate the necessity of cementing, for our own security, *id firmissimum imperium quo obedientes gaudent!*"

The following passage is not more beautiful than just: the reasoning is unanswerable, for it is founded on the principle which animates all argument, and that principle is justice.

"We ought not, if it can be avoided, to inflict upon our brethren the unkindness which she* feared from imperious enemies for her son: we ought not to hold the cup of privilege to their lips, and then stint them to a mere relish, better calculated to inflame their thirst than to assuage it. This is not a moment merely for doing strict and penurious justice, but for gratifying feelings and exciting zeal. Suppose the Catholics are now requiring what may be called the necessities and ordinary sustenance of life, and not a regale of honours and distinctions to please the palate and soothe the pride of their ambition—why should they not ask this? Why should they not obtain it, if it can be given with safety—if it can be given without manifest and very serious danger? Why should Catholics be doomed to thirst in vain for honours, the thirst for which is an incentive to public spirit, and has perhaps its origin in public virtue? Why

* Alluding to the very exquisite and mournful apprehension of the wife of Hector for the slavery of her child Astyanax, in the twenty-second book of the *Iliad*.

should the genial current of their fair affections and natural appetites be frozen? Or how at least can we who freeze it, require that it should flow warmly for our defence? Can we prevent a Catholic from feeling that he is as well entitled by nature to distinction as we are? That he is as well qualified as any Protestant for filling an eminent situation with credit to himself and glory to his country? Or what more serious peril can we well incur than that of convincing this great body of our countrymen, that under the present order of things they must stifle their fair ambition, for that we consider their depression as a *sine qua non* of our safety?"

* * * * *

Mr. Burke's powerful and liberal reply to this letter is well known: he expressed in it the sentiments of a man of sense, and the principles of a great statesman. If any doubt existed before in the mind of Mr. Smith as to the course he was to adopt in parliament on this subject, it was wholly removed by the argumentative wisdom and bold enthusiasm of his political master. Mr. Grattan now introduced his measure of relief in one of those astonishing fusions of reason and eloquence, which even, in his last days, converted the proud fastidiousness of Pitt into admiration; but though the liberal party was triumphant in all that deserves, but cannot command, success, their efforts were unavailing. Mistaken prejudice and insensate bigotry flung back their demands in the teeth of the Catholics,—a result productive of direful consequences—the rebellion and the union. In the debate Mr. Smith shone with the most distinguished lustre—fully did he sustain the high character of his genius. "For two hours," says Grattan in a note to Lord Charlemont, "young Smith delighted the house with a stream of majestic and imposing oratory—consummate ability shone in every period. Every sentence was a constitutional aphorism: his language reminded me of the brilliant tenderness of Fox, and the luxuriant imagery of Burke; but he was more classical and concise than either. *O Dei boni—quantum adolescentulum!*" The Earl of Fitzwilliam was recalled not long after, and his removal was only the swelling prologue to a dismal tragedy—blood and carnage were to fill up the first four acts, and the curtain was to fall on the catastrophe of the union. Of the movements of Mr. Smith in parliament from this period up to 1798, I have been unable to collect any matters of peculiar interest. However, he began to look forward to dignities; and, as the best mode of accomplishing his design, attached himself more closely to the ministerial party. Whoever will blame him for so inglorious a connexion, must remember that, independently of personal ambition, he was under some obligation to the administration—his father being promoted to a Baron of the Exchequer, and himself invested with a silk gown. On all momentous questions the Castle calculated on his support, though on some he divided with the opposition. Matters in parliament soon manifested symptoms of an inevitable decline. In 1792, a cloud, at first not bigger than a man's hand, gradually began to extend itself, until in 1797 it assumed an alarming and portentous appearance. From that time events moved forward in an uninterrupted funereal procession. Many

of the causes in which they originated are well known—many we cannot trace from our imperfect knowledge of human history, which must necessarily leave many of the internal causes unexplained that affect the destinies of nations. But of all which interfered with the rising fortunes of Ireland, the paramount cause is ascribable to the commercial jealousy of England. So long before as 1786, Burke replied to the ungenerous murmurs of the Bristol merchants in one of his masterpieces of argument. Ireland had commenced a brilliant reckoning, and the glory of her opening promised greatness. All her efforts to exalt her head among the number of free and independent nations were devised with consummate skill, and crowned with complete success. Her manufactures were beginning to arise under the protection of a senate that would do honour to Rome when Rome did honour to Nature. Everything promised a future of prosperity and glory, but, as has been wisely remarked, a common soldier—a child—a girl at the door of an inn—have changed the face of fortune, and almost of the world. The unjustifiable remonstrances of a few English merchants to the British minister swelled at length into the importance of an universal commercial cry. Pitt too had not forgotten the Regency Question—he remembered it with bitterness, though he spoke of it with calmness. From that day all his thoughts were expended on the best mode of abating that high spirit in the Irish Parliament which battled with his English majority, in a very unworthy cause it must be confessed. Come what may, he determined that the star of Ireland must descend. Independently of the deep-laid treachery of the minister, there were no marks of visible decline—the fortune of the nation was proportioned to its ambition. The struggles of Flood and Grattan—the convention of the volunteer delegates—the defeat of Reform—and the other causes to which the abettors of her ruin attempted to trace the final dissolution of Ireland, so far from contributing to her doom, only sharpened the national mind, and expanded its intellect to a more enlarged comprehension of its commercial and political interests: party animosity, in a sense destructive to nationality, there was none: however men differed in domestic legislation, all were firmly resolved never to succumb to the strong power of England. The difficulties which the conflicts of party continually generate in independent communities confirm their power. But the green-eyed monster, in nations as in individuals, will seize on the most absurd pretences, and the differences of Irish parties were, in the hands of enemies, made ready instruments of destruction. Unchecked by remorse—spurning the recognised maxims of international policy, the stern despotism of England resorted to the terrific plan of cutting the throat of Ireland, and then to make it appear that the victim was guilty of suicide, and by a verdict of *felo de se* to have her parliament confiscated to England. True it was, the deed was accomplished by her, but the act was no more self-inflicted than his whose dagger is driven to his own heart by the hand of another. Pythagoras was no less delighted with the fruit of his laborious meditations than Pitt with the scheme of Irish rebellion—the policy was cruel and unmanly, but admirably conceived for the purposes of the minister. All the instruments of discord

were put in motion—the full enginery of scheme and plot “toiled like the bellows of the Lemnian forge.” A few cottages were first burned in the county of Wicklow by a company of Welsh fencibles—the people resisted—troops were poured in—the people associated in rebellious bodies—the Orange yeomanry were armed—martial law proclaimed! The Irish representatives were bewildered: Grattan had left the senate—so did Curran; no remedy was offered to calm the general flame. Lord Castlereagh presided over the hell-broth, and made it boil bravely; until at length Ireland staggered, and reeling like a wounded man from exhaustion of blood, fell prostrate at the feet of England. But there is a terrible energy, the energy of despair, which often gives the muscles of the dying man a power greater than human. The same convulsive force marked the last struggle of Ireland for the retention of her liberty. The armed doctrine—Freedom in arms—perished with the volunteers. Every opposition to British supremacy promised to be as imbecile as futile. Gold was squandered as lavishly as blood. Titles and offices fell like a shower of snares—mitres for bishops—coronets and ermine for apostate representatives—the bench was dishonoured by the precedence of treason to patriotism—the bar was dishonoured by the preference of ignorance to knowledge. But I am somewhat premature. As the vehemence of Castlereagh and Cooke increased for a union, the enthusiasm of the virtuous friends of Ireland, still powerful, waxed earnest and energetic. Night after night the House of Commons shook with the bolts of a burning eloquence—fierce and scorching anathemas were hurled at the minister and his band of traitors, but Castlereagh had muscles as rigid as a steel rod, and a cheek that rarely blanched. His intrepidity was equal to his impudence, and his commanding arrogance to both. During this eventful strife, Mr. Smith was among the firm supporters of the Castle—he was conspicuously seated beside Secretary Cooke, who set a high value on his skill and sagacity. Contrary to his admonition, he hazarded a division in the session of 1799, and was soundly beaten. A vast exultation now pervaded the land—men grasped each other with an almost fraternal embrace, but their joy was of transitory duration. During the recess the Exchequer was profusely robbed—nothing was left undone that human power could effect—the organisation of profligacy was now more perfect. Castlereagh could know the purchase of a man by looking at his eyes. He came down in January 1800 to renew the question of a union with redoubled energy and sanguine hopes of success.

When a nation is in distress, minds are always found to elevate themselves to the occasion. When the constitution is menaced, men there will be to remember the consular injunction of old, “that the state should suffer no detriment.” The spirit of the ancient senate, at the period we allude to, filled the Irish bar. They assumed a tone of vehement and passionate remonstrance, mingled with a calm and dignified firmness, which gave a union of animation and strength to their cause. The manly intellect that impregnated their councils was not less powerful than their enthusiasm; both formed a rare combination, which probably would not have been without success,

had not the fortune of Ireland already sloped its head, and withheld the universal crash, only until the last remaining buttress was undermined. The time called for exertions in no vulgar mode, and the splendid harmony of all that was brilliant in genius, and virtuous in patriotism, indignantly responded to the call. There were no whining lamentations—no unmanly indications of fear or weakness. Firm in purpose, and armed with that generous resolution which pervades and springs from a just cause, they assumed a front of power, and boldly met the minister on the threshold of the constitution with the strong and cheering cry of—"No Union." They thundered a fierce and burning eloquence against it, that often agitated the imperturbable brow of Castlereagh. "Will nothing," he used to exclaim, "check the fury of these terrible lawyers? Place cannot seduce them—gold cannot muzzle them. Cooke, they must be hushed, though we were to empty the treasury into their stomachs." But the terrible lawyers were as implacable as destiny—they were determined to stem the union torrent, if the exertions of the human intellect could accomplish it. They wrote still more luminously and eloquently than they spoke. Over one hundred pamphlets issued from the bar alone against the measure. The present Chief Justice Bushe directed a timely volley of wit, learning, and sarcasm, whimsically styled, "Cease your Funning," against a very inargumentative firman of Mr. Secretary Cooke's, somewhat dogmatically entitled, "Unanswerable Arguments for an Union." John Ball, one of the ablest lawyers, and among the first of the inflexibly virtuous and incorruptibly firm to the perishing interests of his country, demolished a pyramid of ministerial sophisms in a brilliant and learned essay, which embraced every topic bearing proximately or remotely on the question. Mr. Saurin and the late Judge Jebb also took the field—conspicuous above all others in their opposition, at a time when opposition assumed almost the character of personal bitterness. Their chivalrous energy attracted the attention of all, where there were so many to divide the admiration. Mr. Smith now came forward, and took up the patriotic cestus which they had so daringly thrown down. Like the knights of old, they offered the advantage of sun and wind to any combatant who would venture to enter the lists. Ministerial attention was directed to Mr. Smith, whose celebrity as an acute thinker and beautiful writer was universally acknowledged. He undertook the duty of levelling the lofty doctrines of Saurin and Jebb—doctrines essentially dangerous to the principles of ministerial action, and conveyed in a stream of scorching eloquence, which carried terror in its progress. A series of letters, signed "A Member of the Bar," appeared in reply, which were well known to have been the production of Mr. Smith, although they possessed little of that elegance of style and closeness of reasoning which characterised his accomplished mind—a rough and broken phraseology was substituted for his habitual smoothness. They were penned with frankness, but undistinguished for boldness, and unclothed with the graces which his clear and classic intellect threw around every subject. Eloquence they had none, and less of wisdom; both are the usual accompaniments of justice and truth. The subject of his advocacy was unsupported by both. The

parricide of one's country can muster little nerve in support of a cause which he knows is mortal to its honour and independence:—the dissolution of a nation is mournful; and he who participates in the crime, and is conscious of the consequences, must tremble at his own act. Under such circumstances, language, however carefully dissembled, will still tell a tale of the heart. This is natural—it is a matter of general occurrence in life. Mr. Smith saw—meditated on the wrong. He was too rational not to perceive the character of the wound which the federation was about to inflict—he beheld the daily progress of Ireland in all that promotes public prosperity, and embellishes public life. Commerce arising from her swathing-clothes, and in the short space of sixteen years—how poor a segment of time in calculating the commercial epochs of other countries!—stretching out a hundred arms, and bringing home the produce of every clime—internal trade augmenting beyond all parallel—agriculture spreading—art beautifying—literature and science refining—all he must have seen, and been convinced of the injustice; but he was ambitious. Ambition rendered the union a delightful measure to him—it was a *coulour de rose*, through which he saw everything connected with it. The union breathed heavenly odours—"sweet marjoram and blissful amaranth." Until then, Ireland was only in an Aurelia state—after, she was marked by fate for every enjoyment—she was to spread out her purple wings, and sport in the golden sunshine of perpetual summer. The Festival of Flowers in Cashmere was only a sorry type of the exquisite delight in store for her. The moral consequences were not to be less rich and valuable than the political and commercial. A glory and civilisation, such as no nation ever witnessed since the foundation of society, were to be the precious fruits of a generous confidence in England—a pure and healthy morality was to spread like light over the land—the primeval simplicity of the patriarchal days was to be witnessed again in fortunate Ireland—every man would sit in the shadow of his own fig-tree, and smoke the calumet of peace. Such was the magnificent millennium which his brilliant imagination affected to behold in the distance, but the augur survived long enough to witness the falsehood of his prediction—melancholy realities were substituted for his picturesque fancies, and a long muster-roll of disasters dispelled his pompous visions of prosperity that never came, and glory never restored.

No man ever seemed to act more firmly on the tremendous maxim, that in great affairs men are not to be wicked by halves, than Mr. Pitt. In his Irish policy this was his guiding principle—he carried it into operation in the whole course of his conduct. Unrestrained by timorous or imperfect virtues in reaching the object of his ambition, even though a people were to be desolated—when he saw the war of pamphlets to fail, and the argumentative combat, by which he hoped to have secured a footing in public opinion by false pictures of future advantage, to have cut away the ground from his own feet—for defeat pursued him in every successive encounter—he shifted his position, and tried a different experiment. *Tædet harum quotidianarum formarum*—the silliness of reason grew tiresome—he would trust no further to argument, and so reverted to the notable expedient of Philip of Mace-

don. He sent another ministerial ass, laden with gold, into the House of Commons ; and although the first attempt failed, he knew the value of reiterated applications, and that time offers only a frail and passing obstacle to the final realisation of the design tried and verified by the astute politician of old. There were prejudices to be softened, and patriotism to be subdued into acquiescence ; but there was a solvent property in gold, of whose forcible efficacy he was well aware. All being at length arranged—in other words, an absolute majority having been purchased with an additional half million and a profuse shower of titles, places, and pensions—Lord Castlereagh, with the resolute daring of a brigand, came down, and the last debate in the Irish parliament commenced. Many were the emanations of a gorgeous and massive eloquence ; but of all the displays that ever fulminated there, where all was usually grand, the closing one was the grandest—not even excepting the 16th of April, 1782. The struggle then was for elevation—the last was for life : Ireland was then a proud galley with crowded canvass, and a thousand streamers wooing the kisses of the wind, with a skilful helmsman and an exulting crew : what a change !—she was now without streamer or sail—dismasted and water-logged—tossed about, the sport of every wind, at the mercy of every wave ; while her fearless though diminished crew swore never to abandon her while they had footing on a single remnant of the wreck. Poor Grattan, whose sensitive mind corroded his body into a painful sickness at the dismal prospects of his country, was supported into the house by his friends George Ponsonby and the present Judge Moore. When the motion was made for the incorporation of the two countries, he feebly rose, and, after a few hesitating periods, burst the trammels of weakness and disease, and rose into one of those storms of eloquent thunder and lightning with which he so often before electrified that assembly. The guilty were appalled—the faithful were confirmed. Higher in matchless oratory he never ascended—he who had often soared so proudly. Few eyes were without tears : there was ample material to stir the blood to mutiny, and put every manly feeling in indignant motion, and a master was there to compound the inflammatory ingredients. So overpowering was the effect, that Castlereagh had strange and very allowable apprehensions of the constancy of some of the purchased recreants on the treasury bench. He was seen to flit round from seat to seat, whispering resolution into the ears of the suspected in faith, while deafening shouts of execration, from benches and galleries, saluted his ears, as he moved intrepidly onward in his career of exhortation. Plunkett, Saurin, Bushe, Ball, completed what their leader left undone ; they caught up the echo, and shook the house with the force of their burning invective—the people in the galleries answered in shouts of maddened joy, and communicated the enthusiasm to the thousands who filled the long corridors and porticoes outside, and from them to the dense mass of expectant citizens who covered the entire space from the College to the Castle. Hitherto Mr. Smith was silent, until John Egan, better known by the name of Bully Egan, chairman of Kilmainham, arose. Though poor in circumstances, all the gold in the treasury could not weaken his devotion. A title and judgeship were at his service, but he sternly refused the offer : his answer was, “ I shall perish

before I handle the money of a traitor." Few entertained a doubt that his situation of chairman of Dublin would not have influenced his vote ; but Egan was composed of sterner stuff. After a short and eloquent speech, in which he levelled a volley of rebuke at Mr. Smith, who occupied a conspicuous seat on the ministerial benches, he stretched himself to his full height, flourished a huge stick, which always accompanied him, half a dozen times round his head, and triumphantly exclaimed, "*Ireland ! Ireland ! by G—d, for ever ! and damn Kilmainham !*" Every eye was turned on Mr. Smith—he quietly folded his arms until the storm of invective passed by. Mr. Moore and he rose together, but he gave way, and when the former had concluded a short and energetic speech against the measure, he rose and delivered a long and luminous display, which was principally directed against some embarrassing points of constitutional law contained in a powerful speech of the Speaker's, and concluded in these cool and memorable words—"I explicitly declare my decided opinion, without pretending to estimate the weight which that opinion ought to have, that Parliament is as competent to make a union, as it is to enact a turnpike bill." Egan was looking round for a friend to convey an early message for the fierce attack he anticipated on account of his unsparing censure, but when he heard his opponent conclude with the turnpike act, his vengeance was stilled, and he involuntarily burst into a loud fit of laughter. This was the signal for tumult, and the constitutional orator resumed his seat amid a storm of groans and jeers. His own party was silent, while the opposition rang with the turnpike cry. But this infelicitous illustration did not terminate here ; it was taken up with avidity, and made the subject of epigram and song. For months the poets' corner was filled with anagram, rebus, and charade—all about the unfortunate bill ; the multifarious produce of barren imagination was lavished on his devoted head, and he was for a long period familiarly known by the soubriquet of Turnpike Smith,* a prænomen which he bore with much good composure. The debate at length closed—Lord Castlereagh wound up in one of his most irrational and illogical orations—the Speaker took up the resolution, looked at it mournfully and with a faltering voice, and his face covered with tears, put the usual question—the ayes had it—he then dashed the paper on the table, and, with his face hidden in his hands, moved from his seat to the entrance. When he reached the door, he paused for a moment, turned slowly back, as if to contemplate for the last

* We extract from one of the journals of the day a specimen of that low, barren satire, frigid and pointless, which was levelled at him. In the height of its vulgar zeal, it ascribes irreligious opinion to him, than which nothing was less founded on truth. "*New Works.*—A New Essay on Man ; a poem, addressed to his dear friend, the Polish Prince, *Vassalinski*. By Mr. William Union. *Note.*—This poem bears no feature of the philosophy of Pope or Bolingbroke, except in the actual tinge of atheism, ascribed to the bard of Twickenham, for throughout it is evident that the author is of opinion that men have no souls, &c. &c."

"A Scheme for making Friendly Nations more Friendly. By the Same.

"A Dissertation on the Law of Turnpikes ; in which the author attempts to show that Parliaments are constituted on the same principles as Toll Gates, and that as the Majority of Turnpike Commissioners have to remove a Toll Gate, a Majority in the House of Commons, by the same unanswerable argument, can abolish the Constitution of Ireland."

time that noble hall where a nation was won and lost, lifted up his hands as though he called down vengeance on the destroyers of his country, and rushed along the corridor like a maniac. All the opposition rose immediately, and left their seats in a body. They had now yielded up to despair, the sun had at length gone down, and the darkness of extinguished hope was over the land. Lord Castlereagh and his friends remained, and after the general formalities were gone through, the bill was declared to have passed. Not a murmur of applause was heard—the minister had achieved a vast triumph—it was the commencement of a new era for England. His supporters wore few signs of joy—the contagion of regret infected them while they administered the last fatal dose. There was, however, one exulting heart that panted thick with delight over the ruin: he had accomplished his mission, and when the object was fulfilled, with what contempt must he have contemplated the men beside him, who bore corruption as a frontlet between their eyes—whose heart and voice operated in such different directions! Mr. Smith always pleaded as an apology for that vote the promises of Pitt to give an ample measure of freedom as a remuneration for the support of the Catholic bishops. Many men of weak intellect, though of acknowledged integrity, were seduced into an acquiescence of the union under the expectation of a rapid fulfilment of ministerial promises; but, granting them the full extent of their good intentions, we fear, in estimating their motives, they will not be found guiltless of the havoc of Irish independence.

Barrington, in severe and cutting sarcasm, said of Mr. Smith that he was four days in the week patriotic, and three a traitor. His conduct I shall not designate by so harsh a name, to find an alliteration, and perhaps lose a truth; but whatever were the impulses that swayed him, he was now about to reap the rich reward of his devotion. His services were powerful, and the heaven-descended minister, whatever were his faults, and they were multitudinous, had the generosity to remember a service. *Munera propter merita* was the principle of his official action—a quality, be the services good or ill, the least akin to vice. When Sir J. Stewart resigned the solicitor-generalship in 1800, he was appointed. Many men of greater pretensions and more profound legal knowledge were passed over to make way for him. How he discharged the duties of that office, at that time the most onerous and responsible, I have not been able to ascertain—he was then young, with little professional skill, for how could he cultivate with success the mysteries of that science, in which, above all others, experience must be extensive and varied?—he whose early life was spent in the flower-garden of literature, and the later consumed in devising arguments to annihilate the native parliament—arguments which consumed more time in the contrivance, because the doctrines, whose vitality they affected to destroy, were unanswerable—such a man could scarcely be suited to the discharge of so important an office. The Irish solicitors, always a powerful and influential class, were the most inflexible opponents of the union; they saw the vast ruin entailed on their profession by that measure: parliamentary bills—petitions—local enactments—all the multifarious and costly

machinery connected with a native legislature, of which a considerable portion was necessarily worked by their agency, had all disappeared. The Irish Peers had flown to another clime, and carried away a profitable expenditure. These and many other motives influenced their minds, and originated a bitter hostility against the union and its supporters. Their ardour for its opponents was proportioned to their hatred of its abettors. Lord Plunkett was then the god of their patriotic idolatry. Bushe, Goold, Barrington, Burroughs, —even that imperfect lawyer who hurraed for Ireland and damned Kilmainham, shared the favour of the solicitors. Mr. Smith, although solicitor-general, and a prominent candidate for more exalted honours, was looked on by them with coldness, if not with disrespect. The portentous turnpike bill was still ringing in their ears—they yet beheld him at the left hand of Castlereagh nodding assent to his un-Irish sentiments and vulgar phraseology—he was one of the odious majority of 276. Thus a universal conspiracy was formed against his interests, and his bag was as small and attenuated as his frame. He boldly reciprocated the aversion: if they frowned, he smiled—if they hated, he despised. Gifted with that fiery and impassioned temperament which scorns to pay court where the advances are likely to be received with cold reserve, he breathed his own atmosphere, and kept sedulously aloof from an intercourse unacceptable to others, and loathing to himself. Besides, he did not care “to bend the supple hinges of the knee,” that business may follow in the wake of adulation, knowing well that the day was not far distant when he should stand independent of their good or evil wishes. For nearly three years he continued solicitor-general, when a brilliant change occurred in his fortunes. Baron Metge died, and being then about thirty-four years old, he was appointed puisne baron of the Exchequer, while his father, Sir Michael Smith, filled the chair of the Rolls. He was now in full possession of all that his early ambition thirsted for. It was indeed a novel sight—half pleasurable, half painful—to behold a young man—certainly of superior talents, but of talents too green in experience, and untrained to that ramified knowledge of law which should alone recommend a man to the dignity and gravity of the ermine—singled out from the host of illustrious lawyers and consummate orators which then thronged the bar, and put on the bench to administer a science in which he was comparatively unskilled. What a blaze of mighty names shone around, distinguished by their knowledge and practice, from whom a more valuable and popular selection might have been made! There was ample material for twenty “ermine Solons” in the eminent group which had been passed by. The choice fell on him! Whatever displeasure his elevation excited at the bar and without it—at the bar, because matured wisdom was neglected to yield to what they deemed incompetence—without it, because the people could not well believe that the man who was candidate for national dishonour in 1799, and by his flexibility to power proved so detrimental to his country—that he who had been pliant in politics, could be firm and just on the judgment-seat. But in the whole range of judicial history there never existed a man who so nobly falsified all preconceived opinions of his competency or integrity—who so triumphantly vindicated

his character from ignorance or aspersion. He rose over all the low and vulgar feelings which misconception did not hesitate to ascribe to him, and proved a solidity of mind and an intrepid love of freedom which have consecrated his name in Irish history. A sorry creature must he be, who has not learned that genius bloweth where it listeth : he did not follow in the broad path of prerogative and privilege on which the popular predictions had been so rife—he struck into the more circumscribed and perilous one of public right, and added the three days of treachery to the four of patriotism. Arbitrary power never found in him an abettor at a period when the firmness of the ermine was proverbially lax in the cause of liberty, but freedom always found in him a true and steadfast friend. The frowns of authority assailed, but could not daunt him ; and whatever were his errors, he added lustre and glory to the bench by the purity and comprehensiveness of his principles. Never listening to the subtle whispers of power to administer the beneficence of legislation on Hanne-mann's principle of infinitesimal doses, he stood independent of all control, and only gave to Cæsar what belonged to Cæsar—he reserved the residue for his country. There was something about him which almost ennobled his tergiversation : it was looked on with mildness, because it placed on the bench so virtuous a judge. He often went wrong—very wrong—but in the fine language of Wordsworth—

“ He still retained,
Mid such abasement, what he had received
From nature—an intense and glowing mind ;”

and that elevation and intensity of soul was always prominent in the promotion of liberty, or the limitation of authority—when the former was impugned, or the latter asserted, he was ever in the right. In the commencement of his judicial career he had a sort of passion for quarrelling with juries ; in what this improper feeling originated I cannot say, but at the time it excited unmixed disapprobation. Not that he was in the least solicitous to impair the efficiency of that wise institution—no man loved it more, and subsequently more fortified and enlarged its privileges. One remarkable instance occurred, which cured the impatient baron of much of his old petulance by the loud cry of indignation which his conduct excited. Mr. Lawless, an eminent brewer in Dublin, had paid the usual crown duty for a quantity of malt, which was brought to his stores without the excise permit. At the moment of its arrival, it was seized by the revenue officers. The workmen of the establishment began to assemble—matters, perhaps, assumed a somewhat menacing appearance ; but there was no rescue, and the officers retired. They instituted a prosecution : the baron tried the cause, and was of opinion there was ample ground for a conviction, and charged the jurors to that effect. The latter would not listen to the direction : on the ground that the duty had been paid, and no direct resistance proved, they insisted on a verdict of acquittal. The baron waxed bitter and fretful, and insisted on the reconsideration of their verdict. They continued proudly inflexible, and refused to quit the box. The baron was vanquished.*

* To be continued.

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY RICHARD BURKE, M.D.

“ Si l'espèce humaine peut être perfectionnée, c'est dans la médecine qu'il faut en chercher les moyens.”—DESCARTES.

THE little attention which is in general paid to the physical education of children is a subject full of interest to us all, but more especially to parents. Many of these, unhappily, have but few leisure hours to bestow on such questions; others, with abundant time and means at their disposal, yet fancy, that all children will grow up stronger and better formed when left to themselves and nature, than under the most improved systems. The error here is, that in leaving to nature the management of the child's growth and developement, it is assumed that there is an original healthy disposition of all organs. Were this the case, I am ready to admit, that nature would be the best guide, so long as the child lived according to the simple habits which she prescribes; but as such a supposition, in our present artificial state of society, cannot be maintained, we must endeavour to correct, by a proper attention to the healthy physical developement of early life, many of the evils inseparable from our social state. The mystery which hangs over life and organisation has so completely baffled even the profoundest philosophers, that ordinary people look on speculations of this kind as useless. Every human being, they know, is so constituted, that each and every one, according to sex, possesses a certain number of organs, to each of which physiologists have assigned certain functions. By a strange process of reasoning, and one to which I am disposed to think that medical men have too quietly subscribed, it is believed that the functions of all our organs, in every grade and condition of life, though excited and stimulated to action by the most contrary causes, must still continue to act, in one uniform way, for one great end—the formation of new blood. That the blood of every human being must be daily renewed, is what all must admit; but I cannot help thinking that, considering the several classes and orders of society, we err in our attempts to reduce to a common standard the action of man's organs. In a state of nature, when all men lived in the same manner, it is possible that such a standard may answer; but, under the very opposite modes of living which obtain with us, it is idle to expect it. We know that certain habits and dispositions of mind are found in connexion with certain physical developements. It would not be going too far to suppose that the action of organs may differ in degree in the several classes of society: perhaps we might extend this also to kind, as we know that we may improve their natural habit of acting, by an improved system of physical education. The theory which Prichard, in his book on the Natural History of Man, supports, is a good illustration of the position which I am here urging—that we may im-

prove by education not only man's organic functions, but his physical conformation also. Prichard is of opinion that man was originally black, but that by civilisation he has become white. He shows that in different parts of the world, even among people of the same country, the colour of the inhabitants differs; the darkest are in the lowest orders, whilst the fairest are always to be met among the rich and powerful.

The first object we have to attend to here, is to know the instruments with which Nature has supplied each individual; our next, how we may improve them by education. Man is so constituted, that every one is furnished with certain organs intended for the performance of certain functions; but such is the effect of art or habit upon them, that in their functions they might be considered as new and distinct organs. A good physical education, which embraces regimen, strengthens the general habit of body, removes some diseases altogether, and imparts to all organs an aptitude for certain functions necessary to our well-being. So much of the future happiness of children depends on the attention paid to their early physical development, that we cannot neglect it, without incurring serious responsibility. The ever-varying objects which are constantly presenting themselves to them, keep them in a state of perpetual excitement; even in sleep, their muscles are excited by the slightest impressions. Whatever the nature of those impressions may be, we must bear in mind that their effects; whether on mind or body, are often permanent.

The early years of a child are best under the management of women; their habits eminently qualify them for this important trust. From causes which are inscrutable to us, they seem more attached to children than men, and during the tender years of infancy are their best guardians. I do not think it requires all the logic a Frenchman once used, to prove their superior claims over men to this arduous office. The Author of Nature, he said, never intended men should nurse children, for, if he did, "*il leur eut donné du lait pour nourrir les enfans.*" There is a painful subject intimately connected with this epoch of infant life; this is, the baneful and unnatural practice of mothers, who with stoic philosophy hand over to nurses their tender little infants, the better to allow them more time for dissipation. This is an evil pregnant with the most appalling consequences, and which may be traced in families for endless generations. The distressed circumstances of unfortunate nurses oblige them to rob their own offspring of their natural food, and yield it to strangers. A natural result of this is, that the nurse's feelings, ever inclining to her own child, must disturb and embitter the healthy secretion of her milk; thus not only depriving it of much of its nutritious properties, but, from this cause alone, becoming positively injurious. We daily meet poor miserable looking children, with nurses apparently healthy. It is greatly to be lamented that this subject has not been placed more frequently before the notice of parents, and the frightful consequences which uniformly flow from it depicted in their proper colours. No physician, however skilful, can, in the cursory examination which he makes of the ordinary class of nurses, discover all their ailments. Nurses are generally

a shrewd class of people, and know, as well as physicians, that a good healthy appearance is the most likely way to silence the interrogatories of the attending medical man. It is hardly necessary to state, that there may be disease of a bad hereditary character affecting nurses, without any visible symptoms which would assist the physician in detecting it. Let but disease of any kind exist, and the poor child is, in nine cases out of ten, doomed to it.

There is a strange opinion prevalent with a certain portion of the wealthy and the aristocratic: they imagine, that the physical infirmities springing from the excessive dissipation of their orders, can be easily neutralised by procuring a plain, poor country nurse. This is a great error. The simplicity and poverty of humble life has its diseases, as well as the higher walks in life, differing not so much in degree as in kind. Even in the most moral orders, when poverty prevails, disease will occur as certainly as when it originates in excess. The healthy action of a child's system can only be maintained by good nutritious diet; when this fails, disease is sure to set in. This form of disease I would denominate the negative form, to distinguish it from that originating in over-indulgence, which I would call the positive. That disease may and does originate in this way, when children are put out to nurse, or even at home, we cannot deny.

The first thing which the attending physician looks for, with a poor sickly and exhausted mother, is a strong healthy nurse; this is the only alternative. By this means he hopes to supply nutritious matter for the growth and developement of all the organs and muscles of the child's frame. *We thus see that the very substance of the nurse is converted into the flesh and blood of the infant.* If the nurse be healthy, the evil is one of comparative indifference; but if, as the generality of nurses are, unhealthy, and subject to some constitutional disease, the fate of the child is sealed. For as a child grows up strong and healthy with a healthy nurse, so will it take in the germs of disease in the milk of a sickly one. How tender and refined parents can reconcile themselves to this system, is a question which they alone can answer. They cannot pretend ignorance of this fact, that their child is hourly being converted into the same substance of its nurse, yet they continue to pursue a course revolting to every feeling of delicacy and of nature. Can we wonder then at the Protean forms of diseases which some unhappy children exhibit, in the circles of the rich and great? In the same family we often find different diseases affecting different textures in one and the same child, occasionally, too, varying. In one the lungs are affected, in another the glandular system is attacked, in a third the skin and investing membranes, which we are often unable to trace to any original taint of parents. It is singular that it never occurs to parents, that the feeble, sickly condition of children proceeds from this most natural source. They are liberal enough in their censure of all other offending causes, whether in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. This alone is omitted, because it would necessarily impose on mothers the painful duty of nursing their own children. Such are the lamentable evils entailed

on families for successive generations by this system of nursing, that it would be a wise and charitable decision of Providence, that those only should have children who should be content to nurse them.

There can be little doubt that much of the misery of after-life springs from the mismanagement of the infant state. It is not alone sufficient that those who have the bringing up of children should guard against noxious and malignant disease, which with very little care may easily be effected. A more imperative and arduous duty is that which calls upon us to prepare, by a proper and suitable course of daily exercise, a healthy habit of body which will necessarily impart to mind, in all its trying and harassing speculations, its powerful influence. When the frame and muscular system are fully developed, there is a marked equanimity of life, unknown to those whose persons are weakly and infirm.

In the management of infant life, the first thing which demands our attention is the supply of food. Every one knows the old saying, of a child's stomach being like a school-boy, doing mischief, if not employed in digestion. This I consider as one of the greatest errors that ever escaped from a great man; but Rush could give currency, in his day, to the most absurd paradox. There are organs of our frame which require a period of repose quite as much as the muscles of voluntary motion; of these, the stomach is one. It is admitted that a child's stomach is more active than that of a full-grown person, and that it more readily disposes of its contents. Few things demand from us greater attention than the supply of food. The common practice of cramming the stomach of a child because it is growing, is a coarse view of animal growth. It thus becomes overloaded, and altogether suspends digestion. In very early life the child is unable to take that exercise which at a later period maintains a proper distribution of its growing powers. At this age some of the organs have not yet assumed that healthy developement which they afterwards attain. Of these the liver is one, whose bile is not of that healthy quality which at a more advanced period of life it is found. It is insipid, and more or less of a gelatinous nature, carrying with it, too often, acrid matter, which no other organ can neutralise. New fluids are thus generated, which at this particular age produce injurious effects upon some delicate organ. The brain is perhaps the organ which suffers most at this age. It has not yet lost its preternatural size, but attracts an increased quantity of blood. Not having attained that degree of firmness and density which it subsequently attains, it is less able to resist the impetus of blood to which it yields, terminating frequently in effusion into the ventricles, known by the common name of water on the brain. As children grow up, this predisposition is overcome, provided positive disease be not already established; for the demand which is now made for blood, by every other organ and muscle of the body, equalises its distribution.

The dress of children is a subject of deep interest. I cannot too strongly condemn the practice, which still prevails in many families, of enveloping young children in endless folds of clothing, which, in almost every instance, checks and controls the proper developement of their little muscles, leaving upon thousands lasting traces of its

bad effects. A child, even at its earliest moments, requires an unrestrained freedom for its little limbs. To this nature prompts, as the only means of developing its muscular system, which we ought to favour by encumbering them as little as possible with clothing. The freedom of action which those little creatures thus enjoy, distributes to every organ and muscle its fair share of the animating principle or fluid of life. The efforts which young children, when cased in this mummy manner, make, soon exhaust their strength, and a waste of animal matter is effected without adding to the general developement of the child. Let me not be understood here as advocating a system of clothing too slight for the tender years of infancy. I am well aware of the absolute necessity of warm clothing at that particular age. But all this may be secured without over-clothing. If we do not attend strictly to this view of the question, we create the very evils we are anxious to avoid, and in our blindness would point out a path for nature to walk in, fashioning into various deformities those helpless beings. In this state children are ever irritable, and by their screams give sufficient indication of the painful feelings which this unnatural constraint of clothing creates. The evil is not limited to the simple control of motion; the temper of the child, thus kept in a constant state of inquietude, perverts all the secretions, so that the healthy supply of chyle is no longer furnished to the blood, for laying down new matter for the growing child. Should the child be placed at nurse, its chance of permanent relief is then small indeed. We cannot expect from nurses the same attention which mothers show. In nine cases out of ten, when children cry, it is from some restraint, which prevents their playing. The nurse thinks she performs her part of the contract, if she supplies its food at regular hours, and secures it from broken legs and arms, by confinement. These, though good in their way, are unfortunately often obtained at too high a price—partial or general bodily infirmity. Children, these good-natured nurses assure us, if left to themselves, are evermore getting into some kind of mischief or other, followed by deformities of the feet or legs. A threat of this kind, held out to a weak-minded mother, is sure to procure for the nurse a *carte blanche* to do as she pleases. It is scarcely necessary to refute the absurd notion of children becoming deformed by freedom of motion. Our West Indian settlements happily afford a satisfactory reply to such a statement, in the beautiful symmetry of the black and brown population, especially whilst children. There the little niggers are allowed from the earliest moments to toss and tumble about as they may fancy, on the ground or matted floor, with no other covering than the sable one which nature has supplied. By this means every muscle being called into one kind of action or another, as long as the child is not fatigued, becomes beautifully developed, and the fine athletic frames which they exhibit when grown to man's estate, has been ascribed by all naturalists chiefly to this cause. We can trace the effect of a good physical education still farther back, and to more classic regions than our sugar colonies. It is admitted by historians that the vigour and power of the ancients were mainly to be ascribed to the great attention which they bestowed on gymnastics. The clothing of children

for all gymnastic exercises should be so loose as to offer no check to any motion or change of position which in its sports it may choose ; but, unfortunately, the taste which now pervades all ranks, of screwing up children in silks and brocades, holds out but slender prospect of this. Children are now paraded in our streets and public walks with all the affected gravity of age, and every natural impulse to riot or sport is instantly checked, because, forsooth, they are not graceful or dignified.

The diet of a child must be of a good nutritious quality, to prepare healthy matter for its growing frame ; for, however well constituted the original disposition of organs may have been, they can at best but act feebly and imperfectly when the blood is impoverished, and deprived of those qualities so necessary, not only for keeping up the healthy action of organic life, but for laying down fresh materials for the growth and increase of the frame. The quantity and quality are two items in the diet of a child which demand the closest attention. In the early years of infancy, there is in the stomach and intestines of children an excess of mucous matter, which arises in almost every instance from over-eating. To correct this, the first step is to reduce the quantity of food, the next to improve the tone of the stomach by mild aperients, regular open air exercise, with good but plain simple diet. If we do not succeed in removing this offending matter, there is, in a very short time, an almost perfect suspension of nervous influence, and the seeds of disease and deformity are thus laid down for the unhappy child. These exhibit themselves under various forms. In some we see enlargement of the glands of the neck ; in others, swellings of the large joints ; in more, incurvation of the spine, enlargement of the head and belly, attended with great emaciation. In our attempts to fortify and strengthen the little sufferers, we must not resort to food of too stimulating a quality ; it should be plain solids, as roast meats, with well-baked bread and light puddings ; but all kinds of pastry must be scrupulously avoided. For young children the limitation of meat is to be carefully proportioned to the child's growth, and the kind of exercise which it generally takes. There is, I think, an unjust prejudice against animal food for children. If fed exclusively on it, I am ready to admit its dangerous tendencies, as containing too large a quantity of highly-stimulating properties, which the infant years of a child cannot by exercise fairly distribute to the general system, but with proper limitations it is unquestionably the best. Vegetables, as being highly nutritious, should form a fair proportion in their diet ; if boiled to a pulpy softness, or, as the French dress them, avoiding only the fatty matter which they introduce, they are highly nutritious ; but unfortunately, the half-boiled state in which they are served up, especially to children, renders them absolutely indigestible. It is hardly necessary to dwell on milk as an article of diet ; every one will admit its importance. There are, however, particular seasons at which I think it possesses certain properties more highly nutritious than at others. Of these the spring and summer I consider the seasons during which milk should constitute the chief drink of children. At all seasons it is, if pure, a good article of diet for children, but more especially in these two. This is to be ascribed to the quantity of vege-

table food supplied at those seasons, and which is so different from the dry, and in many cases coarse, oily substances which, during the winter months, constitute the food of cows. Butter, for the same reasons, is also more nutritious at those seasons; but for children, I should never allow it more than once a day, and then only at breakfast, in moderation. But I fear I am entering too deeply into the medical nature of the subject; yet there are points of sufficient interest in the consideration of a child's growth and physical developement, in which all classes are deeply concerned. To some of these I shall now direct attention. Air, light, and heat, as they affect man's system, are points to which I shall now allude. The effects of the former depend on its physical and essential properties, on the combinations in the human body, and the changes which it there undergoes. There is a popular but erroneous belief, that air acts on our system only through the lungs. This is an error productive of great injury during the early years of childhood, and consequently in after life. That the lungs are the organs where the greatest change is effected, is admitted; but to suppose that the action of air on our system was limited to the lungs, would be quite unphilosophical. Such is its vivifying effect, that frogs, when deprived of their lungs, live a considerable time by the action of the air alone on the surface of their bodies. In our anxiety to protect children from cold, we envelope them so completely, that not a particle of air can come in contact with any part of their little frames, save and except the lungs. Now a slight acquaintance with the influence of physical agents on life would enable us to correct a mistake of considerable importance. Children bear a reduction of temperature better in youth than in advanced life; and it is a beautiful provision of nature, which, in protecting the helpless years of infancy, has established as a law, that as the faculty of producing heat increases, the faculty of supporting a reduction of temperature diminishes: thus young animals possess the faculty of bearing a low temperature in proportion as they produce less heat. We thus see that the anxiety which parents manifest for the health of their children by over-clothing is not so absolutely necessary as they imagine. Air is only dangerous by its rapid vicissitudes, and then only when children are unaccustomed to it; so that if we study their health, we must accustom them to its alternations, avoiding all rapid or sudden changes. Edwards of Paris, to whom the world is so much indebted for his beautiful experiments connected with this subject, has shown that lizards, if limited to pulmonary respiration in summer, die from want of air.

It is necessary to maintain for children a certain degree of temperature, without which there will be an expenditure of vital power which young children can ill afford. This may be easily effected by non-conducting substances, as flannel, which all children should wear next the skin in this variable climate, if not throughout the year, most assuredly during the winter and spring months. Even in the cold bracing air of winter there is a vivifying principle, of which the public are not aware, and which, if applied properly to the growing system of infant life, would be productive of good results. That there is such a power in it, we know by experiments on frogs, which, when

deprived of their lungs, live longer in winter and cold weather than in warm summer weather, because the vivifying action of the atmosphere is not sufficient to counteract the heat of summer. Air, in simple contact with the body, maintains a respiratory action. The heart is seen to pulsate, and the blood in the lungs to become vermilion, in cases where the thorax has been opened, and where the natural respiratory action of the lungs was destroyed by the weight of the superincumbent air. Zoophites, which are not supplied with respiratory organs, derive, from the application of air to the surface of their bodies, all the advantages which the more perfect orders of creation derive through the lungs. Erhman states that the coblitis swallows air, which is decomposed in the alimentary canal, and acts on the blood-vessels which it comes in contact with, similar to what occurs in ordinary respiration.

Light, combined with heat, has powerful effects on the system of infant life. By both the sensibility is increased, and the tension and solidity of the muscular system augmented. Heat alone produces relaxation, but, in union with light, it is a good tonic. Light imparts to the blood under the skin its influence, just as we see it give vegetable juices their consistence and colour. The sports and amusements of children should be, when the weather permits, always in the open air. They are thus exposed to the combined action of light and heat, whose influence on our system is much greater than we are aware. Humboldt, in talking of exposing the entire body to their effects, says des Chaymas, "The men and women have round, well-formed, muscular bodies. I never saw an individual with a natural deformity. I can say the same of the Caribbeans, Mexicans, and Peruvian Indians, which I have observed for five years." Whatever other causes may conspire to this developement, Humboldt is decidedly of opinion that light produces a most important result.

There is but one subject more to which I can now refer; this is cleanliness of the entire body, as it affects the health of children, the neglect of which, in the early years of childhood, is productive of the greatest mischief. Much of this may be ascribed to the low order of intellect which generally predominates in those who have the management of children. Could we but raise this class in the scale of moral and intellectual beings, we should add largely to the comforts and health of children. Such a scheme is, I fear, impracticable. We cannot hope to reform our present system on a scale sufficiently extensive to be practically applicable to large communities, so long as nurses are chosen from that order of human beings whose reasoning faculties, where children are concerned, are limited to eating, sleeping, and physicking. Now these, in their way, are all well enough, but in reality constitute a small portion of the several items which should occupy the whole soul of those who undertake so responsible a trust as that of bringing up a child. In early life there is a great determination of blood to the cuticular surface of a child. This increased supply of blood will necessarily require increased facility for the exit of transpirable matter. In infancy the skin is the great outlet which nature seeks. Should any obstruction occur to cuticular transpiration, the matter which should pass off by that channel is either

thrown back on the circulating fluids, or becomes condensed in the form of scabs on the skin of the child. A good deal, perhaps all of this, may be avoided by a regular use of the hot or cold bath. For children who are healthy, the cold water bath should be used during the warmer weather, with a warm bath once a week, in which the child should be well washed with soap and a brush. When taken out, they should be rubbed quite dry with a coarse napkin, and the body rubbed over with fine salt; this latter may be very advantageously employed, for the effect of salt on the system of man is, as some suppose, a regenerating power. When organic disease exists in children, it is hardly necessary to state that cold bathing under any form is unsafe, with some few exceptions, when the nervous system is chiefly engaged. A proper attention to hot and cold bathing would not only save children from many of the distressing diseases of infancy, but impart tone and vigour to their general system.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

MYSTERIOUS oft it seems to me,
How I a being came to be,
Since, through the myriad years gone by,
Suns rose and set, yet lived not I.

Streams flowed, birds sung—the earth, the sea
Were in their motions fixed or free;
Each part was portion of a whole—
Yet I was not a living soul.

Of countless millions that have been,
No record lives, nor trace is seen;
Yet earth is green, the heavens are blue,
As they with death had naught to do.

And now I live, and breathe, and move—
Life with its wondrous powers to prove;
Awake to knowledge of things past,
In life—a life not long to last.

All natures, since the world began,
Are subject to the mind of man;
Knowledge in insect, flower, and stone—
I learn all natures but my own.

The Mystery of Life.

The undiscovered, undefined,
In regions of the heart and mind ;
Where wing of thought has never soared,
Realms by the poet unexplored.

Revolving these—to ear, heart, eye,
Mysterious seems it man should die ;
So like a God, in soul supreme,
Yet evanescent as a dream.

Days, years, pass on, and I am not—
Like myriads heretofore forgot ;
A speck of life, a mound of earth,
Extinct as I had never birth.

A leaf, now green, now dark, now sear,
A drop of dew, a human tear :
A wandering wind that moans, then sleeps,
A rain-drop in the boundless deeps.

Ages in light sweet flowers will blow
Above, whilst I am dust below ;
And “joy and beauty hand in hand”
Make Eden of the living land.

O God ! and wilt thou never more
This life, resumed, again restore ?
Can that which knows there is a God
Again be nothing but a clod ?

Great Animator of this dust !
O breathe in me sublimer trust
Than that which, grovelling, sinks to steep
This ending life in endless sleep !

My bed in dust and deepest night
Thy word can fill with heavenly light ;
And make the flowers about my grave
With a triumphant beauty wave.

Thy word can wake heaven's bow, to span
With radiant arch the grave of man ;
Can fill with promise bright the void—
The doubt, the dread to be destroyed.

This flesh may crumble, and this bone
In dust on wildest winds be strown,
But at thy call shall wing its way—
Death shall be life, and darkness day.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE BRIDGE OF NOTRE DAME.¹

"A little while before this time a son had killed his mother upon the said bridge, and much people said that this most wicked deed was the cause of all this ruin."—*Annals of Aquitaine.*

THE stranger glanced his eye along the blade of the sword which he held in his hand, as if to give greater effect to the menace contained in his words, when his look rested on the hilt. He started, grew pale, and examined it with great attention. The stranger was a noble-looking man of middle age, of handsome features, but hard and severe, and with something fatal in the expression of them—something that seemed to threaten all who should approach him, not with physical evil, but with something deadly in the moral. Godfrey thought this as he examined him in silence, who was intently examining the sword. At length he raised his head.

"Whose is this sword?" demanded he.

"Mine," replied Godfrey.

"Yours! from whom did you then receive it?" demanded the stranger. "It is a keen blade of the date of some fifty years, and you have not half so much of time upon your brow—it was not, therefore, fashioned for you. Whose, then, was this sword?"

"Of what interest is that to you?" replied Godfrey coldly. "I am not here to answer a stranger's questions."

"Whose was this sword?" again demanded the intruder in a voice of thunder, yet struggling with some powerful emotion—a tone as loud as the tempest's, but still more earnest than threatening; and he advanced a few steps towards Mervin.

More from disgust to his vicinity than from any fear of his violence, Godfrey drew back, raised his battle-axe, prepared to strike if necessary, then calmly answered, "My father's."

The stranger paused—gazed on his antagonist—then at the sword. "Surely, surely," said he mutteringly, "it is so—one moment more! Young man, I pray thee, in all humility—most humbly, to reply to this my question. "What is thy name, or thy parents'?"

Godfrey was taken by surprise. The tone of voice was so imploring—so utterly unlike that which he had heard till now—that he replied, if not with gentleness, at least with less of defiance. "I am called Godfrey Mervin—I have no parents. My mother died in my infancy from grief, and my father from misfortunes in exile."

"Godfrey Mervin! who at five years of age was committed to the charge of Jeanne Grandpré of Alençon, and afterwards bound to John Barrelle to learn the craft of the bowman?"

"The same," said Godfrey.

The stranger dropped his sword, and opened his arms—his breast heaved violently, and a scalding tear fell from his eye. God pardon me," said he, "for thou art mine only son!"

¹ Continued from page 106.

Godfrey recoiled. *His* son—his—the midnight robber, if not something worse. “O that is impossible! You deceive yourself, messire,” said he.

“O no—thou art indeed my son—my noble, gallant boy; and if I, the abhorred of all, can yet find a little love in the heart of my child, it will repay me for the hate of all. Hear me, my Roland, hear me. Jeanne Grandpré, my kinswoman, thy mother’s sister, and John Barrelle, my early friend, will confirm to thee my words. Thy name is not Mervin: it was given thee to hide another upon which a curse has rested from generation to generation—a name stained with blood, which thy virtues will efface—a name which none dare utter without a sign and a prayer to avert from the speaker the malediction which clings to it. I am a sinful, guilty man, but more wretched than guilty. I am thy father, Roland—and I am Robert de Leglie.”

The miserable man might have stood there for ever, with outspread arms and weeping eyes, and his heart beating to clasp his son. What had the parricide to do with filial love? How dared he ask his children’s kiss, he who had shed his mother’s blood? And Godfrey, pale, breathless, annihilated, had only force enough to thrust him from him—to recoil with loathing, as if from something utterly abominable, and to shriek aloud in tones of agony. “His son! O God forbid—it is impossible!”

But the outcast had caught a glimpse of happiness—he clutched a link of the chain of social life, and he was determined not to let it go. He recounted so many facts to Godfrey, accumulated evidence so clear, produced proofs so incontrovertible, that his wretched son had no longer the consolation of doubt. He yielded to truth, and admitted his abhorred parentage.

“O yes, I am your son,” said he, in the momentary frenzy of despair. “O yes, I am your son—the curse has been upon me, although I knew it not. In my infancy that burning rage, so hardly subdued—in youth those outbreakings of ferocity and violence—that terrible desire of vengeance on all who dared my anger; and yesterday—but yesterday, in one moment would I not have shed a rival’s blood, and punished a father’s resolution? I thought all this but the heat of youth—the impatience of my early age; but no, no, no—it was the *blood* of De Leglie—the blood of the accursed race—the blood of the murderer and parricide that spoke aloud, and urged me on to deeds worthy that name and race. O yes, I am your son, and am, like you, accursed!”

De Leglie had waited with an aching heart and glittering eyes his recognition by his son. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he was sensible of human feelings. Their novelty soothed and delighted him. He longed to strain his son to his bosom, and feel himself once more in communion with humanity; but when this recognition came, forced only by despair, and accompanied by every sign of horror and disgust, his heart, which for a moment had opened to tenderness, re-closed—his emotions subsided—his tears dried away—his features resumed their hard and fatal expression, and showed him again, in all his hideousness, the bandit and the murderer.

“As it may please you, young man,” said he. “I am little apt to

force my friendship upon any one: there are too few who merit it. Take, therefore, your own route to felicity, without fear of interruption from me. There is in this house a treasure hid, and it is that which I came to seek. I missed it once; but since then I have learned the secret of the spot where it lies concealed; if you like to accompany me, I will share it with you; if, on the contrary, you prefer to remain in Paris, and fear the responsibility of our noted name, why then continue to be Godfrey Mervin in all security, and keep our secret, for no man knows of my existence, and assuredly I shall not inform them. Do therefore as you please; but whatever your decision, you will hardly, I think, betray me, if not for mine, at least for your own sake; for the son of a hanged murderer will scarcely find consideration, and our blazon will not look the nobler for quartering the gibbet of Mountfaucón. Here I propose to rest till to-morrow night, for now the moon is brightly up; we have spent much time, and I have not yet begun my search. To-morrow, when you go out, secure the doors, that none may enter; and when you return at night, bring me some food to strengthen me for my journey. Again, I say, keep your own counsel, and be happy in your own way. You have been taught, I see, hatred for my person and crimes; but you have not been taught pity for my sufferings. Think you that the criminal walks even through this world unpunished? No, Roland, no; for he who fears death lives in continual torture, and I am afraid to die."

He paused, and threw himself into the chair. "I am weary, and would fain sleep a little ere day." He paused again, then looked stedfastly at his son. "My life is safe in your keeping, doubtless, Roland, "for my death would avail you little." So saying, he composed himself to sleep.

Roland made no answer—no objection nor assent to anything that his father had advanced. He had now but one thought, was alive only to one reflection, that he was the wretched son of a man deemed infamous by all the world, and of whose guilt he had had a hideous proof in confirmation of their accusations. He sat down on the stool, the only seat unoccupied which the chamber contained, and leaned his aching head against the wall, as if he needed some support to enable him to face his terrible position. "But a few hours ago," said he, "and I thought my unhappiness too great to bear an increase. Fool that I was! how willingly would I now return to that single sorrow! Then, an unknown orphan, I wept in the solitude of my chamber, my isolation, and prayed Heaven to give me a family and friends; and Heaven has heard my prayer, for my father has stood before me.

"But what is to be done? In a few hours, and I must answer to the questions which will be put to me, and declare what have been my adventures of the night. Declare my adventures of the night!" continued he, throwing a look of unutterable disgust upon the sleeping murderer to whom he owed his birth. "Where then will be my marriage, and my beloved Guyonne? Noel will shrink in horror from a union with me, and I shall be chased from society as what I am—the son of ignominy and crime.

"But suppose I conceal the secret of the night? I shall keep my watch in peace the other two, and then fortune and Guyonne will be mine. Respect and esteem will follow these two blessings, and I shall live among my fellows, honoured, exalted, happy. This man retires to-morrow, and I shall hear of him no more: it is clear that neither Jeanne Grandpré nor John Barrelle ever intended to reveal the secret of my birth; for they both well know my love for Guyonne Camperon, and encouraged my pursuit. John did more, he pleaded with Noel in my behalf—certes *they* will not betray me. They think it unjust, doubtless, that the innocent should perish for the guilty, and in their bosoms my secret will be concealed for ever.

"But should I owe my happiness to a lie? Shall I deceive my Guyonne, and wed her purity to a race of infamy and blood? Shall I pass my whole life in watching a secret? in trembling beneath every eye that may look upon me, lest I should read there written, 'Thou art the son of the parricide?'

"No, by the blessed saints in heaven, no!—no, by the holy mother of the long-suffering God! Enough of crime there has been in my accursed race; I will add nothing to the heap.

"I will seek Noel in the morning, and tell him all—all; and if he reject me, I can die. Yet to lose thee, my Guyonne—my well-beloved—to lose thee when I may call thee mine—mine own. Avaunt, infernal tempter! Get thee behind me, fiend! Strengthen me, righteous Heaven, for my spirit faints, and my heart grows weak and frail; and thou, so suffering on earth, but now a saint in heaven—thou, spirit of the murdered, whose blood was poured out here—here, where I invoke thee—O mother! aid thy suffering son!"

Was it an answer to his prayer, that loud and agonising shriek, that rang through the old house, and seemed to find a thousand echoes round it? The heart of Godfrey grew cold—he tried to speak, and could not—to rise, but his limbs refused obedience—a heavy weight oppressed his bosom, strange sounds were in his ears, and strange forms flitted before his eyes. Did he dream, or was it real, all that followed his fervent prayer? Between him and his sleeping father there stood another form—a being not of this world, for the face was unearthly pale, and the marble features wore no sign of human life—the white lips did not move, yet Godfrey heard the terrible doom, and saw the uplifted ghastly hand raised in malediction over the parricidal son; and then a command was given him to perform—a duty to fulfil; and other words were uttered to him—words of his own irrevocable doom—and others again, bright with promises of imperishable bliss. Then came another sound—a crash like the falling of massy pillars—the rush of many waters—the grand voice of many people; and above all the rest rose one mighty and terrible—"Falling—falling—falling!" it said; "the hour of retribution is at hand—the foot of the parricide spurns the blood he has shed, and the ancient bridge crumbles from beneath his step."

Godfrey sprang to his feet, for his brain was maddening, and his heart was on fire. *He was alone!* The vision had passed away; but his father was still there, starting from his haunted sleep, and listening attentively to the sounds which a moment before were so loud.

"The old bridge is giving way," said De Leglie calmly, "and the inhabitants—how sound they sleep! Is it not strange they do not hear that crash? One of the arches, at least, must be divided. Well, let it stand till to-morrow night, and then it may fall when it lists."

Godfrey made no reply: his thoughts were with the images of the vision he had seen, and this man's voice gave him pain. De Leglie did not notice him further; but taking a bottle of wine from the table, drank a deep draught, and then resumed his seat. But he, no more than Godfrey, had no longer any inclination to sleep. After a pause, "You will not accompany me in my journey to-morrow night, Roland?" said de Leglie.

"No."

"You are wrong, for in that case I would divide my treasure with you," resumed De Leglie.

"The treasure of the orphan, committed to the charge of Marguerite Laval," replied Godfrey; "I will none of that."

De Leglie shuddered violently, but his anguish broke forth in wrath; he advanced menacingly towards his son. "Insolent boy," said he, "take care how you provoke me."

His son looked at him, and smiled.

It made the heart sick, that smile of Roland de Leglie, for it was terrible to see it on the face of one so young. Men smile in hate, in scorn, in danger, and though the looker-on may tremble on beholding it, yet he can forget it when it is past, and recal it no more; but the smile of hopelessness, that smile which says, "there is nothing more to fear"—O the remembrance of that remains for ever with him who has seen it once, and will remain as long as sorrow lives, and sufferers live to bear it.

They sat another hour in moody silence; at length the morning began to break.

"Methinks it is the daylight that I see," said De Leglie, rising up; and something must now be done—what is your purpose, Roland?"

"I go to my affairs," replied Godfrey; "for I came here but for the night, but I counsel you strongly not to stay—the bridge is failing—will fall ere night, and you may find it difficult, if not impossible, to escape. Moreover, the authorities, knowing I have slept here, may choose to visit the house. I advise you to go hence, and quickly."

"And so I will, if I can quickly find my treasure," replied De Leglie; "but will it not be dangerous for me to go from hence by daylight?"

"It will be more dangerous to stay," answered Godfrey; "go now, and no one will mark you at an hour so early. I leave you. Fare you well."

"Roland, shall we not meet again?"

"I know not—farewell!"

Godfrey took out the key, but without locking the door, in order to allow the passage free to his father, and departed. A few seconds brought him to the house of Noel, who, unable to sleep from anxiety, had, as well as his daughter, been long afoot, early as it was, scarcely six o'clock, and hardly daylight. Antoine Legris had arrived before

him, impatient to know the issue of his watch, and the fate of his successful rival, whom, he sincerely hoped, the spectre of the haunted house had sent to fatten the gudgeons of the Seine. Noel uttered almost a scream of joy at the sight of his young friend, and Guyonne clung to his neck with a rapture that the presence of her father could not check. Their excess of delight prevented them from remarking the countenance of Godfrey, or observing how little he partook in their pleasure; but when they did so, Guyonne trembled, and Noel shrunk back in dismay.

"Holy mother of God! how you are changed, Godfrey," said the engraver; "if it indeed be Godfrey that I see before me. What can have happened to mark you thus?"

The question was not surprising—the young man's healthy complexion had changed to a fixed and deadly pale, his features were prominent and harsh, his eyes haggard, and his hair, that yesterday was black as the raven's wing, to-day was mingled with white.

"It is strange," observed again Noel, who had been intently considering Mervin; "it is very strange if it be so, or it may be that my eyes deceive me—but it seems to me that he has lost his own likeness, and taken another. Do I mock myself, neighbour Antoine, or has he not the very face of Robert de Leglie, the parricide?"

"His very look and features," returned Antoine. Godfrey looked up and smiled."

But, oh! that smile—the two men recoiled from its expression, and Guyonne turned aside to hide her tears.

"Master Noel," at length said Godfrey, "I have many things to say, but they are for your ear, and that of Guyonne, only; a short time hence, and perhaps all the world will share my secret, but at present it shall be yours alone; lend me your attention then for a little while, I beseech you."

The engraver retired into his back shop with his daughter and Godfrey, leaving Antoine alone, to his great dissatisfaction. The young man made his communication as quickly as possible, not now from any doubt of his courage to do so, but to be rid of his burthen the sooner. His hearers listened with agonising attention, and one of them at least felt that all was lost for her. Noel's looks grew cold, and his voice grew harsh, as after a pause, when Godfrey had finished, he said firmly, "I would have given you my child as I had promised, and would have preferred you to all the world, as the orphan kinsman of the good John Barrelle; but to a son of De Leglie, to a scion of the parricidal house, never! I would rather see her, my only child, cold in her grave, than at the altar with a son of that man."

"I blame you not, master Noel," returned Godfrey; "you only do that which I expected of you, and I claim no longer Guyonne's hand; but fare you well—for I must not linger here. I have a duty to fulfil, and quickly—the lives of thousands hang upon my lips."

He retired, leaving Noel stupified, and who made no effort to detain him. Guyonne followed him to the door, took his hand, and pressed it to her heart; her eyes were dry, her countenance marble, but her voice was firm, as, looking into his face, she said, "I will bethink me of my vow."

Chapter IV.—The Bridge.

Godfrey proceeded immediately to the dwelling of the provost of the bridge, and to him he announced with a voice of authority the certainty that the bridge would fall ere midnight, and, that unless he commanded the inhabitants to depart from their houses, they would not remove, but remain and perish in the ruins. He entreated him, if he had any doubts of his word, to let the sworn masons and carpenters examine the bridge, and make their report, but he assured him no time must be lost in the experiment. The provost assented immediately to do what he required, but in the mean time was pressing in his questions to Godfrey as to what he had seen in the haunted house, and from what source he derived the information which he had just given him. Mervin related to him the noises he had heard, the detaching of the pillars, and subsequent fall of the rubbish into the river; and the provost, who was a man by no means given to the superstitions of the age, was more satisfied by these reasons, than he would have been by any derived from a source more supernatural. He commanded the immediate examination of the bridge, and entreated Mervin to accompany the masons, encouraging him to hope that the house would yet stand long enough to become his property, and allow him to make his fortune. In two hours the examination was made, and the report of the masons was still more alarming than that of Godfrey, as it announced that the bridge would not last so long as he had said, but would fall long before midnight. Guards were immediately posted at each end of it, to prevent the passage of horses and heavy burthens, and proclamation was made to the inhabitants to remove their persons and property from their houses without an instant's loss of time.

Although the terms of the proclamation were urgent, and the danger evident, the inhabitants were unwilling to obey: they scoffed at the idea that the bridge would fall ere midnight, and the provost saw with terror that so much time would be lost in compelling obedience, that many lives must be lost in consequence. Fearful of the terrible responsibility, and knowing that he was already suspected of embezzling the sums destined to the repairs of the bridge, which had been shamefully neglected, he imparted his distress to Godfrey, who immediately and effectively came to his assistance. Believing in the certainty of his father's escape, he suggested the terms of another proclamation, which the provost, considering as a skilful ruse, immediately ordered to be set forth on the bridge. This proclamation solemnly reminded the tenants of the bridge of the prophecy of Luke Breville, so notorious to all, that when the foot of the parricide should pass over the scene of his crime, the ancient bridge should fall; it announced the accomplishment of that prophecy—that Robert de Leglie, so long believed dead, had visited his house during the last night, that he had been seen and recognised by many, that the terrible curse was beginning to operate; and it prayed the innocent to fly from the coming wrath while there was yet time, and not to linger to share the punishment due only to the guilty.

The incredulity which had resisted the grave voice of authority

gave way before that of superstition, and the people who had a little before scoffed at a real danger as an imaginary evil, now trembled in submissive horror before one, which they alone had made so fearful and so mighty; all were immediately in motion to remove their effects, aided by their friends on each side of the river, and stimulated by the now constant crashing of the arches as the pillars gave way beneath them. So earnest now were all in the work, that notwithstanding the difficulties and obstacles, the houses were all cleared two hours after mid-day, and their contents deposited, either in the new abodes chosen by their owners, or lodged for the moment with their friends. No sooner was the removal completed, than the people, impatient of emotions, neglected their own affairs to return and watch the progress of the bridge to its fall, and the house of Robert de Leglie, from which all seemed to expect some strange and terrible catastrophe. Despite the entreaties of the provost-marshal's guard, the tottering bridge was crowded with curious gazers, who, at each fresh crash of the falling materials, ran back towards the two extremities, crying, shouting, cursing, while the river on each side of the bridge was covered with boats, approaching as near as they could to the scene of devastation.

In the mean time where is Godfrey Mervin? He had performed his duty—the inhabitants of the bridge were out of danger, and Guyonne and her father were in safety. He had nothing more to interest him in this world, for his beloved maiden was lost to him for ever, and he cared not how soon the hour of his doom should approach. He knew not whether what he had seen and heard in the deserted house was a reality or a dream, but, in either case, he was indifferent to the future, and almost desired death. Without any decided purpose, he returned to the deserted house, knowing well he should not there be intruded upon, to ruminate alone upon his situation, and wait the approaching catastrophe, indifferent as to what might be the result of it.

He ascended the staircase and entered the melancholy room. It was now without any emotion, for he was no long the same man that entered it last night. A life had passed since then, and having no longer anything to hope, he had nothing more to fear; but he shrank back in dismay at encountering Robert de Leglie, who, wild and haggard from excess of fear, was pacing the room in frenzy. This apparition vexed him, for he had calculated upon his early departure, according to the promise he had given him. De Leglie did not give him time to question—he rushed violently towards his son, and, in a voice rendered almost unintelligible by rage, accused him of having betrayed him.

“I?” said Godfrey.

“You—you—who else, smooth hypocrite?” demanded De Leglie; “did I not hear the proclamation?”

Godfrey recovered himself. “It is too true, messire,” replied he; “but the fault is your own for having lingered thus long in this house. I believed you out of all danger, and acted as I did for the benefit of my fellow-men. Why did you not go hence as you had promised?”

"Because I could not find that which I came to seek," replied De Leglie; "and when I would have left this abhorred den, I found the bridge guarded by the archers, and the boat which I had left beneath the arch, under the door of the warehouse, half sunk in the river by the weight of stones which have fallen into it—and, hark! hark! Roland, hark! What terrible noise is that?"

They both hastened across the corridor to the room in front, which looked upon the bridge. Two of the houses on the opposite side had cracked from top to bottom, and huge masses of stone and disjointed beams of wood fell, enveloped in clouds of dust, partly on the bridge, partly into the river.

"Wae, wae," cried the grand voice of the people; "the presence of the blood-shedder has brought this evil upon us. If we could pour out his on the spot where he shed his mother's, perhaps the wrath of Heaven would pass away, and this hideous ruin cease."

Staggering like a drunkard, the affrighted criminal returned to the other chamber, expecting every moment an attack upon the house, which, however, did not take place, because as the provost believed the story of Robert's concealment there to be a mere tale, he gave no orders to that effect to the soldiery. Godfrey rejoined his father, and after a few minutes' reflection said, "I have been the cause of your danger, and will endeavour to deliver you from it. It is growing dark—in half an hour it will be night. I will descend to the streets, and return as quickly as may be with a disguise which will enable you to pass through the crowd without observation—remain here tranquilly till my return."

He turned away to depart. The house shook beneath his step, and one or two others on the same side of the bridge fell down with another tremendous crash. This time the masses of stone and mortar, falling into the river, made a break to the waters, which poured over it with the fury of a cataract. Robert de Leglie caught hold of his son. "O do not leave me," said he; "do not abandon me thus—I dare not remain in this house of horrors—I dare not attempt to depart—to venture is certain death, for I am known but to too many—O, Roland, do not leave me!"

His son broke from him, as much in disgust of his cowardice as in hatred of his person; and it was singular to observe the different bearing of these two men, placed in the same situation, in this moment of mortal danger: the one had not half the years of the other—their despair was equal—yet Godfrey did not tremble. Death would lead him to the repose of heaven—the other shrank from the torments of hell.

"I know no other chance you have of safety," returned Godfrey; "in the darkness of night no one will heed you; take heart, messire, and let me go ere it be too late."

He went: but fate, as if determined to mock the hopes of De Leglie, suggested a boundless curiosity to the lookers-on, resolved to watch to its fall the progress of the mansion of the parricide. In a few minutes a thousand torches blazed in the night air, making the smallest object visible in the glare of this crimson day. The murderer wrung his hands in uncontrolled despair. Every instant the

sound of fresh destruction struck upon his ears, and the people, audacious in the face of danger, mounted over the immense masses of fallen walls, to approach nearer the fated house. In the midst of his agitation another sound attracted his attention. Godfrey, in his haste, had left the key in the door of the mansion; for it seemed to him as if some one from without was turning it round, and endeavouring to enter. "It must be Roland," thought he; "who else dare venture?" He grasped his dagger and listened. A light step was mounting the stair—it ascended and entered the chamber. Was it a vision, that fair and fragile form that stood before the murderer? A lovely girl, in the earliest blush of youth, but pale as death, and with eyes flashing an unnatural light, was there, and spoke.

"My Godfrey!" said the silvery voice, "I am come to keep my promise: in life I cannot be thy wife, but in death who shall divide us? Godfrey, my husband—receive me—I am thine." She advanced a step, but drew back affrighted, on beholding a stranger.

"Be not dismayed, gentle maiden," replied Robert De Leglie, "you have nothing here to fear. Godfrey is absent for a moment, but he will soon return; till then rest tranquil. I am his father, and will respect you."

This assurance did not appear to satisfy Guyonne. She retreated towards the door, gazing with a look of painful surprise upon her companion. He followed, as if to prevent her departure, and attempted to take her hand.

"Messire," said Guyonne, firmly, "I came hither to die; but since he to whom I offer my life is not here to receive the sacrifice, I go to seek him elsewhere."

"Not so, gentle maiden," replied Robert de Leglie; "rather I shall guard you here for him; for though you have once passed safely through a hideous danger, you may not a second time. He so happy, Roland would blame me to permit you thus to hazard your fair self for him; remain till he comes, for I am master here," continued he, more harshly, seeing she was about to expostulate, "and will be obeyed. Sit you down, therefore, and be patient."

He forced her into the chair, and though doubting the truth of this man's assertion, she found she had nothing left but to obey. Her tears, which had been dried up by her more bitter anguish, now burst forth unrestrained at the thought of insult, and she prayed internally that the house might speedily fall, if she could find no other means of escape, her high spirit preferring immediate death to the mastership of this insolent man. Robert beheld her grief unmoved, for though he had spoken of his son, it was of himself only that he thought; and Guyonne, whom he did not doubt belonged to people of some consideration, was to him an ark of safety, since he resolved, in case of attack, to make her the hostage for his life. He was interrupted in the arrangement of his plans by the crash of other buildings falling, and the rocking of the bridge, under the shocks it received from them.

"By all the fiends in hell, we shall be overwhelmed ere his return," said he, with terrified violence. "Damsel, if thy lover do not speedily come to us, we will go from hence to seek him together."

The clamours of the people increasing in the street, he hastened to

the room in front, in order to ascertain the meaning of the noise ; but unwilling to lose sight of his captive, he drew her reluctantly after him. On the bridge, among the people nearest to the house, he frequently heard his own name repeated, and remarked a tall and powerful looking man, who appeared to be a leader among them, in earnest conversation with the provost's guard. He thought he knew the features of this man too well to be mistaken ; but, in order to be sure, he dragged his trembling hostage to the window. " Maiden," said he, " who is that man ?"

" My father."

" Thy father !—ha !—Noel Camperon, the engraver, mine ancient friend ?" demanded the parricide ; " is he thy father, maiden ?"

" He is."

" What does he with the archers' guard, ha ? Surely he explains to them my concealment here, and encourages the knaves to enter. They advance—ha, ha ! Noel Camperon, good friend, not so fast, I pray thee—ha, gentle maiden ! I did well to keep thee thus—thy life for mine, gentle hostage."

He drew her back again to the inner chamber, and it was time, for scarcely had they set foot in its precincts, ere a loud rushing was heard, and the whole front of the house, with part of the roof, fell into the street, leaving, as by a miracle, the back standing, and the room in which they were, uninjured, but entirely exposed to the view of all. The ruins of this house, in falling, had crushed many of the people who could not escape in time ; and as this was the first time this evil had occurred on the bridge, they imputed it, not to their own imprudence, but to the malediction on the house, and they were rallying, mad with rage and excitement, amidst shrieks and curses, around it, when a pause of astonishment, at the objects the shock disclosed, was succeeded by one single cry—one universal shout from the whole thousands of people. " It is he !—it is he !—De Leglie ! God has given him to our vengeance—down with the monster !—haro, haro on the mother-murderer—down with the accursed—down !"

Twenty bows were bent in a moment towards the criminal, the archers of the guard not waiting for the orders of their chief. Robert had been stupified for a moment, confounded by the greatness of the danger he had escaped in the crush of the falling building, and scarcely recollecting where and in what position he was, when the loud execrations of the people recalled his recollection and the instinct of his own preservation. Hardly were the archers' arrows levelled in the direction of his person, than he caught up in his arms the unhappy Guyonne, and held her as a shield before his body. A terrible shriek of recognition, wrung from the parental agony of Noel, was too late to arrest the flight of the arrows—they flew above, below, and around the murderer ; but one, more true than the rest to its mark, struck the poor trembling Guyonne, whose white robe was instantly dyed with crimson blood ; a faint scream escaped from her lips, and she sank into insensibility. The voice of the multitude became a roar, and its restless movements to and fro like those of a caged hyena, for the houses were crumbling all around, and none dared advance without incurring the risk of immediate destruction.

At this moment a man was seen rushing through the crowd, and haggard, mad, and savage, dashing over every obstacle to his approach towards the house. By the broad light of the torches many recognised his person, and tried to prevent his march to a certain death.

"You cannot save her, Godfrey," they cried aloud; "it is too late; do not therefore expose your own life needlessly."

But then another voice struck upon his ear, and sank deeper in his heart. "O Godfrey, save my child," it said; "save her life; I swear before God and man to-morrow she shall be thy wife."

At the sound of that voice, at the encouraging words it uttered, the poor Guyonne raised her head, for she knew that her deliverer was nigh.

Godfrey sprang over the ruins with supernatural force, and mounted the falling and fallen masses, as if they hid no danger beneath them. The stone staircase had vanished, but he reached the chamber without it, and stood, in a few seconds, in face of his abhorred father. His dagger was glittering in his hand, but he lowered it as he approached him, and only tore Guyonne from his arms; and De Leglie, who, from their first struggle in their earliest encounter, had felt and acknowledged the ascendancy of his son, resigned her without a word. The arrow had struck deep in the bosom of the poor maiden, and Godfrey, gently placing his precious burthen in the chair, drew out the arrow, and bound up the wound, to stop the effusion of blood. During this action, Guyonne stooped forward, and tenderly kissed her lover's burning brow, and the multitude, hitherto silent from anxiety, but now affected by this scene, broke forth again, and loudly shouted to Godfrey to descend with his Guyonne to the street, and every torch was raised in friendly service, and every eye was turned in earnest expectation towards the fatal house.

Godfrey raised his beloved maiden in his arms, and looked cautiously round for the safest point of descent. The encouraging voice of the people cheered him on to the effort, and the wild cry of poor Noel went to his heart. At that instant, when hope once more awoke within his bosom, when his foot was advancing to safety, he felt himself grasped from behind.

"You shall not leave me here," said the wretched assassin, "to meet destruction alone; you shall stay and share my fate, or obtain a promise of safety for me, before you make another step."

"There is no time for parley," said Godfrey, writhing in agony, and struggling to free himself from De Leglie's grasp, "for the houses are falling all around us, and I feel the foundations of this rocking beneath my feet. O, for mercy's sake, let me go—have you not done injury enough?—have you not shed blood again to-day? Let me go, and trust to my word to protect you."

"I will cling to you for ever, unless you obtain a promise of safety from the provost—I will cling to you, even if the bridge should fall and bury us under the ruins."

"Follow me closely then," replied Godfrey, "and mingle immediately with the people,—in the joy of our deliverance they will not observe you, and you may escape without difficulty; release me, and follow."

But De Leglie clung to his son, and would neither release nor follow him, till Godfrey, maddened by his Guyonne's sufferings, turned fiercely upon his father. "Murderer!" he shrieked, "beware!—parricide is common to our race—give way then, or my father shall meet his mother's fate on the spot where his hand shed her blood."

Godfrey laid down his burthen, and a hideous struggle began between the father and the son, each trying not to wound, but to dash the other to the ground. The multitude looked on in breathless horror, none daring to take aim at the ruffian, lest they should strike his victims. A loud cracking of the arch announced another fall, and Godfrey, rendered frantic by the sound, gathered force from his frenzy; he seized his father in his arms, raised him up from the ground, and dashed him with such force against the fatal iron chest, that De Leglie fell, stunned, to the earth. Godfrey took advantage of the moment, advanced towards his Guyonne, raised her gently in his arms, saying something in a voice of tender encouragement, and looked fondly into her eyes. Alas! those eyes gave no reply—they were closed in darkness: those few moments of the horrible struggle had been fatal to her existence, and the gentle spirit had fled from its fair mansion for ever. Godfrey's brain reeled: with the howl of a demoniac he turned from the body, drew forth his glittering dagger, and rushed forward to bury it in his father's heart, when the multitude beheld him suddenly pause, as if turned to stone, and gaze with starting eyes upon some object which stood between him and the assassin! Those of the people who were at a distance said that they beheld a cloud intervene between them, doubtless to prevent another parricide; while those who were nearest declared they had seen rise from the ruins a pale and noble form, the form of Marguerite, the murdered, who stood with her eyes fixed upon her young descendant, and with uplifted hand pointing towards the heavens! The vision lasted but a moment: the foundations shook, the arches severed, and the bridge, with all the dwellings that remained upon it, sank slowly down in one mighty ruin, and buried the accursed house, its fearful secrets, and its wretched inhabitants, for ever.

For the innocent, for the guilty alike—*de profundis*.

ENIGMA.

My family's respectable,
Though whence it came no one can tell,
And when I've said 'tis very old,
All that I know about it's told:
I got a learned education
Befitting one born in my station;
But soon aversion to a desk
Drove me to seek the picturesque;
A curious longing to appease,
I stalk'd among antiquities
Till I became a part of them,
And unto many an antique gem

And quaint inscription did I pry,
Seeking to solve their mystery:
Albeit, I've nothing great about me,
No conqueror can do without me;
Though of his followers, 'tis odds,
But I'm among his awkward squads:
Once, for some service in a square,
At, let me see—no matter where,
I was appointed to the second
Rank in a squadron, and being reckon'd
A bit of an equestrian,
I look as gallantly as I can;

And have been talk'd of, it appears,
 Once in a charge of cuirassiers,
 I then sold out, having acquired
 Quite as much fame as I desired.
 Bred to no one of the professions,
 I yet preside at quarter-sessions ;
 And though no custos-rotulorum,
 I take the lead in every quorum :
 Unread in any of Coke's works,
 I aid the lawyer in his quirks ;
 Nay—to befriend him at a pinch,
 I'm scarcely from his ears an inch,
 For, lest he flounder in his plea,
 In his peruke he carries me,
 Or, what must look exceeding queer,
 Perch'd in the quill behind his ear ;
 I like cross-questioning myself
 Sometimes, though never for base pelf,
 Though none could see more fairly earn,
 For all my suits on quibbles turn.
 Is guilt gross—palpable ? I wink on't,
 And take the part of the delinquent ;
 For I rejoice in an acquittal,
 Caring for justice not a tittle :
 Meanwhile my legal skill I ply
 Chiefly in courts of Equity ;
 If any need a good physician,
 I'm always put in requisition ;
 Chiefly in quinsies I'm call'd in,
 Then I prescribe a quart of gin,
 When the complaint of graver sort is,
 I have recourse to aqua-fortis.
 Meanwhile, 'tis whisper'd at my back
 That I'm a little of a quack.
 I keep good company—the queen
 May every day with me be seen ;
 Indeed I'm first among the quality,
 And though, by singular fatality,
 I take precedence of but few,
 I always come in before you :
 I must—so don't be in a pet,
 For I'm the slave of etiquette.

Avoiding public places, yet
 Oft in frequented haunts I'm met ;
 And though not fond of Regent Street,
 The Quadrant is my favourite beat ;
 From thence, if anybody stares,
 I take a turn into the squares.
 I have some taste in equipages,
 And hear a britscka all the rage is ;
 But wheels make such a horrid din,
 I'm carried in a palanquin.

Though not much given to cracking
 jokes,

I sometimes speak in equivoques,
 And deal still more in quid-pro-quos,
 The reason why—God only knows.

Though it may make you doubt my
 morals,

I'm always getting into quarrels ;
 Tho' 'tis but fair in me to tell,
 I help to make them up as well.

I oft associate with my lacquey,
 And chew my quid—a sort of baccy ;
 And, known for one of the unique,
 I'm black-balled for it by no clique.
 Though billiard-rooms by me are graced,
 Few other games are to my taste ;
 But at picquet I can't refuse,
 For there I neither win nor lose,
 And when they "gather up the bits,"
 I'm always first to cry out quits.
 To church I don't go regularly ;
 But though a pew receives me rarely,
 I always must go twice in one day,
 The Quinqua—what-d'ye-call-it—Sun-
 day.

My literary character

Here and abroad has made some stir ;
 That I conduct the "Quarterly"
 Lockhart himself will scarce deny ;
 Ask Mr. Murray—he'll tell you
 The part I take in that Review.
 But what you'll 'specially admire is,
 I enter into all inquiries ;
 How I find time for't—I can't tell—
 But nought my curious turn can quell.
 Still, though among th' inquisitive,
 I meddle not with aught alive,
 Without I'm literally compell'd,
 My aid then cannot be withheld.

I own to one besetting sin,
 Of many things that I begin
 I seldom carry any through,
 And certainly end very few.
 I have, however, a few traits
 Which may entitle me to praise,
 None more to his acquaintance lends,
 Or closer clings to quondam friends ;
 Upon my person I don't pique
 Myself ; my vision's of th' oblique ;
 In other words, I'm apt to squint ;
 In fact, you'll see it by the print
 Taken of me some time ago,
 That hangs in Harvey's shop-window.

Torquay is one of my resorts,
 As well as some of the Cinq-ports ;
 I had a palace once, well known,
 Some half a dozen miles from town,
 Where cockneys, bent on Sabbath sport,
 With puffs and pigeons would resort,
 And oft the Duke of Cumberland
 Came driving down his four-in-hand.

If you should wish to know me better,
 You need no introductory letter—
 To-morrow I'll be in—inquire ;
 To-day I'm promised to the squire ;
 But really any time will do—
 You'll find me when you're in the cue ;
 In fact, if you should ever stray
 By any chance to Botany Bay,
 You'd find me standing on the quay.

S. M.

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.¹

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

" Chi va lontan dalla sua patria, vede
Cose da quel che già credea, lontane."

No. IV.

The Past *versus* the Future—Reflections on Railroads and the Monetary System—
A London Two-pair—Thoughts on National Music—The fate of Signor Smith—
Partinico—Alcamo—Prayers and Penitents—Segesta.

" O THE days that we have seen ! " Who is there, as he plods along the dusty road of life, bending like a weary pedlar under his pack of cares,—who does not occasionally console himself with the reflection of Justice Shallow ? It is a melancholy kind of consolation too. We *have seen* them. They are past and gone. There is this comfort, however, in comparing them with the brighter visions we body out amid the mists of the future, that they are secured. " Come what will," says the poet, " come what will, I have been blest." Hopes of happy days to come may, perhaps, always remain where they are now, in the *paulo post*. In these bustling days of change, who can calculate upon to-morrow ? The dweller in some quiet country nook lifts up his eyes, and lo ! all London is sweeping past his woodbined windows at a boiling gallop of thirty miles an hour. The rough torrent of human life has been poured, like a cataract, over his quiet home—down before it go the old trees, that have given him and his fathers shade—the little lake is filled up—the grassy knoll is gone, and over them careers, clank, clank, like the iron wheels of a destiny, the great conqueror, screaming as he comes, and panting, like a war-horse, with his iron lungs. Well for us, amid the wreck of systems and the crash of banks, that there *was* a yesterday, something redeemed from the caprice of to-morrow. The drafts of hope upon the credit of the future are directed to a tottering house, and ten to one are never honoured. They are *flimsies* with a vengeance, and it is but natural, as it is fortunate, that a little time and a little experience lead us to look with more favour upon the hard cash of the *has-been*, even subject to the sad discount—they are past and gone.

And if there is a spot on earth where the pure pleasures, reaped under the clear sky and the fresh breeze, may meetly contrast with the sad realities of the present, it is in the midst of the great Gehenna of smoke and sin. It is sad, sad to think, nestled in the centre of our huge Babylon of brick, what endless circumvallations of street and square—place, terrace, and circus—lane and alley—court and mews—are interposed between us and the green fields and the dewy hedges. In vain—in vain we try to blind our eyes to the sooty realities of London life. Located as my two-pair is in one of those extra-parochial Edens, where hurdy-gurdies are unheard, and old-

¹ Continued from p. 68.

clothes men cry not—blessed as I am by the sight of the three dear old elms that are waving their young leaves in at my very window—London is London still. It is in vain that I fling the sash up smack against the window-frame, and lower the green blind until it conceals all that will not open—in vain I pull back my desk, until nought is visible but the leafy screen of the fresh leaves glancing in the sunshine. Alas! behind it, coming in more audibly with the fresh air, is the ceaseless to and fro of London life—the tramp of many hasty feet upon the crisp gravel—the occasional clatter of a Hanson's patent safety—or the boom of a Gravesend steamer hastening on to fill barges and swamp watermen in the pool. Fitfully and dimly too, come, from proximate Alsatia, snatches of some favourite metropolitan melody, "All round my Hat," or "Who'd a' thought of seeing You?" while now and then a curse and a scream, shrill and feminine, intimate that some Alsatian lord of the creation is exercising his marital privilege of beating his wife. The very sparrows that are gossiping among the boughs, and looking with such an air of impertinent curiosity in at the window, are begrimed with soot. Even little Dicky, my *pét canary*, as he hops across the paper, and, with an inquisitive chirrup, turns up his little black beadlike eye in my face, has on a melancholy half-mourning. The poor rose in the window, only three days from Richmond, is drooping already. It is London, London all over—pervading every corner of my hermitage like an atmosphere.

It is no wonder that, under such circumstances, one loves to think of the Arab-like life of the mountain mule track. Travelling here, with all the appliances and means of the railway and the stage-coach, is not travelling—it is locomotion. The nearer we approach to the annihilation of space, according to the wish of the lover of old, the greater its perfection. But, O! the delicious *dawdle* (there is no other word to express it) of the pedestrian in Switzerland, or the mule-mounted wanderer in Sicily. The bright sun and the clear sky, the ever-changing scenery—the novelty of the modes and manners around—the quietly adventurous style of life, make the day one of unwearied enjoyment—more intense, to say the truth, by the want of the snug traveller's room, the comfortable dinner, and the evening papers in perspective, to induce you to wish the day's journey at its close.

Strong, upon our whole party, was this feeling, as we again passed along the road leading to Monreale. Sicily was before us, with all the venerable records of her monuments, Grecian and Carthaginian, Norman and Saracenic, and not less delightful than these antiquarian anticipations themselves were those of our very wanderings in search of them.

We formed, altogether, rather an imposing cavalcade. Our four mules were splendid fellows, every one of them. Domenico had so assorted the baggage on our two sumpter cattle, as to leave a balance in favour of the one that bore our pots, and pans, and pipkins, to be made up by his own weight; and perched upon the croup, he carolled as he went, in a harsh screaming cadence, some Sicilian canzonette—droning and squalling like a living bagpipe.

"What a vulgar error," said the doctor at last, "to suppose the Italians have naturally a better taste for music than ourselves. Listen to that fellow; was there ever anything more abominable? Can imagination conceive a more unrhythmical and unreasonable compound of groan and growl, squeak and grunt? To listen to it, is like screwing one's teeth out to slow music."

"But I don't know, doctor," said I, "that Domenico is a fair sample."

"My dear fellow, they're all the same. Just before I left Naples I took a trip to Sorrento, and every fellow I met was squalling, as if suffering under an intolerable fit of colic, just like Domenico this minute. Music in their souls, indeed! The Irish howl itself, Dick, is harmony compared with it."

"Don't be abusive, doctor; the Irish howl is a very sweet and melodious howl—wild a little—Salvator Rosa-ish, or so, but not a bit more than a howl ought to be. You'd quite like it if you were once accustomed to it."

"So I would, Dicky, like raw whale, if I had been brought up an Esquimaux. Nothing is so elastic as taste, not even India rubber."

"Well, but doctor," said I, "if the Italian peasantry have a style of music which our ears do not relish, the inhabitants of the towns at least, Naples for instance, have a taste in that respect with which our countrymen of the same rank cannot compete."

"Quite a mistake! Back London against Naples any day. A regiment of butcher-boys would whistle all the lazzaroni of Naples out of the field. It is quite surprising to see the readiness with which they pick up the most difficult air in the Italian opera the moment it gets beyond those fashionable precincts. On they come, one after the other, each with his greasy blue apron, his round red face, and his short shiny hair, (rendered so, be it observed, by the reversed meat-tray being always carried home thereon,) and each brings you some gem of music, executed with singular accuracy, and occasionally with a taste of which, *primâ facie*, butcher-boys would be considered incapable."

"A very pretty little theory, doctor," said Dawson. "There have been treatises on less wondrous subjects than the intimate connexion between melody and mutton-fat."

"'Pon my life it's true, Dick. I don't mean to confine it to the butcher-boys. The little fellows who carry the newspapers are very melodious, and so are errand-boys in general; but I do mean seriously to ~~say~~, that we do ourselves great injustice in supposing ourselves naturally less gifted in this respect than our transalpine brethren. I wish I had a chorus of Sorrentonians, with Domenico for leader, in the Hanover Rooms, and all our amateurs, who suffer under *Italomanie*, screwed to their seats, to undergo it for five minutes. That would kill or cure 'em, I'd venture to say."

"I could amend your prescription, doctor," said Dawson, "by the infusion among the performers of some half-dozen Pifferari. Don't you remember the *whillabaloo* they used to kick up opposite our lodgings at Rome, in that street (what's its name?) leadin' out of the Piazza di Spagna? Why, Lamprey, just opposite was a picture of

the Madonna, with a little wee oil lamp burnin' before it, and there, every evenin' at sunset, congregated all the Pifferari at Rome, six or eight, or ten of them sometimes, and there they began with their pipes, which, as you know, have all the noise with half the melody of the Scotch ones, squeakin' and squallin' like a wilderness of wild cats. I declare to patience, if I had been there a week longer, the only question would have been respecting the comparative merits of a rope or a razor—pistols or prussic acid. Any one of them would have been a relief."

"The fact is," said the doctor, "that if music were only cultivated among us to half the extent that it is among the Italians, we would not go to La Scala or the St. Carlo to look for our prima donnas. But the public's an ass, a great ass, and has taken it into its head that Italy must be the land of music, because the guitar, which we look upon as a *genteel* instrument, is sometimes found in the hands of a wood-cutter or a water-carrier. People who run their fingers through the strings of a guitar, when they sing, must have music in them. Was there ever a clearer demonstration? Mercy on me, will nobody stop that fellow's mouth?"

Domenico, who, as we ascended the hill, had been like a skylark waxing louder and louder in his song, was suddenly brought to by a sudden invocation on the doctor's part of *Mille diavoli!* He reined up his horse, and giving him a whack over the head to make him stand still, accompanied with one of those pithy *Aghs* which, on the lips of an Italian, have an expression of the most intense malignity, awaited the doctor's further communications.

"Where do we breakfast, Domenico?"

"At Partinico, 'ccellenza."

"And how many miles is it to Partinico?"

"Eh! 'ccellenza—fifteen or thereabouts from Palermo."

"Doctor dear," said Dawson, "have you got anything in your pocket?"

"Not a morsel. Why, Dick, you look upon me as a walking commissariat. If you had me much longer with you, I verily believe you'd never provide yourself with a dinner at all, but live like a young raven."

"Domenico," said Igins, "do you ever meet with any robbers in the course of your journey?"

"No, signor, mai," said Domenico, laughing. "There was one Inglese, a Signor Smith, killed many years ago. But at present a man might travel all through Sicily, with his purse tied to the tail of his mule, and never have occasion to turn himself in his saddle?"

"But how was Signor Smith killed?"

"Why, you see," said Domenico, with the pompous air of a storyteller who thinks he has got hold of a good story, "he was killed by his guide. This guide was called Francesco, and like me, accompanied gentlemen foreigners from Palermo all the way round to Siragusa and Catania. This Francesco, you see, was about four-and-twenty years of age, and it so happened that he fell in love—eh, signori! perdutamente—with the daughter of another old guide, who

had scraped together some money, and had I don't know how many mules. Francesco was poor, signori, but a *bravo giovane*, handsome and merry, and he sung! Oh, per Dio."

"Did he sing as well as you do, Domenico?" said the doctor.

"*Ah 'ccellenza vi burlate di me*—he sang like an angel, and danced! —I wish you had seen him. Well—he fell in love with Nina, the daughter of old Carlo, and she, as it happened, fell just as much in love with him. But Carlo was old, as I said before, and just as cross as he was rich, and both Francesco and Nina feared him as they would *Satanasso*! Heaven preserve us, Ma, signori miei, when rich old fathers come between their daughters and their heart's love because the lover is not rich, it is a *brutta cosa*, and no good ever comes of it. Francesco and the ragazza used to meet in secret, and when they parted the front of Francesco's jacket would be wet with tears, and he, with his lips pale, and, looking very wild and desperate indeed, used to talk of his being willing to sell his soul for a hundred or two of *colonnati* to make the old man consent to their marriage. I believe he wanted Nina to run away with him to the Val di Noto, where some friends of his lived; but the girl loved her father, and she feared him still more, for she trembled whenever his name was mentioned. So matters went on, Nina looking paler and paler every day, and Francesco, getting more and more savage, quarrelling with everybody, and ready to cut the throat of any one that asked him how he did. Now, Signor Smith was an Inglese, who had come to Sicily like your excellencies, to see the old temples. He was neither young nor old, rather *grasso*, wore a pair of gold spectacles, a green coat, and always had his white hat very far over his forehead. Francesco was his guide, and when they left Palermo, Signor Smith was going, it was said, to Egypt and the Terra Santa. Well, signori, away they went, and in a fortnight or so back came Francesco as usual. But he was as different from the Francesco that went away as night is from day. He said an old uncle of his in the Val di Noto had died and left him all his money, and sure enough he had clearly found a purse somewhere. The *colonnati* flew about like hail, and he had a world of new bright shining Napoleons, that made old Carlo's mouth water when he looked at them. And Francesco, when he called upon his intended father-in-law, kicked the door open with the air of a born marquis, and slapped the old fellow on the back as if he were a *facchino*, while Carlo, old tiger as he was, never took it ill. Faith! you see, in about a week the two young folks were married, and such racketing and junketing never was as at their wedding. The *Marsala* ran in pailfuls, and Francesco did nothing but laugh, and sing, and drink, from matins till vespers. In truth, he had never been very sober from the time he returned. Morning, noon, and night—at breakfast, dinner, and supper—there was always a party of rollicking youngsters, with Francesco at the head of the table, singing and talking as if he never would stop. Well, signori, things had gone on in this way for about a week, and poor little Nina was getting quite unhappy, when one night at supper Francesco pulled out a beautiful gold watch—such a beauty, with such a chain and seals. He did not seem to know very well what he was saying or doing, and he handed it

round for the company to admire. Now, at his left hand was a young fellow who had been a waiter at the hotel where Signor Smith had stopped, and when the watch was put into his hand, he said the seals were very much like Signor Smith's. He had hardly said the word when Francesco sprang upon him like a tiger. "It is a lie!" he shouted; "a cursed lie!" and in an instant the two were rolling over and over upon the floor. Francesco was young, and strong, and he half throttled the other before they got him loose. Indeed, had they been alone, he would most probably have throttled him outright. As it was, the others released him, but he was very black in the face, and had a wheezing in the throat for a week after. Francesco swore and stormed as if—Heaven preserve us!—he were possessed with a devil. It took half-a-dozen of them to carry him to bed, and he raved all night about the watch and Signor Smith, and swore it was a *bugia* to say the seals were like his. Poor Nina sat by his bed-side all night, but he did not seem to know her, except now and then, when he would take her hand in his, and cry over it like a *bambino*. He got better before morning, and wanted more wine, but the doctor would not let him have it. So, just when he was begging and praying that they would give him something to drink, who should come in but two officers to take him on a charge of murdering Signor Smith. He tried to escape, and fought like a devil, but he was soon mastered. It appeared the police had been informed of the body of a foreign gentleman having been found near Syracuse, where it had been buried near a torrent. The rain had been very heavy, and the waters having risen, washed away the earth, so that the body came down with the stream. It was clear to every one that the signor was not a Sicilian, and so word was sent to Palermo to make inquiry respecting a *forestiere* with a green coat. Everybody remembered Signor Smith, and it was well known he had left Palermo with Francesco. He was apprehended, as I said, and the watch turned out to be the signor's. Before his execution he confessed that he had killed the signor for his money, that he might marry Nina. He said it was a very hot day, and the signor was stooping to drink when he struck him on the head with a stone, and buried the body close to the place where it was found. Poor Nina, when he was taken, had one fainting fit after another for days together. She at last became *pazza*, and is now in confinement at Palermo. Ah, signori miei, it was a *brutta cosa*; but it is a long time ago, and such things don't happen now-a-days."

"It is to be hoped not, Domenico," said the doctor; "do you happen to be in love with the pretty daughter of some miserly old *briccone*."

"Io? 'ccellenza," said Domenico, grinning from ear to ear. "Oh, per Dio, no. Besides, gentlemen don't carry great purses of double Napoleons and *colonnati* now-a-days. I don't exactly understand it," he added, shaking his head; "but they need nothing more than a bit of a letter, and at Palermo and Messina, and everywhere, they find people ready and willing to give 'em as much money as ever they like. Oh, per Dio, it is a fine thing to be a gentleman."

"Sweet child of nature!" said the doctor, in English. "Pity that

the intrusion of the idea of cash credits should ever have disturbed with its knowledge of good and evil the happy simplicity of thy financial Eden. Blessed wert thou in thy primitive ignorance of aught but 'cash down.' Console thyself, my Domenico; greater men than thou have failed in fathoming these monetary mysteries. The bank parlour itself is often as muddled as thou."

"Non capisco, 'ccellenza," said Domenico.

"Lo so—I know it," said the doctor, gravely. "How many miles are we from Palermo?"

"About ten, 'ccellenza, and we lose sight of it after turning the next point of rock above."

The road had rapidly deteriorated after passing Monreale. It was rough and narrow, and began to wind among bleak and wild ravines, forming a striking contrast with the rich luxuriance of the valley through which we had passed. The summits of the hills were of a bare grey rugged stone, but wherever a small handful of earth could be found at their bases it was carefully planted with vines, and here and there was a spot of barley, green as an emerald, already coming into ear. For several miles our route was of the same character, until the eye was thoroughly fatigued with its rugged monotony, when, like the sudden drawing up of a curtain, we found ourselves suddenly looking down on the bay of Castellamare, and the plain that forms its shore. It was truly beautiful, and looked doubly so from contrast. Below us was a rich undulating expanse, covered with orange and lemon trees, myrtles and aloes, while the magnificent olives, with their varying tints of dark and pale green as the light breeze passed over them, were almost large enough to give the effect of our forest-trees in England. The whole was fenced in by steep hills, not melting down into the plain, but running out a certain length, and breaking off abruptly in every variety of the picturesque. They were covered with moss and shrubs, (the covert, as Domenico assured us, of game innumerable,) and presented nowhere that dry and dusty surface that fatigues the eye amid the puzzolana ridges in the neighbourhood of Naples. We could trace these inland promontories, as they might be called, for a great distance along the coast, until they closed in the dim distance with the hills to the north of Trapani.

The village of Borghetto (I think it was called) stood on one of the heights near us, romantically suspended over the plain, and from the midst of the olives and oranges rose the buildings of Partinico, looking so white and clear in the sunshine, from the contrasted green, that we began to imagine the accounts we had heard of the miserable inland accommodations in Sicily must have been exaggerated, and we pushed on towards our goal with all the gaiety of hungry men who are confident of the near approach of a comfortable breakfast.

Alas! it was our first experience, that, lovely as the Sicilian villages look, nestling among their olives, or perched like eagles' eyries on some picturesque peak, whited sepulchres are they all. The inn at Partinico was a miserable hovel, and so filthy was the room into which we were ushered, that we preferred our breakfast *al fresco* on a bench in the shade of one of the gables. Our new tea-kettle leaked, but we procured some boiling water in an earthen pitcher,

and at last managed to get an infusion of the herb Cathaïan. The bread, however, would have outweighed its bulk in lead. Milk there was none, and Partinico could not supply it. Tea-spoons had apparently never been heard of, and forks apiece, dealt out from our own commissariat, did duty in their place. With great difficulty we procured five eggs. The odd one fell by lot to the doctor, and our landlady having offered to fry them for him with a rasher of bacon, he consigned them to her care. Alas! when they again made their appearance, and the doctor, congratulating himself on this supernumerary *plat*, set himself astride on the bench, armed with a knife and fork to do execution upon it, the meat was rancid, and the oil in which the eggs had been fried had evidently, from its mingled odours, done the same service for fish, flesh, and fowl probably, before. The doctor thrust the dish from him in disgust, and cast a melancholy look on our empty egg-shells.

"Doctor dear," said Dawson, "in this dirty country it is 'a blessin' that eggs *have* shells. If you had ever pedestrianised in Connemara, you would be equally gratified at the botanical fact of potatoes having skins. Take my advice, my dear fellow, and never trust eggs out of their shells' again till they have been cooked."

"Confound your advice, Dawson—I wish you had given it a little sooner."

"Nay, my dear doctor, you would then have lost the benefit of the practical lesson. Give me the philosophy that teaches by example."

"Bother!" said the doctor, sulkily, as he poured out some of the milkless tea, and cautiously examined the dark "slackbake" which was called bread. "Positively, Dawson, when you choose such melancholy occasions as this for your jests, you render assassination itself only a question of prudence."

Domenico came to apprise us that the mules were ready, and to suggest that it would be well before starting to provide ourselves with something for supper at Alcamo, as the inn there was not likely to supply us with anything beyond what we might bring with us. The lot of purveyor fell upon Igins, and after a considerable search, in company with Domenico, he effected a purchase of mutton, which was carefully stowed away in a basket, and placed among our other supplies. There was then the ceremony of payment for our breakfast, and we found it necessary to tax the good landlady's bill about sixty per cent. Indeed this scale of reduction we found it absolutely necessary to adopt throughout our tour in Sicily. The idea of an Englishman being possessed of wealth *ad libitum* still lurks amid the pastoral fictions of the Sicilians, and we thought it best to take our stand at once, well aware that our reputation for good or evil, for economy or extravagance, would be carried forward from station to station by our fidus Achates, Domenico.

We proceeded to Alcamo through a country increasing, if possible, in richness, covered with corn-fields, vineyards, and olive-groves: all flourishing most luxuriantly. The wild flowers, where we passed occasionally over a patch of natural vegetation, were in amazing number and variety. Butterflies of great size and the most brilliant colours flitted from one to the other, and nightingales were swarming in the

trees. We found Alcamo placed on the slope of a hill, commanding a beautiful view of the sea and the range of mountains we had passed in the morning.

The inn was kept by an abate, a singular-looking character. His outer man was cased in greasy blacks. He was below the middle size, with unshaven chin, a greasy black cotton cap, rheumy eyes, and a nose whose profile presented a surface of incredible extent. His inn, we found, was more like a Turkish caravanserai than the buildings which in this country are called by the name, supplying to the traveller lodging alone, and leaving him to forage for food as he may. Domenico officiated as our cook and waiter; but the fried eggs of the morning were a sufficient warning respecting the cleanly habits of a Sicilian cuisine, and Dawson was by acclamation appointed to superintend the operations. Clean water was fortunately procurable, and, by the assistance of a couple of saucepans from our own stock of hardware, we managed to procure for dinner a little boiled mutton and *macaroni con burro*.

We then sallied out for a walk in the streets of Alcamo. At the end of the strada in which our albergo was placed, another broader one crossed it at right angles, and just as we entered the latter, in front of a large blank-looking building, with small grated wickets up near the eaves, we saw a procession approaching. The little white caps of the nuns, for a nunnery it was, swarmed to the windows, and we drew up on the side of the street to see the procession as it passed. First came, as usual, the priests, then, as usual, a large image, representing on this occasion the Virgin, and in the rear followed a double row of penitents, so long as to include apparently half the population of Alcamo. They seemed of all grades, and each was armed with a cat-o'-nine-tails, such as suited the fancy of the wearer. The more genteel had whip-cord; some, who sorrowed in moderation, had good thick jack-line, some went the length of a knotted rope, and not a few great sinners, in the outrageous extravagance of their repentance, carried a bunch of strong and heavy chain. Each proceeded with a slow and measured pace, gently drawing over his left shoulder the instrument with which he was armed; and at short intervals there passed along the line, in a slow and melancholy chant, the exclamation—"Praise to the Virgin!"

A stout, ruddy, thick-necked capuchin—the very picture of jolly good living, stood before us. Of him we inquired the meaning of the performance, and understood that the object was to procure rain for the crops, which were suffering from the long drought. We were also gratified with the intelligence that the Madonna of the principal church was one of the most powerful and influential Madonnas in Sicily, and that, as sure as eggs were eggs, so sure would there be rain, sooner or later, on the fields of Alcamo.

"Do you think so?" said the doctor, very gravely.

"Sicuro!—not a doubt of it," said the Capuchin.

"Ma buon padre," responded the doctor, "don't you think—you'll excuse me—but don't you think the penance would be quite as heavy if each of these signori, in place of flogging himself, were to flog the one before him, two capuchins, who have flogging enough at home,

being employed on the two hindmost. *Mi pare*, so far as I can judge at present, they lay it on very gently."

"*Davvero! è un' idea singolare,*" replied the capuchin, perusing the doctor's lineaments from top to toe with an air of considerable surprise. "*Bella! davvero. Perhaps, il signor,*" he added, his merry eye twinkling at the conceit, "would have no objection to set an example by taking his place in the rear of the procession, and trying what effect the application of this," taking up the end of his knotted girdle, "would have on those broad shoulders."

"I should have much pleasure in doing so," said the doctor; "but you must remember I do not belong to Alcamo, and rain or no rain, it's nothing to me: were I an Alcamoite now, and a good capuchin, I would do so at once."

The capuchin turned upon the doctor a look in which there was a good deal of humour, at least, if not of piety, and put an end to the conversation by rubbing one fore-finger across the other. Among Italians this is a conversational hieroglyphic, which may be translated into excellent London English by putting the tip of the thumb to the end of the nose, and gently elevating and extending the remaining digits. Then, with a laughing "*Buona notte, signori,*" this fat specimen of penance and mortification waddled up the street after the procession.

The next morning we started for Segesta, eight miles from Alcamo. The heavy lowering clouds and the cold whistling rain seemed to promise an answer to the prayers of the evening before. Sicilian April as it was, we were glad to have recourse to the great-coats which during the previous day had been strapped behind us. We left the high road, if high road it could be called, about a mile from Alcamo, following the mule track along a very rich and extensive valley, full of bold slopes covered with olive-trees and poplars. As we advanced, the eminences became more bare, until their sides, in most places, supplied but a scanty pasture; till at length, crowning the summit of a bleak hill, we discerned a majestic Grecian edifice, apparently entire. Around, other hills rose still higher and more rugged. No sign of living thing was visible but the shepherd's hut, placed in a hollow near the temple, and the scattered goats and sheep that formed his flock. There it stood in its loneliness, as if, like the house of Loretto, some supernatural power had borne it from a distant land, and planted it in this solitude, as a wonder and a marvel. We looked in vain, as we approached, for the ruins of that great city, of which the edifice before us had once been the ornament. On an opposite hill was a heap of large oblong blocks of grey stone, the remains of a small theatre; but all else was as utterly swept away as if the sod had always been untrodden, except by the hunter or the shepherd.

Our cavalcade drew up at the door of the hut, and leaving Domenico to unload the horses and look after the breakfast arrangements, we ascended the hill to the temple itself.

The impression of awe with which we had viewed it from a distance was not diminished on a nearer approach. It was a massive Doric structure, of a light calcareous stone, whose texture seemed qualified to bid defiance to time. Its thirty-six huge pillars, the cornice and

pediments, were all complete, growing, as it were, out of the fresh sod and the native rock. The hill on which it stood sloped gently downwards on the side from which we had approached it; on the other a rugged precipice descended to the waters of the Fiume freddo, once named after the Trojan Scamander. The wind swept dismally over its uncovered area, in the middle of which a huge black snake was coiled, as if to represent the presiding genius of desolation.

"It is hard to tell," said the doctor, after we had wandered in silence among every part of the huge structure, viewed it from every point, and cast many a wondering look on the solitude around, that seemed still deeper from the contrast—"it is hard to tell which impresses the mind most, the utter destruction of this great city, or the perfection of the monument that remains to tell of its whereabouts. Strange that this should have remained entire, while all else is gone so utterly. One would have expected some companionship in ruin—here and there a broken tower or a tottering wall—a heap of stones or two encumbering the ground—a broken shaft or shattered capital peeping out from among the palmetta. 'There's no such thing,' as Macbeth says. This temple, the only record—and a glorious one it is—of a people whom the fictions of history make the descendants of Troy—who were the allies of Athens and Carthage—the rivals of Selinuntum and Syracuse—servants of Rome when Rome ruled all. Just conceive, if one can, the Thames flowing between green banks from Richmond to Gravesend, one wide meadow from Edmonton to Croydon; a tree or two, a few bushes, a herdsman's hut the only thing to break the view; Fleet Ditch once more a purling stream, where little boys might catch sticklebacks and gather buttercups; St. Katharine's Docks a green hollow—no Pudding Lane—no Pie Corner—no Monument—no nothing: all London grass, as flesh is said to be; and suppose the massive buttresses of St. Paul's standing in the midst, the dome gone, to make the parallel complete, but all the rest remaining in desolate majesty, with the sheep browsing in its porches. This picture does not seem a whit more strange to us than a vaticination which would have shadowed forth to the worshippers here, in the days of Segesta's greatness, its state at the present moment."

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said Dawson, "but you, being one of the learned, can tell us when this was built, and what it was built for."

"Why, Dicky, it has been ascertained, with tolerable certainty, that it was erected sometime since the Trojan war, if ever there was such a thing, and that it was most probably dedicated to Venus, or Ceres, or Diana;—I am of that opinion."

"Boys," said Igins, "ar'n't you hungry?"

"Faith I am, Ned," said the doctor; "and I never was very fond of classics before breakfast. First to the macaroni, Dick, for a carline!"

SALVATOR ROSA ; OR, THE TWO PORTRAITS.¹

Chapter II.—The Transition.

THE next morning Salvator Rosa came in haste from Naples to know the value of his work. Alas ! where could he better learn it than beside the two livid and disfigured corpses ? A while ago he trembled lest imitation should shrink into nothingness before the beauty of animated nature. Now he found beauty and strength lying withered before the more enduring and unchangeable image of the pencil.

The funeral took place at noon. The bodies were deposited in a tomb erected in the centre of the pine-wood. It bore the inscription :

LEONTIO AND STELLINA.

Died May 10, 1646, the Day of their Marriage.

This terrible event threw over the Castle of Ottagano a pall of mourning, surrounding it with a cloud of frightful mystery which time could never disperse. The arched window and the door of the nuptial chamber were walled up, the two portraits covered with black veils, the furniture left untouched, and even the poisonous moisture which marked the outline of the corpses as they lay on the marble floor, allowed to remain.

The two mothers, inconsolable at first and giving way to most cruel pangs of despair, had at last been reconciled to life by the certitude of a new maternity. This imposed upon them the duty of arming their hearts against the dire recollection of the calamity which befel them. Ten months afterwards, the Countess of Las Vegas gave birth to a daughter, who was cherished by the name of Stellina ; and in the interval of a few days her friend was brought to bed with a new Leontio. A mournful joy, pregnant with misgivings of uncertain futurity, hovered round the cradle of the new-born children. The utmost secrecy had been observed with respect to that event. Even most intimate friends and nearest relations had not been informed of it. Las Vegas introduced by night an unknown priest, who christened the infants without being apprised to whom they belonged. The two families carried to excess the means of precaution, in order to conceal the birth of Stellina and Leontio—that species of resurrection of their namesakes,—before the invisible foe, who directed the blows of his revenge with such atrocious perseverance, and who knew how to wait long years to choose the best opportunity, and to strike with unerring aim.

Disgusted with Naples, Las Vegas and Ottajano had determined upon leaving Italy and embarking for Spain. Such was their anxiety in fulfilling this plan, that, though their infants could hardly bear as yet the fatigue of a long sea-passage, they only procrastinated their departure for a few days in expectation of the arrival of Salvator Rosa, whom they were to entrust with the ultimate settlement of their affairs

¹ Continued from vol. xxi. p. 396.

in the hated country. He was to come on the 10th of July. But fatality had only begun its work of destruction against these two ill-fated families. The beginning of July, 1647, was ushered into the world with the successful revolution to which Masaniello gave his name and his life. On the 10th, the fourth day of that sovereignty of one week, the mob invaded the palace of the Duke of Madaloni, on suspicion that he had been guilty of hiring assassins to kill their fisherman-monarch. The duke found means to escape, but his brother suffered death in his stead, for the populace thirsted for the blood of that noble family. To the same fate were doomed all his friends, for they were considered as his accomplices. Among others, Las Vegas and Ottajano, assailed in Largo di Castello, were assassinated, and their corpses thrown into the sea. A lazzarone, followed by a numerous and obedient band of rioters, presided at this cruel execution. No sooner was it done, than this leader unknown, but so faithfully obeyed, addressed his companions in a calm and dignified tone, singularly contrasting with the horrible scene of massacre of which he was the principal contriver.—“ Friends,” said he, “ the death of these two traitors is not a sufficient punishment. The measure of our righteous vengeance must be filled to the brim. Let us hasten to their castle. They were preparing to leave it—surely Madaloni must be concealed there. Freemen, follow me !”

The blood-thirsty crowd, dizzy with the horror of their own deeds, proceeded, with horrible yells, towards the Castle of Ottajano. But their cruel expectation was to be disappointed. The wives of their two victims had escaped. They found only the old butler, Stephano, who witnessed without concern the devastation of the noble mansion of his master—the tragic event of the last year had reduced him to the state of utter imbecility. Meanwhile the unknown lazzarone hurried to the tomb of Leontio and Stellina, opened its bronze gate, carried away their corpses, and from the top of the rock threw them into the sea. The delight which he appeared to feel from this refinement of revenge, did not allow him to see that the bodies fell into a bark moored below.

The two ladies and their children would have inevitably fallen into the hands of the furious mob, had it not been for the timely aid of Salvator Rosa. He had arrived the same morning in Naples. To espouse openly the cause of Ottajano and Las Vegas would have been only a sure means of involving his person in the common doom of destruction, without serving the least those whom he was most anxious to save. A better expedient presented itself, in assuming the colours of the most uncompromising and rabid revolutionists. He therefore enlisted in the celebrated and dreaded ranks of *La Compagnia della Morte*. As soon as he heard of the danger which threatened his Spanish friends, he hastened to the spot ; but to his utter dismay he found he was too late. Unable either to prevent or to resist the meditated attack on the castle, he despatched there a trusty messenger, to save, at all risks, the two unfortunate ladies. Limerio, that devoted servant of his, found, on arriving at Ottajano, that in a few minutes all means of egress were to be intercepted. He was neither deficient in skill nor in courage. The inquiries he made led him soon to know

of the boat concealed behind the rock. There the affrighted mothers, carrying a wooden cradle, with their children, were conducted by him in all possible haste. But a new horrible incident awaited them, before even they could be aware of the imminent peril they stood in. The moment Limerio had lodged the fugitives in the boat, himself remaining on the bank to secure an oar, a heavy load, hurled from the top of the overhanging rock, fell upon the deck. Shaken by that sudden fall, the boat whirled round about, and, heaved up by a coming breaker, made off into the wide expanse of the sea. What words could fathom the terrific grandeur of this scene? What pencil depict the two Niobes, standing on a frail and oarless bark, rapidly carried away by the swelling surge?—here, their two children in a cradle—there two others without a shroud;—here Leontio, Stellina, smiling, unconscious changelings!—there Leontio, Stellina, livid, mangled corpses! Dreadful image of the two extremes, the birth and the end of the same existence!

Limerio was a skilful swimmer: shaking off the awe of death which crept over his body in the first moment, he jumped into the sea, and in a few instants overtook the boat. Uncertain where to steer, he was making for some distant point of the shore, when his eye caught the darkening figure of the lazzarone, who, with his clenched hand, stood motionless on the summit of the rock, like a vulture perched on a crag, wrathfully eyeing the prey which escapes his rapacious claws. The wide open sea presented, therefore, the only place of safety. But nature itself conspired with their invisible enemy. At dusk a violent storm overtook them, as they were approachig a deserted creek.

“Whom shall I save?” exclaimed Limerio, as he saw the boat rapidly filling with water.

“Our children,” firmly responded the mothers.

He sprang into the sea, and swam to the shore, driving before him the cradle with the two infants. Once, once only, he looked back, and saw the boat sinking into the sea, and the mothers, like two saints, bent over the bodies of their children, sending the last blessing, the last farewell to those in whom the latter were to revive. The shore lay very far. When Limerio reached it, he fell dying from exertion. Delirium gathered over his fevered brain. He expired, muttering the names of Leontio and Stellina, and delivering them into the hands of the monks, who had hastened from the neighbouring monastery to their rescue.

Chapter III.—Rome.

On the second day of November, in the year 1666, a young artist was sketching a melancholy landscape of ruins, in the thermæ of Antoninus. Beside him a lovely girl, seated on a broken capital, busily worked at a piece of embroidery. They appeared to be both of the same age—not more than eighteen years old. Their costume did not denote an existence of comfort. They were entirely absorbed in their task, as if their daily bread depended upon the work of their hands.

The bells of the church of St. Nereus rang a solemn peal. The

young man shuddered, and dropped the pencil from his hand. "That sound," said he, "has frightened me. Stellina, is it already the angelus of the evening?"

"No, brother; this is the last peal of the solemnity of All Souls' Day. We have not recited a single *miserere*."

"For whom should we have done this pious service? We have got no departed friends—have we ever known our parents?"

"For the souls suffering in purgatory."

"Thou art right, dear Stellina; if the souls of our parents are suffering, thy prayer would have relieved their pains, for thou art so pure, so innocent, so angel-like. I apprehend we have forgotten much of our pious habitudes, much of those devotionary practices, to which we were wont to attend so punctually in the Carthusian monastery. It is three years already since we have left it, and how much changed we are—how profane and worldly we have grown! I know I am alone to be blamed. Thy virtues belong to thyself, mine are thy faults. To-day, for instance, we let the holiday pass without repeating the customary prayer of seven psalms. Is it not a criminal neglect before God and before men? One might think we were led by the evil spirit."

"Let us hasten to the church. The ruins are too melancholy for us," said Stellina, fondly clasping his arm in her own.

They quitted the ruins. The doors of the church were heavily swung back when they arrived before its porch. Still they caught but a glimpse of the thirteen wax-tapers, which burnt round a bier covered with a black pall, on which thousands of silver drops twinkled, like the tears on the mourning robe of a widow.

"You are too late," whispered the beadle; "the last absolution has been already pronounced."

Leontio slipped a piece of money into his hand.

"This is for a mass for the dead," said he, with great humility and visible emotion.

The beadle opened a register placed on a small table in the entrance. "For whom shall it be performed?" inquired he.

"For the souls of our mother and father."

"What names shall I write?"

Leontio answered not.

"The names of your parents?" repeated the beadle. "The Christian name only. You know the priest must pronounce them in the memento. Have you forgotten them?"

"Yes!" said Leontio, vainly endeavouring to suppress a heaving sigh. Stellina, leaning against a column of the portico, wept bitterly.

"Poor children!" exclaimed the beadle. "Holy patrons of our church be your guardians! Thus saying, he presented to them the holy water-pot, and shut the doors of the sanctuary.

Leontio drew his sister to his bosom, wrapt her elegant form in the ample folds of his cloak, and quickly proceeded along the Appian Way. They passed the sordid structure covering the tombs of the Scipios, traversed the barren space of that circle of ruins which once formed the circus of Caracalla, and arrived at the foot of that

noble mausoleum, which has rendered immortal the most sublime paternal grief that the Eternal City can boast of, and of which the poet says—

“ There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as its fortress with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by all o'erthrown;
What was this tower of strength? Within its cave
What treasure lay so locked? A woman's grave.”

“ A woman's grave !” exclaimed Leontio. “ Unfortunate daughter, but still more unfortunate father! How sublime, how intense must have been the grief which could find words so simple as these :

‘ Cæcilæq. Cretis, F. Metellæ Crassi.’

Nothing more ! And yet how many generations have stood on this spot in ecstasy of admiration ! How many centuries have wept at the foot of this tower ! Hear me, Stellina, let us sit here for a while. How freely I breathe here ! That tomb is empty ; we might choose it for our dwelling.”

“ With thee, brother, even a tomb would seem a palace to me,” answered she, fondly nestling in his bosom.

“ Hear me, Stellina—I feel as if I had a secret to own. The hour is solemn, the opportunity propitious, the place sacred. But what I have to tell thee is more than a secret, for no words can express it, no human voice describe. To fathom its depth reason is inadequate, feeling insufficient. Stellina, I need from you more than reason, more than a woman's intelligence, more than a sister's love—divination.”

The young girl fell on her knees. Leontio took her into his arms, seated her on a protruding angle of the basement, and began to speak. For a few minutes his voice uttered but unintelligible sounds. A moment of painful suspense followed this unsuccessful effort. He looked around as if to arm his heart with resolution by the grandeur of the surrounding scene. Night had already begun to gather its shadows ; but it was not that Italian twilight

. “ where the deep skies assume,
Hues, which have words, and speak to ye of heaven.”

The horizon frowned with impending storm. The south wind howled in Metella's tower, and filled it with sounds, wild, lugubrious as the chant of ancient funerals. At times, as if the bull-heads jutting out of the freeze had been reanimated, they seemed to roar like the victims of a hecatomb under the axe of the immolating sacrificer. The violent current of stormy air, in rebounding from the sharp angles of the ruins, mimicked the cries of desolation, rattled on the dalls of the Appian Way with the clash of contending chariots on the circus, and broken into thousands of awful tones in the arches of the

aqueducts, and the battlements of the Aurelian walls, counterfeited the horrible yells of the barbarians of Theodoric ransacking the Eternal City.

"Now or never!" exclaimed Leontio. "Here we may breathe freely, here we do not suffer alone; we pine with all that has pined, we weep with all that has wept. Oh! how this mourning is universal. Could the tears which have been shed here flow together, the Appian Way would soon become one swelling torrent. These remnants of greatness, these vestiges of vanished glory, inspire me with firmness, and bid all weakness to depart; for our pangs are not ordinary pangs; we are the chosen darlings of misfortune. Is our existence like to that of others? Do we know what we have been—what we are now? Placed at the bottom in the scale of human beings, we feel nevertheless our hearts swelling with inborn pride, akin to a nobler origin. We are poor, but unlike those who display the rags of misery in public places; we have never yet stretched our hands at the door of a cardinal; our lips have never been polluted with those doleful lamentations which extort unwilling alms, or provoke an angry refusal. We live upon the work of our hands. We are friendless, strangers to society. What are we then? What am I? A man like others? Impossible! I have never partaken of their festivities—I am ignorant of their pleasures and affections—their follies and their calamities are equally unknown to me. The atmosphere of the city they inhabit suffocates me as the foul air of a prison. I have retired to its outskirts, there, where begins the great avenue of tombs. There I feel to be in my element. I love the tombs; not those in which the worm has yet something to revel upon, but such as have become skeletons themselves. Hail, Rome! Thou art not deficient in that sepulchral luxury. As an old prostitute leaning over two favourites, thou stretchest thine arm round the tomb of Adrian on one side, round the tower of Metella on the other. Yes, I love the tomb as one loves his native place. I love it, not because once my ashes shall be laid in it, but because"

"Brother!" exclaimed Stellina—

"Methinks I have issued from it."

"I have divined!" muttered Stellina, and fell breathless on the arm of Leontio. He embraced her, kissed her lips, her eyes, her hair, with an ecstasy more than fraternal. Mysterious words passed between them, but the raging storm deafened their sounds. The furious lightning darted through the dark clouds. Leontio started up as if the sacred privacy of their minds' colloquy had been intruded upon.

"Thou seest," cried he, "Heaven itself is angry with me, for I have betrayed the secrets of the grave, violated the confidence of a profound mystery. Come, come, sister, let us return to the habitations of men. This place is haunted."

They descended the verdant slope of the mound, upon which Metella's tower is situate, directed their step towards the Appian Way, and walked in silence. At length Leontio thus pursued his strange revelation.

"This frightful idea that I am not born as other men are, that my

existence draws its origin from the grave, that I belong to beings intermediate between men and phantoms, stands fixed in my mind, predominating, confusing all other thought. At night I am troubled with horrible dreams—dreams which often disturb my repose ; for, dear sister, I have often found thee watching over my pillow. Thou must have frequently heard those piercing groans, which wake even myself whenever I am struggling with that habitual dream. I fancy then as if I was buried in deep earth, encased in a narrow coffin, wrapt tightly in a chilly shroud. I inhale the scent of grave-weeds, of funeral incense, and of smoking wax-tapers. Something frigid, something icy crawls upon the breast, and gnaws my body with venomous stings. I hear, far, far above me, the wind rustling in the weeds, the solemn chant of the priests, the measured strokes of the grave-digger's spade. A lurid blaze, like the lightning of the storm, envelopes all around me. Oh ! what I see then no tongue can express, no ear can stand to hear. I stretch the arms to break through the ties of the pall ; I strive to rise : vain is the struggle, an iron collar strangles my throat, a heavy chain clogs the feet down. And when, by dint of convulsive jerks, I succeed to make a stir, the head knocks and rebounds from the putrid plank of the coffin-lid ; and still, all the while, I retain the consciousness of existence—I possess a perfect knowledge of my state—I am scorched by hunger, my throat is parched with thirst. I curb the lips to catch the hanging roots of the weeds, to cool the dry tongue with the moisture of the vault. Impossible ! I endeavour to weep, to drink my own tears ; the eye remains dry and burning. I call to my aid resignation, I arrive only at despair. It is a violent effort of despair that delivers me from that infernal might. A fearful groan bursts from the torpid breast and wakes me, and still long hours pass before I am convinced that the dream is over. What is that dream ? What indissoluble link ties me to its visions ? It is this which has made me curse the greatest consolation Heaven can offer to misfortune—the sleep. Is it not terrible, after a day of excruciating torments, to find in the sleep delusions heavier than real pains ?”

“ Brother, brother,” exclaimed Stellina, bursting into a paroxysm of tears, “ calm your anguish ; for God's sake do not proceed. Thy hands tremble feverishly. Thou art raving !”

“ No, no, I must tell thee all to-night. After this, thou shalt never hear me again speaking of myself. I have now a calmer picture to draw. It will serve as a foil to the deadening aspect of the other. A singular idea often occurs to me when thou art seated beside me, or when we are thus walking hand in hand together. The relative position of external objects—the accidental combination of our movements, our appearance, our gestures—a certain hue of the skies—a peculiar form of the flitting clouds—the mountains—the swell of the undulating crops of the fields—all that melted together in the light of phantasy, reminds me suddenly of an unknown epoch of my life, when such objects, such sights, such sensations, were offered to me in the same position, the same harmony, without the absence of a single incident, without the difference of the slightest circumstance. Then the shadow of my recollection assumes all the colours of an

animated scene in reality. True, this impression is fugitive, it vanishes as soon as it comes; but the shock and the blight it leaves behind are so forcible, permanent, that I cannot bring myself to believe that I have been a victim of illusion. Moreover, few days pass without the renewal of such fancies. Thou hast not certainly forgotten the day of the nuptials of Monsignor Corsini. Yielding to thy curiosity, I entered with thee the gardens of the noble bridegroom, to see the splendid feast."

"Yes, yes, I remember it well, brother; how pale, how uneasy thou wert, when we returned home."

"Well, Corsini's garden shone with a dazzling illumination; the night was calm, and wafted around the sweet odours of lemon-blossoms; the pine-wood swelled with delicious harmony; joy and ecstasy filled the air. We walked far from the crowd, endeavouring to be happy with the least; the scents of the hill, the remote music of the merry hall, the sweet harmony of the water-falls—I had never been before in Corsini's gardens, never seen Rome from the mount Janicule, nor the tufted hill, nor the avenues of lemon-trees. Well, the scented air, the garden, the reflection of the lights on the marble pavement, the blended harmony of songs and waterfalls, brought to my mind something so enchanting, so full of a mysterious recollection, that I stood chained to the spot. I looked on thee, and thy eyes were fixed on me with an ineffable and virgin expression. Surely it was not, for the first time, that thou hadst beguiled me with such a look—not the first time that I saw thee thus bending lovingly as if in quest of a husband's kiss. It is a second time that we were walking so in a lovely avenue, while the stars twinkled, while the fountains leapt sparkling into view, while the scent of lemon-trees embalmed the air, while dance swept the marble of a majestic hall, and the windows of a castle threw mystic light on the brown bark of the pines; while the galaxy of the fairest women of Italy shone amidst a crowd of noble knights, and love presided everywhere, animated every spot, thrilled through every heart. It is for a second time in my life that I have seen all this phantasmagory of bliss. When was the first? There is the abyss. Surely that first time had not occurred in the short time of my present life of eighteen years!

"Sister, these bewildering ideas," added he after a pause, "this delirium, this continual fever, undermine my health, and will ultimately destroy my life. Yet I must live, for who would protect thee if I were to die? I feel it is the poisonous atmosphere of Rome which kills me. Nothing can be more painful than the mourning of this city, if it be not its gaiety. Impressionable as I am by external objects, I stand in need of a clearer sky, a sunnier abode, as there are so many on the shores of the sea. I long for the sea. Let us go to Naples. In some cottage of Ischia, under some vine-arbour of the Pausilipian meadows, we may yet find comfort and consolation. To-morrow I shall go and see Salvator Rosa: he is a Neapolitan and an artist. I shall ask him for advice; he cannot deny it to me. The passage is short. Our journey will be soon arranged. Dost thou consent to it, sister?"

"With all my heart, Leontio."

"Then we shall go. It is Providence herself who has inspired me with that determination."

They arrived at the door of their humble dwelling. It was in a lonely street. Darkness and silence covered that remote quarter of the town. Only the light of a solitary lamp glimmered through the painted windows of St. Theodore's church, and the fountain playing on the outskirts of Campo Vaccino measured with its hollow sounds the long hours of night.

Next morning Leontio rose with the sun ; Stellina was yet sleeping. He stood and gazed a while on that face, radiant with hope and innocence, as if to steel his mind with firmness for the task he was to perform. Then he descended with caution the narrow staircase, proceeded towards the Tiber, took one of those boats which lay moored at the feet of the Temple of Vesta, traversed the river, ascended the mount Janicule, and entered the church of San Pietro in Montorio. The young outcast of society delighted to take refuge in God. He flung himself on his knees before that magnificent picture of Raphael, the Transfiguration. Though he could not help comparing himself to that livid child, tortured by the evil spirit, whom the painter had represented there with such terrible truth, he found himself comforted and relieved, when, raising his eyes towards the upper regions of the tableau, he beheld the chosen of the Lord swimming in a cloud so celestial, so rosy, as the finest twilight of Italian summer eve. It is under the genial influence of that calmness and serenity which the fine arts never fail to impart, that he left the church, determined to wait under the porch the arrival of Salvator Rosa, whom he knew to have been engaged there, at some work, for a long time past. Scarcely had he time enough to collect his thoughts, and to decide on the manner in which he was to accost the patriarch of the painters, than he saw the latter heavily mounting the steps of the hill.

Salvator was dressed with that magnificence and that exquisite taste, which bespoke that his inventive and classic mind held under its control even the external attire of his person. Silk, velvet, lace, precious stones, combined their brilliancy in his elegant costume. His fingers blazed with costly rings set in emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. A sword, sheathed in an enamelled scabbard, hung gracefully at his side. But his features were yet more remarkable than his princely garb. His face had muscles to express and to shadow forth every feeling. His eyes beamed with the light of genius. Perpetual irony played on his lips. With years his features assumed a grave and majestic cast, and his brow was knit with that settled frown, which gave him an air of superiority and command.

He passed slowly the portico, casting his vacant eye on Leontio with that absence of expression which denotes men wrapt in their thoughts, or accustomed to the admiring curiosity of their fellow-creatures. But suddenly he stopped, and fixing his penetrating looks on the young man, he approached him with evident hesitation, such as one feels in the incertitude of mistaking a stranger for an acquaintance.

"Young man," said he to Leontio, confused by the sudden presence of the great artist, "thou seemest to be very melancholy. Hast thou lost a mistress?"

"No," faltered the youth; "I am come here to speak to you. I am an artist by taste and profession; I live by the works of my humble talent. An irresistible wish for travelling has lately sprung up in my mind. It is more than a desire, it is an imperious necessity. I have never seen but Rome and its vicinity. I long for Naples and its charming sea. You are a Neapolitan and an artist—you cannot refuse me your counsel: it is all that I require from you. As for means of life, my pencil is sufficient to procure them. On that score I have nothing to demand from your excellency."

"What is thy name?" asked vehemently Salvator, closely examining Leontio's features, and then shutting his eyes, as if hunting after some dim recollection.

"Leontio."

"Leontio! Is it possible? Do my eyes deceive me? And the name of thy family?"

"Nothing more but Leontio."

"Where dost thou reside?"

"In the street of St. Theodore, opposite the church."

"Dost thou remember having ever seen me before?"

"Never."

"But I have seen thee; I know thee. Where is thy youthful wife?"

"Your excellency is mistaken; I have got but a sister."

"A wife, I tell thee. She is of the same age with thee. Long, flowing, light hair, dark eyes, an angelic face: I see her before me. Her name is Stellina."

"She is my sister."

"Thy wife, I tell thee!"

"Demon!" exclaimed Leontio, furiously. He rushed towards him, drew forth his dagger, but then casting a look of contempt, he ran down the hill as if hunted by despair.

He reappeared before Stellina, breathless and pale from emotion, and the swift course he made.

"Hast thou seen Salvator Rosa?" inquired she.

"Yes."

"Has he well received thee?"

"Yes."

"Has he given thee good advice?"

"Yes."

"Shall we go to Naples?"

"Yes."

Four days afterwards they entered Naples, illumined with the dawn of the brightest morn that ever shone upon that spot,

"All musical in its immensities." *

* To be continued.

THE PATRIOT BONNIVARD IN THE DUNGEONS OF CHILLON.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

DARK Chillon ! my footsteps thine echoes awaken,
 Thy proud pillars tell of the martyrs of old ;
 But my courage holds firm—it can never be shaken ;
 What humbles the weak gives a tone to the bold :
 Like the Danite, when tyranny blasted his vision,
 Who rose like a giant or god from his fall,
 And, amid their wild mockings and laughing derision,
 Shook the pillars of brass, and hurl'd *ruin on all*.

So Bonnivard's heart, in this dungeon unbroken,
 Shall gather new strength from the evils around,
 And the words that seem idly and uselessly spoken
 Shall find in my country a soul and a sound.
 As the red lightning flies from the clouds that confine it,
 My spirit shall breast through this prison of gloom,
 And for liberty, pure as my breast doth enshrine it,
 Shall heap on our *altars* a proud hecatomb !

My fathers—they ranked with the noblest in story,—
 Their honours and riches descended to me ;
 All is gone ! but the boon that I asked for,—the glory
 Of making my country unfetter'd and free.
 Dear Spirit of Freedom ! mine own and for ever !
 The birthright and glory of nature art thou !
 Yet, yet, I shall clasp thee, more closely than ever :
 And die with thy green wreath entwining my brow.*

* It is the memory of this champion of freedom and humanity that hallows the dungeons of Chillon. There needs no material gloom to add to the interest with which we regard the walls which confined the generous, the brave, and the devoted.

‘ Chillon, thy prison is a holy place.’

Not, indeed, because of Byron's poem ; for that has little connexion with it, beyond what is lent by the beautiful touches of description in which the poet indulges. The Chillon of Byron has as little to do with the Chillon of *reality*, as Monmouth with Macedon. It is Bonnivard who is the spirit of Chillon, and he is as unlike the dreamy sentimentalist of Byron's fancy as can possibly be. Bonnivard was a man of the world. He was not one who adhered *blindly* to a faith, merely because it was his father's—he burst the bonds of old superstition ;” he gave nerves and sinews to the body of liberty, and breathed into it his own heroic spirit, until it began to move, a thing of life and light, rousing and animating all to the combat—until even the dead walls of his prison rang with the glorious sounds of freedom, drowning the clank of his ignoble chains.

Italy: in Six Parts; with Historical and Classical Notes. By JOHN EDMUND READE, Author of "Cain the Wanderer."

On a subject so inexhaustible as that of Italy, and so rich, beautiful, and touching in all its parts, we can scarcely have too much *good* writing. Indeed, every verse or line that comes from the heart will have its interest. It is only the vapid, unreal enthusiasm which vents itself in generalities, and babbles about sunny skies and blue seas, that vexes and nauseates.

The author before us has a most lively sympathy for the beautiful and sublime forms of nature, and for the master-works of art, and his verses have been written in moments when this feeling had the freshness and vivacity of a passion—when the immortal objects, of which he had dreamed for years, filled his real senses with their magic. He says—

"I can with truth aver that I have scarcely written a line except in the presence of the objects described; and as in the whole limitless kingdoms of Art and Nature, as in the moral world, I believe the Good and Beautiful everywhere prevails, and, if sought for, is everywhere to be found, so I have only written when I have felt myself under their immediate influences."

Of all this there is abundant evidence in every part of the poem, and the circumstances not only give an "additional" interest to the work, but an interest of a very high order, together with a general correctness of description which we have rarely seen surpassed. To the latter point, as old travellers in the

. Bel Paese,
Ch' Apennin parte, e il il mar circonda,
E le Alpi,"

we can speak with some confidence; and we detect many delicate, minute touches in his pictures which could hardly have been put in but by one who painted on the spot, and who had gazed on the objects until his eyes ached with intensity of delight.*

We, of course, like Mr. Reade best where he does not remind us of the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," or of the delicately beautiful poem of the Bard of "Memory," and when he strikes off into paths untrodden by Byron and Rogers. There remains, however, an immense variety of matter, pregnant with poetry, which the "Childe" never touched. In fact, Byron never saw the most beautiful, the most luxuriant, the most poetical portion of the Peninsula. By a strange childish perversity, he stopped short at Rome, constantly refusing to go on to Naples, though very often pressed so to do by friends who wished to see a fifth canto of his "Pilgrimage." To a friend of our own, who was very anxious to be his *cicerone* round the glorious Bay, through Pompeii and the defiles of La Cava, he merely said,

* In prose, and with reference to different scenes and objects, many of our travelled readers must have been struck with the happy faithfulness of Mr. Reade's descriptions in "Prose Sketches, by a Poet," which have appeared in the "Metropolitan."

"D——n all that! it is become as common as a show at Bartholomew Fair. It is cram-full of gaping, staring 'Englishers.'" The folly is to be regretted, but so it is, Byron did not see the most beautiful part of Italy. We turn with pleasure to his successor, and follow Mr. Reade over ground which is indeed everywhere "*un pezzo del ciel' caduto in terra;*" the recollections of which move and excite us more than is befitting the stern philosophy of the work-a-day world we now live in, often causing us to forget more serious occupations and duties, and to wish for the wings of the dove, that we might fly away and be happy, where we have so often been happy before.

"Bella Italia! amate sponde!
Pur vi torno a riveder!
Trema il petto, e dal piacer,
L'Alma si confonde." *

As a specimen of Mr. Reade's powers, we quote his description of Vesuvius; and (in a very different style) the visit which Tasso paid to his sister at Sorrento, when the wretched poet had—or fancied he had—no other friend upon earth.

"O thou Vesuvius! rising ever there,
Image of drear eternity—alone
Seated in thy own silent fields of air!
Titan! whose powers, perchance, are yet unknown;
Whirlwinds, rain, hail, exult round thy wild throne,
Parent of Lightnings! and the tempest's shroud
Crowning, or round thy giant shoulders thrown
In majesty of Shadow! ere the Cloud
Break on the nether world, its stormy wrath avowed.

"Heart of the Universe! whose life is fire
Whose pulse is earthquake, from whose breast are rolled
Those flames in which shall penal earth expire;
Whose scathing robe, the Lava's burning fold,
Whose armed hand the thunderbolt doth hold!
Whose voice is as the trump that wakes to doom;
Creator and Destroyer! who hath told
What world of life lies buried in thy womb?
What Mammoth-wrecks are sunk in thy all-blasting tomb?

"But now, while gazing on thee, I arrest
One moment from the eternity of time,
Thou, like Night's Altar visibly confessed,
Risest, sad, savage, solemn, yet sublime!
How vestal Nature even to thy cime,
Hath sprinkled round thy breast, as she would hide,
Thy desolation—flowers from every clime!
As if she thus would soften, not deride,
Thy images of human death that speak to human pride.

"On to the ascent; hark!—how the hollow ground
Reverberates beneath the sullen tread;
'Tis HERCULANEUM in her sleep profound!
A City rises o'er her ashes' bed,
All life—all joy—the living on the dead!—
Perchance, to die like her; *feels* not thy heart
The sudden life-blood quicker to it sped?
Yea, for our fellow-men the tear doth start;
We feel great Nature's ties, and own our natural part.

* Vincenzo Monti.

“ But the scene changes, and is left behind,
 Like an enchanting dream: the vine expires:
 Nature's faint hues have sicklily declined;
 Silent the voices of the birds, whose choirs
 The spirit of ever-living Joy inspires:
 The Silence tells that we are nearing now
 The subterranean Palace of the Fires!
 Lo—how above, its awful front doth show
 Yon far cloud-cleaving Cone its pale and wrathful brow,

“ Frowning down on ye, like the Form of Death,
 As, though the vapours drifted by the blast,
 Its Shadow falls on the grey waste beneath!
 Chaos of black crags wildly round are cast:
 Mountains of lava, which, as here they past,
 Wave-like, while floating, were transfixed to stone,
 Stopped in full tide, yet scathing to the last!
 Nor flower nor blade of grass hath ever grown
 O'er the Life whelmed beneath—scorched—blasted—and unknown.

“ Nature! thy olden curse thou dost inherit
 Here: withered—lightning-scathed—and earthquake riven;
 As if had passed God's ministering Spirit,
 In his avenging hand the burning levin:
 To mark with delegated fires from heaven
 A Cain-like stamp upon yon mountain's brow!
 As if it were the abode of souls unshriven
 By fiery ordeal: the place of woe
 Of the damned, doomed to see the joys they must forego

“ Beholding in their agony from far,
 The Paradise they have for ever lost;
 Even thus, appearing like a distant Star,
 Rises, midst wreaths of azure vapour tossed,
 The Cloud-like mountains round her like a host,
 Yon Naples, shrined as in a nether sphere!
 Here—pales around the Stygian coast:
 The Anatomy of Earth stretched on her bier,
 Torched by the Sun, whose rays through ghost-like vapours peer.

“ Spirit of Desolation! here, thou art
 A Presence, seen and felt all palpably:
 Thy sternness to the mind thou dost impart,
 Awed, though repelled by thy sublimity!
 Thou, that stand'st here aloof, and draw'st a high
 And thrilling grandeur from the sense impressed
 Thou giv'st, that thou dost make a mockery
 Of life, and death, and ruin:—oh! what rest,
 What change could heal thy Mountain's thunder-splitten breast?

“ Sisyphean toil!—the ascent, at last, is crowned,
 How the Scene's stern sublimity appals!
 The wild, waste plain of ever-blasted ground:
 The circling Crater's thunder-shivered walls:
 The Central Pit—the Portal to the Halls
 Of everlasting Fires: where, scathing o'er,
 In its first rage the shower volcanic falls;
 Lo—how it reeks from every burning pore!
 While, rapidly mounting from yon subterranean door,

“ Rushing up wildly from the depths beneath,
 Clouds, opening their enormous folds, are curled
 In sulphurous masses, darkening the heath,
 As if Night's blackest banners were unfurled :
 Mountains of Vapour on each other hurled,
 Careering upwards—giant Forms of Air !
 Swept on the Wind's wings to the nether world,
 To burst in wrath, and storm, and darkness there,
 The Heralds they, sent forth to bid the world prepare.

“ Their Silence—how unearthly to the mind !
 Their living motion—how almighty ! Powers
 Of Darkness and of Light ! ye here are joined
 Above the original Chaos, that devours
 All things in this wild womb : how awful lowers
 Yon Canopy above ! and how are heard,
 Pealed from yon hollow depths, 'midst sulphurous showers,
 Voices and thunderings ; the Life-pulse stirred
 Of the still slumbering Fires whose waking is deferred.”

TASSO—

“ There was a dwelling on the sea-cliff's side,
 Its vanished site no vestige doth attest,
 Even such a nook as Love would choose to hide
 Its loved one from the world : a very nest
 Of Quiet, when, of all it asks, possessed,
 The heart would find or make its earthly heaven
 Where only found, in Woman's answering breast !
 All other ties save that sole life's-tie riven :
 The world's neglect forgot—its injuries forgiven.

“ A sacred spot—recal it to thine eye,
 Each spot is sacred, hallowed by a tear !
 And this is sanctified by Memory ;
 By those revering hearts to whom are dear
 The martyrs of the past who suffered here :
 O'er whom are shed the human sympathies
 Like breath of flowers that consecrate the bier :
 A lady by its casements sits and sighs,
 Watching a distant sail, whose white wing homeward flies ;

“ That light skiff, bird-like, closely nearing now,
 Shows one therein whose eyes are fixed on her,
 Those eyes that sunk beneath his sickly brow,
 And wan as light within their sepulchre,
 Now soften with the look familiar
 Of unforgotten ties ! he springs to land,
 And they embrace as those whose spirits are
 United : whose affections more expand,
 As time and distance knit them with a stronger band.

“ The Sister's love, the holy, and the pure,
 Recals again all Nature's wonted force
 Even in Tasso ! other loves endure
 To perish, lighted at an earthlier source,
 Dimmed by doubt, fear, or buried in remorse :
 Oh, if there be one pure receptacle,
 One feeling flowing purer in its course,
 One love an Angel might not blush to tell,
 'Tis when a Sister's heart to thine doth fondly swell !

“ The exile came for quiet : to forget
 The blighted hope, the inexpressible wrong :
 To soften here in solitude regret
 Of a love stamped immortal in his song !
 Which, but for him, had lain the dead among,
 Unheard, unknown ; oh, if thou would'st conceal
 Forms once loved, memories that too busy throng ;
 If inmost wounds, corroding, thou would'st heal,
 Each sight, each sound shall, there, those forms to life reveal ;

“ All thou would'st exorcise—the flower, the star,
 Shall be the links of Memory's thrilling chain,
 Vibrating on thy heart, until they wear
 Its pulse away : so didst *thou* feel how vain
 To waken here thy boyhood's dream again ;
 Until, for very refuge, thou didst fly
 From Nature's ever fresh and joyous reign,
 Back to the deserts of humanity,
 To bear hate—scorn—remorse—to madden—and to die !”

Still, in a different style, the following verses will be read with interest, even by those who recollect the somewhat similar strain poured forth in a melody of immortal verse by poor Shelley at the same spot. The strong home-feeling is beautifully and tenderly “bodied forth,”—and the same sentiment frequently gives a colour and character to the volume before us.

“ MAL DU PAYS :

FROM THE BAY OF NAPLES.

“ I sit upon a craggy stone
 Beneath the vine-embosomed hill ;
 The Waves are wildly round me thrown,
 Each revelling in its own sweet will :
 And blue as Ocean is the sky,
 Lit by the Sun's all cloudless eye ;

“ The Spirit of intense delight
 Lives here ; the air is joy revealing :
 Vesuvius, from his purple height,
 Seems basking in the common feeling :
 One chain of harmony and love
 Links all below—around—above.

“ And wherefore hangs this cloud of sadness
 Upon *my* heart, when all is gay ?
 Why lights not upon me the gladness
 That animates this glorious day ?
 It is that on this craggy stone
 I feel the only thing—alone.

“ Yet heaven on earth around me lies !
 These sands—the blue waves dancing o'er :
 There is no dream of Paradise
 Can rival this delicious shore !
 The very winds that fragrance bear
 Seem breath of incense borne from there.

- “ The Mountains watch me from above ;
 The Waves invite with their glad voice :
 Nature smiles on me in her love,
 And Heaven bids me alike rejoice ;
 Yet does my heart alone expand
 With memories of my native land !
- “ Yon sky looked not upon my birth :
 The lovelier shore on which I tread
 Is not my own—my Mother-earth ;
 I could not sleep within its bed !
 I feel my very dust would join
 My native Land ! at last, with *thine* !
- “ Even now, while blessing thee, thy hills,
 Thy low hills rise before my eye,
 The greenness of thy herbage fills
 My wearied heart refreshingly !
 While, looking upward, fills my eye
 The witchery of thy soft blue Sky !
- “ I see the leafy covert, green,
 And rich and shadowy !—far within
 Flashes of glancing sunlight seen ;
 Glimpses of Paradise—which win
 The eye to pierce their depths forbidden,
 More dear—because in distance hidden !
- “ I hear the wind—the joyous wind !
 Exulting in the outward air,
 While all so thick the branches twined,
 It cannot rudely enter there ;
 But makes that music held so dear
 By the rapt Poet’s musing ear !
- “ Lo—bosomed midst the shadowy trees,
 Yon low thatched cottage peers in view !
 Mine eye the sun-burnt reaper sees ;
 The gambols of his urchin crew :
 I hear the harvest songs of home,
 And marvel how I e’er could roam !
- “ The angry Clouds, the rains that dash
 Thy Landscape’s changeful cheek with tears !
 The rainbow’s hue, the sun-light’s flash,
 Thy gentle calm the more endears :
 The storm—the cold—the damp—the chill
 Are but the types of human will.
- “ There is a sacred bond between
 Man, and that spot where first the dawn,
 The blessed Light of Day, was seen ;
 Where first his breath of Life was drawn ;
 Rocks—wastes—seas—mountains round him rise,
 Home—*home* the unexiled spirit flies !’

As another choice passage in Mr. Reade’s best manner we subjoin the following description of Naples—a subject which it is scarcely possible to touch, either with pen or pencil, without bringing forth images of infinite beauty.

- “ It is the morn—the ever-blessed morn !
 The Fountains of Existence are poured forth,

Life's renovating streams for ever borne,
 Inspiring gladness to the ends of earth ;
 Lo—Naples, she so restless in her mirth,
 Nor sees nor hears the beauty o'er her shed :
 She sleeps, as sleeps an infant at its birth !
 The Elements, her handmaids, softly tread,
 While ministering round her wave-encircled bed.

“ For, like a blue-eyed Spirit, the Sky above
 Bends from its throne the blushing earth to meet :
 And the Air sighs o'er her its breath of love ;
 While the deep sea makes music at her feet,
 A song for ever low, for ever sweet :
 And o'er her brow are hues to Iris given,
 Caught from yon Sun that steals on her retreat !
 While gently still his pausing wheels are driven,
 Watching her sleep beneath the holy vault of heaven !

“ The Bay's encircling arms with fond embrace
 Guard her while sitting on the enchanted shore :
 The Sea is mirroring her lovely face :
 The Amphitheatre of Hills that soar
 Behind her, looking as if tints they wore
 Of heaven, mantle vines around her breast,
 In Bacchanal profusion shadowing o'er !
 Orange, rose, citron, by the winds caressed,
 Waft fragrance, as if borne from mansions of the blest.

“ Thou Paradise of exiles ! oh, thou Land,
 Whose very air oblivion brings to those
 Who would forget the past ! thy hills expand
 Around, and girdling, from the world enclose :
 The very odour wafted from the rose
 Gives balm to wounded spirits, and a healing
 Softness, and peace, which is itself repose ;
 From the blue sky above is shed a feeling
 Upon the tranced sense like softest music stealing !

“ But lo, yon empyrèan spread beneath,
 That marvel of the earth, fair Naples' bay !
 Those Waters floating like heaven's azure breath :
 And laving shores and towns, where to delay
 All occupation, basked in the sun's ray,
 While listening to their dreamy melody,
 Are life's sole ends—what worthier have they ?
 Is it not better thus, than vainly sigh
 For *their* Day's sun eclipsed, heart-wakening liberty ?

“ And azure Capri lies in the deep Sea,
 Rent from her parent mountains, all alone ;
 Like some bright Image of futurity,
 Hued by our fondest fancies, and the throne
 Where from the world young hope and love are flown ;
 So meets the eye that spirit-haunted isle !
 Alas, the present only is our own ;
 Yet the heart still is soothed by its own wile,
 And loves its dream of joy, that flatters to beguile.

“ O thou Parthenopè ! no rainbow Vision :
 I see thee an embodied Form divine,
 The haunting Spirit of this land elysian :
 Lo, 'midst yon mountains thou hast reared thy shrine ;

There, leaning 'gainst the oak, thou dost recline,
 Around thy brows the purple tendrils clung,
 Pressed in thy hand the rich cup's mantling wine ;
 A wilderness of sweets above thee hung ;
 Beneath thy feet the flowers in wild profusion flung."

We almost regret that our author should not have devoted a few stanzas to the solitudes of the Camaldoli, a glorious old monastery, situated on the brow of a lofty hill in the rear of Naples, and the Moresque-looking edifice of San Martino. As far as we are aware, it is a subject that has not yet been properly treated, either in prose or verse, and it contains within itself materials for a glorious poem.

We have not yet had an opportunity of examining Mr. Reade's "Notes," which, from what we have seen, will add very considerably to the attractions of his interesting volume.

THE SUN TO THE EARTH, ON THE DAWN OF MORNING.

BY THOMAS RAGG.

REJOICE ! rejoice ! let the valleys laugh,
 Let the mountains smile, and the hills look gay,
 And flowers lift their heads as they fondly quaff
 The beams of the bright returning day.
 I come ! I come in my splendour now,
 Chasing the gloom from the welkin's brow ;
 I come ! I come with my gladdening ray,
 Driving the shades of the night away.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! let the rolling streams
 Pour forth their song to the morning breeze,
 Reflecting abroad my brilliant beams
 In forms like the dreamer's phantasies.
 I come ! I come on the wings of love,
 Let all to meet my embraces move ;
 I come ! I come on the wings of day,
 To chase the shades of the night away.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! let the woodlands ring
 With music's sweetest, gladdest sound ;
 Let the lark ascend on delighted wing,
 And tell his joy to the heavens around.
 I come ! I come ! let the glad sound spread,
 And wake the drone from his drowsy bed,
 As my pioneer, the twilight gray,
 Scatters the shades of the night away.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! let each waking eye
 Be gladly turned to the eastern sphere,
 And every heart be fill'd with joy,
 To see my beams of brilliance near.
 I come ! I come ! let all rejoice,
 And wake the song with a cheerful voice ;
 I come ! I come with a flood of day,
 To sweep the shades of the night away.

Nottingham.

THE LOADED DICE.¹

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER IV.

FINDING the *appartement* quiet, Dominique stole out, and, in a pace between hurry and trepidation, called by appointment on his little friend Nannon at his mistress's residence.

He entered, tiptoe, a magnificent salon, one of a suite of three rooms which, with other servants, Nannon was putting to rights for the reception of a goodly crowd of visitors. The Baron de Grainville kept early hours in his humble abode ; here the hours were fashionably late.

"No, *cher* Dominique," said Nannon, continuing in whispers the conversation which they had entered into at meeting ; "had I been upon my guard, never would your Nannon have condescended to wear out her best energies, identified with the fortunes——"

"Scrubbing the dice-tables," interrupted Dominique ; for, while speaking, Nannon was so employed.

"Of a disreputable person and a terror woman," she continued.

"Then why wear them out here, still, Nannon ?"

"Little citizen, can you ask ? Should I leave her abruptly, what might not get into her head ?"

"Yes ; or your's get into, Nannon ; enough on that head. But suppose we begin to talk of what brought me here ; your branches must soon be lit up for the night, and I stay over long."

"Over long at my side, Dominique ?"

"Even at your side, Nannon ; in a place where I fear to see two or three Souliers in every corner ; where every door-frame looks like a—a—you know the thing I mean ; and every time I step under one, I doubt I may tread on something that will unfasten something else over my neck, and bring it down—chop."

"Bah, citizen, bah, bah !" and Nannon scrubbed harder.

"No bah, Nannon ! I pulled the string of your hall-bell, just now, in the same tremble one has in touching the string of a shower-bath. Ah ! worse by a good deal ; and do you know it comes into my mind that the boards of your rooms, though solid enough to the eye, are very shaky, just as if they were made up of traps and pitfalls ; and see, Nannon, what sort of a suspicious little door is that ?"

He pointed to one towards a corner of the salon, over which, while closely shut, the paper of the wall had been pasted, and then cut through in the interstices between the door and its unseen framework ; so that when closed, as was now the case, it could be discovered only by a close observer.

Nannon still rallying him on his unmanly and unphilosophical fright, assured Dominique that it only led to a little dark pantry or closet, in which she kept her lamp apparatus, and sundry implements

¹ Continued from p. 129.

of her handicraft, used in arranging the salons; and, quite to reassure him, she showed him the key of it in her own possession.

"And now," she continued, "for our real discussion. Stoop your head to mine, while I whisper very low, and make as much noise as possible with this brush. As I have already told you, the young citizen, who comes here from your house, must be saved from the destruction he is sure to meet at our tables."

"Tell him what you know, then, Nannon."

"Involve myself? Ungenerous, selfish Dominique!"

"Tell the old citizen, his father, then."

"Just as dangerous. In his impetuosity he would mention names, and so pull me into the cart along with himself—along with all of you, indeed."

"How unfeelingly you do talk, Nannon!"

"But I have reasoned on the subject. The citizeness Blanche is the person to be spoken with, and you are the person to speak with her."

"Ay, you put it all on my poor back, now."

"And this you must say to her, Dominique——"

"Hush, Nannon, hush!" he interrupted; "they have been listening to us, and are a-coming."

"Be tranquil, citizen; 'tis too soon for company—except, indeed, for one visitor."

"And what one may that be, Nannon?"

"Soulier," she answered, still sinking her voice.

As if hurled by an invisible hand, Dominique darted to a door. A footstep approached him. He ran to a second, leading into the lobby; but now started back in increased alarm. "Whoever comes to the other door," he whispered, scarce able to articulate; "'tis Soulier himself walks up stairs to me, this way! I see the top of his old philosophical hat through the balustrades."

"Here, Dominique! I can lock you up in my own little dark closet. Here! haste!"

"Is it so very dark, Nannon?"

"Bah! take your choice," said she, testily and tyrannically; "go in, or stay out."

"Well, then, but when am I to *get* out?" asked Dominique.

His mistress assured him the instant that Soulier retired to allow the salon to be lighted up, which must be very soon indeed. With groans of ill omen Dominique stepped into his temporary prison. Nannon had scarce locked him up, and secured the key, when Soulier came in upon her. This man's eye, ever on the watch for "suspicious circumstances," remarked Nannon's flurried manners as she turned from the secret door, and asked her a quiet question about it. She readily answered that she had wanted some professional articles out of the closet, but, having mislaid the key, was trying to force the lock. Soulier, observing he could assist her in the attempt, advanced upon Dominique's present quarters. Nannon could hear her lover panting and chattering, and she tried to drown the sounds by loudly requesting Soulier not to break open the door, else he might at the same time break some fragile but valuable things in the closet. In

this remonstrance she was timely assisted by the entrance of the mistress of the mansion, who supported Nannon in her representations of probable injury to ensue from the proposed violence; and this seemed to have the effect of lulling his suspicions. Soulier then requested a moment's private conversation, and the lady sent Nannon away.

"I did not expect to see you so early, citizen," said this popular madame.

"Nor would I have come so early, but that I wished a few words alone with you, *petite*; and when they are said, I must retire on another little matter, before I can join your tables to-night."

The speaker was a person of middle age, rather short, and heavily formed, if not corpulent. His face, at all events, was fleshy, and of a tallow hue. His eye was dingy black, quiet, and yet ferocious; his nose concave in its outline, with large flattened wings; his mouth well formed, and always smiling. His chin had not been shaved—perhaps not washed—for a few days. One of his legs, being shorter than the other, rested upon a sort of patten. His old hat, which Dominique had glanced at, was a cocked one; and over his collarless, broad-skirted, and unbrushed coat, he wore soiled cross-belts, to which appended a straight, heavy, unornamental sword, encased in a very old sheath, bespattered with street mire—these two latter articles of dress hinting that he was attached, though not in high rank, to some class of Robespierre's numerous and peculiar police.

(Such, my dear Barnes, is the minute sketch of this pretty fellow, supplied through the agency of the authentic observation of deep dislike and hatred, by my venerable friend of the Faubourg St. Germain.)

"Suppose you guess the subject I would enter upon," continued Soulier to his companion.

"Let me see," she answered, endeavouring to appear as unmoved as possible, while his eye remained upon her; "no, I have not the slightest misgiving."—She had, though.

"Misgiving, *ma petite*?" repeated the man, smiling.

"That is—*notion*, *idea*, I mean;"—she tried to smile too.

"Well, *mon amie*, I am sure you do not forget that one of the articles of the friendly compact between us regards your watchfulness in discriminating, among the gay visitors of your salon, hidden enemies of the reign of reason?"

"Forget! impossible! why remind me?"

"I do not so much remind as allude to the circumstance, just to ask if your suspicions have been lately aroused?"

"No; since my last communication to you."

"By none among our young friends?"

"Certainly not," she answered, perhaps too eagerly.

"That's well; for instance, you would represent, as an admirer of the present order of things, the—citizen Edmond St. Roche, I think you call him?"

"I would, indeed; have I mistaken?"

"I will not venture to say."

"You suspect him, citizen?"

"You know I ever did."

"Yes, but now more than ever?"

"Why, a little perhaps; just some loose reasoning of mine upon a chance-meeting with an humble friend of his this morning. Adieu, *ma belle*; I see you again in about an hour."

She sat a minute alone, thinking in some alarm upon Soulier's last questions. A step stole, as if in stealthy frolic, to one of the doors of the salon, and she heard the voice of Jules asking, "Has that nastily-clad fellow gone?"

"Yes," answered madame, "but not his influence."

"No," replied Jules; "nor his atmosphere—bah!"

"Do not jest at him, Edmund; fear him."

"Fear him! Let *him* fear *me*. I may speak out a little before you, Emélie, because I know well that your terror alone gives the *entrée* to men like Soulier. He thinks no one knows secrets but himself. He is mistaken. I know *that*, of which the explosion, undreamt of by him, or any of his ravening pack, may, in a few days—ay, hours—ay, minutes—hurl them all to our feet, leaving their howlings as harmless as one of their brethren's at the full moon—their scowlings as harmless as an infant's at a strange face—and themselves, soul, body, and habiliments, of value only to the devil and his old clothesman."

"Ah! wild words, Edmund; but, apart from political questions, I warn you again to be more cautious of these tables."

"Now perhaps you speak a little more sensibly."

"A fearful and a wretched necessity," she continued, "may compel me to look on at the pecuniary ruin of others in this house—dread of Soulier himself will not suffer me to wink at yours."

"Fear nothing, Emélie—I will be prudent—that is, as soon as I quite learn how."

"Nay, but you have not been so: your losses to Soulier are already great."

"Bah! a trifle—a day's toy for fortune, which this evening the flirt will toss back. Half my earthly fortune," he added, between his teeth, "which nothing but the jingling of the other half will tempt Belzebub's chancellor to untouch."

"Adopt a manly resolution—give up play at once."

"Perhaps I would, had a well-dressed person attained Soulier's temporary advantage over me; but to be frowned on by fortune while she smiles on him!—a gentleman shaven, shorn, and washed, jilted for that mean sloven! Robb's jackal!—the butcher's boy!"

"Hush! have a care. Hark!—there was a ringing at the hall-door."

"Nay, Emélie—I will vindicate fortune against such a calumny. She has been called a lady, and I will prove her one—prove that she never meant, in my sweet presence, to waste her favours on a —"

"Hark, I say!" said the lady, again interrupting him; "who pulls so at the bell, yet half an hour before the time my doors are known to be open?"

"Who indeed?" repeated Edmund, both rising; "and the un-

ceremonious person already strides up stairs to us," he went on. "Your servant, citizen," advancing to a door, from which, however, he immediately started back, exclaiming, "*Diable !* my father !"

"Your servant, citizen," answered the baron, steadfastly regarding him. Edmund remained a moment off his guard—his companion also seemed a little disconcerted.

"If we are to speak here, sir," continued her father, "first of all free me of this woman."

"This lady, you mean, father," amended Jules.

"Silence, sir !" thundered the enraged *grand seigneur*. "Silence, sir, and obey me !"

Madame, muttering "*damage !*" glided gracefully out of the room.

"And now, Jules de Grainville," resumed the baron, "I wait whatever words you may feel disposed to utter under the circumstances."

"Pardon me then, sir," answered Jules, "if my first words should express the opinion that—even under the circumstances—you have acted too harshly towards that lady."

"You—lady—here to my face—still, sir ! Your good mother *was*—your good wife *is*—a lady ! Speak again, sir !"

Jules was regularly at bay, and accordingly turned on his pursuer. "I *may* speak again, sir, when I am spoken to *as* the son of a lady, whose boast, too, by the way, used to be that she had a gentleman to her husband."

"I am to stand on niceties of language with you, sir ? I find you here—*here*, and I am ?—and here, by dint of false assertions and of evasions so poor and mean, that —"

"Father !—Monsieur ! There is a limit of recrimination beyond which when even the guilty is driven, even the guilty becomes the injured party. Chide less, sir, if you would chide well."

"Chide !—I say but one word more to you ; in the full command of a father's voice, I bid you to your knee before me. And then, sir, I bid you home, and to your knee again before her whose confidence and honour you have—dastard-like as well as rascal-like—"

"Farewell, sir," interrupted Jules, bowing low and turning away.

"Ay, do not stay for my curse," growled his father.

But on the threshold of the door Jules stopped, faced round, and resumed, "That very lady, sir, may not perhaps prove quite free of having provoked her husband's errors—that very lady, sir, my peerless wife from *La Vendée*—and you may tell her so—oh, no, sir, never mind—I may find time to tell her so myself."

"Have a care," said de Grainville ; "think again ere you stand before Blanche, a remorseless, brawling aggressor."

"Tush, father. I could wish that now and then your paragon had even spirit enough to make me a little afraid of her ; and you touch *my* spirit now, sir ; and the avowal of my own follies she *shall* have from my own lips, and perhaps some of my reflections on some of the causes of them."

"Again I caution you," said the baron, "against such a course. If neither sorrow nor pity lead you to spare her feelings, let prudence prompt you to save your own. You do not know Blanche, sir." The

speaker now was thinking of the stately little swan-pecking which he had himself got from Blanche before he left home. "Her character is beyond your divining, as well as beyond your sympathy. And now, sir, I have done—done with the subject and you; but do not dare her!" And the still very angry father walked out of the salon, and down stairs.

"Dare!" echoed Jules, speaking after him; "my dear sir, I stay here a little while only to keep an engagement; and then, without daring anything, I will simply do as I said;" and after this heroic speech Monsieur Jules went to lounge about the house.

"Nannon had been all this time on the watch to get the salons empty; they were so now, and she ran in to let Dominique out of prison.

"Here I am, Nannon, and you know it well," he said from the closet, as she stealthily called him by name.

"Hush!" she cried, hesitating with the key in her hand, and listening.

"What hush, Nannon? I've been hush long enough, I'm sure."

"Peace, I say! Call up your philosophy—some one comes again."

"Philosophy! figs-ends, Nannon. I'm crippled with cold and fright, and 'tis as pitch dark as if I were buried—and—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Why do you squeak so now, citizen?"

"Things are stirring about me, I tell you, and begin to come a-scratching—happen what will, let me out, or ——"

"Silence, on your life!" interrupted his mistress, through the key-hole; "here is a person in the salon!"

It was Nannon's madame, who came back to order her to leave the house immediately on a particular message to a distant part of the town. Dominique overheard her words, and groaned in his black hole. The lady started and looked around her, and then at Nannon. The girl made light of the accident, and hastily escaped to execute her commission, fervently praying that a deep sleep, or else a deep swoon, might keep her lover silent in her absence.

CHAPTER V.

Blanche was awakened out of her first slumbers by a loud ringing and knocking at the entrance-door of her *appartement*. She arose, hastily habited herself, and having vainly called upon her father-in-law and Dominique, advanced to the door, and demanded who was there?

"Open, citizeness! and open quickly," answered a disagreeably-toned man's voice.

"In whose name?" continued Blanche.

"In the name of the Republic," was the reply.

She undid the door, and Soulier entered, followed by gens-d'armes. Blanche was not personally daunted; she moved, however, so as to place her back against the entrance to her children's sleeping-room.

"And my object," he continued, "is a fraternal word with one of your family."

"Friend," she replied, "the inmates of this house are few—my husband, his children and mine, infants—my husband's father, and one domestic."

"Perhaps I know the number," smiled Soulier.

"My husband's father is a-bed, I believe."

"Very well—let him sleep this sleep."

"My husband himself is from home."

"Yes, and very happy in a gay salon, where I shall quickly join him—I know that too," continued Soulier, still with his obliging simper. Blanche slightly started, wondering what the person could mean. "'Tis with your little man-servant I would speak," he went on.

Blanche called Dominique loudly, and, receiving no answer, presumed that he too must have left the house. Soulier quietly asked on what business; Blanche did not know—if he were not in the house, he must have gone out without her knowledge. Soulier proceeded to search the *appartement*—still Blanche was not much ruffled; she only stipulated earnestly that, on entering the children's bed-chamber, neither he nor his gens-d'armes would make a noise, so as to waken them. The search was proceeded in. Blanche was a little surprised at finding her father-in-law absent at that, to her, very late hour of the night. It became also proved that Dominique was a truant.

"My Jules in a gay salon!" cogitated Blanche, as the affair seemed over; "the man sneers his meaning—that salon may be Jules's prison!" She re-addressed Soulier. "You said, friend, you were soon to meet my husband, and in gay company?"

"Ay, citizeness; but I see our investigation here is useless—good night."

Dominique at this moment ought to have knelt in his dark hiding-place, and thanked Nannon and her key for Soulier's present admission.

"Gay company indeed," resumed the unwelcome visitor, as with his attendants he turned down stairs; "too gay, perhaps, for any young husband, who leaves an amiable wife at home."

"The ruffian sneers still," Blanche ran on, when again alone;—"horrible, horrible, in bare idea, is the meaning I draw from his sneer. Oh, I have considered my husband's probable danger in too cold and dull a way—his father absent too!—this is all strange, fearfully strange!"

And here loud ringing again at the entrance-door still helped to add a little to Blanche's very unusual state of excitement. Somewhat to her relief, however, she now only admitted her father-in-law.

The old gentleman mutely took her hand, saluted her cheek, and passed into their little salon with a kind of baffled and jaded step, and a face now more expressive of sadness and of worry than of passion. In fact, the specimen of vivacity which Blanche had given him on his going out to look after Jules, and that which Jules had given him when found, somewhat embarrassed the magnificent parental baron in his notions of guiding the affair between them with his own pilot hand. He had thought that his single dictatorial word was to

have disposed at his pleasure the feelings of his son, and of that son's wife, towards him and towards themselves; but now, after about only an hour's experience, he really dreaded, for all concerned, the approach of the man-and-wife altercation which he had principally been the cause of precipitating. If possible, he would with all his heart prevent it, but that was not now so easily accomplished. Jules had promised to come and open the scene himself. The only or the best thing to try and effect, then, was to prepare Blanche for the approaching storm, and neutralise her slumbering electricity against its flash. They sat some time together without speaking, he gazing steadfastly on the hearth, where no fire was, she on his eyes, which had no glance for her. At length he remarked, "Not yet a-bed, my child?"

"Sir, until I let you in a while ago, I thought *you* had been a-bed."

"What did you say, Blanche—a-bed? No; out on business."

"It must have been sudden business, sir, and agitating too, I fear."

"Agitating indeed," groaned the perplexed baron, "I have been with our unhappy Jules."

"Our unhappy Jules? Why call him unhappy? And you have been with him? He has not gone on his journey then?—has not left Paris?"

"Blanche, he has not."

"And why not? Been with him?—where?—oh, answer me at once. You do not know what other dark hints I connect with your scanty words; and you do not know—they are new to myself—the rising strength and agony of my feelings. Speak to me, sir—speak to me—unhappy! And you have been with him?—in his dungeon, perhaps? Nay, deep night as it is, amid the hell-glare of torches held by fiends' hands—at his murder——"

"Blanche, you startle me with this sudden change of temperament; be more patient, my child, and prepare yourself to bear——"

"Sir, tell me in one word *what* I am to bear, then let me bear it as I can."

"Blanche, my dearest child——"

"They have killed him, sir!" she again interrupted, suddenly rising.

"No, no, no, Blanche, but——"

"Here she as suddenly dropt on her knees, clasped her hands, and looking up exclaimed, "God of life and death!—the wife thanks you—the mother thanks you!"

"Jules yet lives, indeed," continued her father-in-law, touched to tears, "*but* he lives——"

"Under the death-doom!—I anticipate you. Oh, it is scarce a change, and yet it is one; until morning, at least, they will not butcher him; meanwhile, sir, you and I, and the little ones too, will cast ourselves before them, and nature's words, and tears, and shrieks, mingling from her three deepest sources, must yet save for us—monsters as they are—the son, the husband, and the father."

Her father-in-law muttered something plaintively; she offered him her arm, exclaiming "Come, sir, come."

"Stop, Blanche; no death-doom has fallen upon the wretched Edmund."

"But in their stuffed dungeons he awaits it."

"No; he is free as you are."

"What then is the meaning of all this? Free as I am, yet the wretched Edmund?—free as I am, yet detained in Paris from his country business?"

"He never intended to quit Paris—he had no business out of Paris: Jules is absent from home on his own pleasures, not on our business—Jules is wretched because a wretch."

"Monsieur le Baron," exclaimed Blanche, again on her dignity-stilts, "we spoke of this before."

"Blanche, I then spoke upon the report of my servant; I now speak on the evidence of my own senses: I told you I had been with him."

A remarkable change here seemed to take place in Blanche. As if the simplicity of her nature had suddenly been broken in upon by one altering conviction, she flashed for an instant her large deep eyes upon her father-in-law, then dropped them calculatingly downwards, and then, while a rising and falling motion was exteriorly visible in her fine throat, as if she gulped down something with difficulty, Blanche answered, in a very low tone, "And so indeed you did, sir?"

"And we met, Blanche," continued De Grainville, "not in a noisome dungeon, but in a fashionable salon."

"Indeed! indeed!" she said, in that kind of affected incredulity of voice which a listener uses when he or she would slowly collect the full meaning of irritating and confounding words.

"My child, I met him beneath the roof of Madame Duchesnois."

"Ay?—that woman?" queried Blanche, with a long drawing of her breath.

"And now, Blanche, you know what you *have* to bear."

"I do, sir; thank you."

"And will bear it as you ought."

"I will."

"Blanche, I wish I could have kept it from you; and indeed, only to prepare you for his own threatened avowals, I would have singly endeavoured to effect his conversion, and never have made you aware of a necessity for the effort."

"But that were not treating me so well, sir; I am very much obliged to you for this plain dealing."

A dead and painful pause ensued. Blanche's moral machinery was working on at its full power and pitch.

"Oh! I see I ought to have kept it from you," resumed the baron, after some time had elapsed.

"No, no, sir. It was enough that *he* did."

"Oh, yes, yes; it shocks you dreadfully."

She covered her face with her hands, proudly trying to hide a burst of tears, as, in a hoarse whisper, her whole frame shivering, she replied, "Not so much, sir; not so very much."

The old nobleman came to her side. "I do not seek, Blanche, to check this overflow of your feelings; give them vent, my child; I had rather see you do so, than that you should reserve yourself to explode—perhaps to the ruin of us all—upon his chafed and impatient spirit."

"He *will* come?" she demanded, with a stern calmness. Her tears suddenly dried up, and her former deep manner resumed.

"So, as I have told you, he threatens, Blanche."

"Threatens?—in a brisk mood, then?"

"I fear it."

"Well."

There was again silence, and again De Grainville strove to relieve it by addressing observations to her. But she only answered in an abstracted, and, as regarded her companion, in an indifferent manner, or else she did not answer at all. Thus much time wore away.

It had been about ten o'clock when the baron returned from the house of Madam Duchesnois: it was now midnight. Another hour elapsed, and the pair continued together almost in an uninterrupted silence. Another one; the old man walking hurriedly about the room, or tossing in a chair, after vainly uttering his useless sentences, and Blanche sitting motionless, and it might almost seem breathless. It was summer, and the early dawn almost fully broke in upon them as they continued their cheerless *tête-à-tête*. Its beams, exhilarating to all those who that morning felt happy, flickered strangely, and as if unwelcomely, upon the walls and floor of the humble, almost mean room; and the character of local discomfort, which we would indicate, was further helped out by the untidiness of things around them, not set to rights since the previous evening, and also by the flickerings of a very economical taper, which spent, unheeded by them, its expiring and useless glare in the uncongenial daylight. At length, in the disagreeable silence, the sound of a heavy footstep was caught at a considerable distance from where they sat, coming as if languidly up the staircase which led to the outer door of their lodgings, and then a sudden ring at that door.

"It is he, Blanche," whispered her father-in-law.

"Yes, sir; I know that step," she said.

"Dearest Blanche, circumstanced as we are, I cannot witness your meeting—but—"

"And perhaps it were better not," she muttered.

"But I depend on your prudence and generous nature; you *will* bear it considerately, will you not? Adieu, Blanche, for a while, and I leave you my blessing. I will open the door to him myself."

As soon as Blanche found herself alone, she arose slowly, standing in the most simple upright position, her arms extended, and her eyes turned towards heaven, in an appealing, relying, determined way; and whatever some more artificial people may say, there *was* something fine and touching about her whole expression, as in this attitude her thoughts ran thus:—"He, that I could no more doubt, than that I could that the blessed sun was to rise and set!—and that very he, taking advantage of my sacred credulity, to fix upon me this degrading and irreparable wrong!—nay, seeming—*seeming* to love, after he had deserted me for a mean creature!—that is the blackest spot upon him."

Her husband here came into the room behind her, but not observed by her. "Ay," he said, mentally, "she knows it—but she does not know worse than it."

Blanche continued her reverie, and now began to think it aloud. "Since so he has dared—since deliberately and continually he has

broken his unwedded vow of love, and his wedded vow of truth—soul of my noble mother! I cast *him* off from *my* arms—*my* heart—*my* thoughts, for ever!”

“Come, come, have a care, good Blanche,” was Jules’s reverie in his turn.

“Stop, though, stop,” she went on; “found in her house?—suppose that his first visit, and in a politic motive?—on merely these grounds—though seemingly at first so strong—should I at once and irrevocably decide against him?—oh, how my heart swells to answer ‘No!’ Oh, joy! oh, rapture! if I could once again have *not* a doubt of him!”

“If, indeed, Blanche,” said Jules, sauntering (we have no better word) across the room before her.

“Ah, Jules!”—she was going to embrace him, but slightly checked herself; “I perceive you have heard some of my last words, and you will explain all.”

“I will, Blanche. My visit to Madame Duchesnois, a few hours ago, was *not* a first visit, nor did I go there from any motive of political expediency—and forbear now a moment that novel burst of something—new-fangled as you may be with it—and listen to me still.”

“Command your slave, sir—I listen.”

“Whether or no a decrease of my true love for you caused my sinnings, I need not now assert or deny; but this I will assert,—your unreflective if not selfish perseverance in a course of conduct and manner, the dull reverse of—you ought to have remembered, the fireside companionship I preferred—and which you often promised me—that, in a great degree, caused them.”

“You have done, sir?”

“Madame! this is something like the vivacity my good father foretold of you a while ago. Madame, not yet! Pray do me the favour to wait one moment.”

In angry amazement she saw him slowly drag from their places, and arrange in a row, three or four chairs, upon which, as a substitute for a sofa—the room not affording one—he proceeded to stretch himself. The personal appearance of her lord and master, supplied by her hurried glance, also served, according to Blanche’s interpretation of it, further to make her displeased with him. His face was haggard, and, perhaps for the first time in his life, care-dragged and serious. “Want of natural rest, and a bad conscience,” commented Blanche. His dress, upon the neatness and elegance of which Jules had hitherto prided himself, was out of order, giving the always disagreeable notion of the wearer having suffered the work of the toilet to continue too long exposed to the wear and tear of unlawful occupation at unlawful hours; and it and his hat, and particularly his shoes and wrinkled stockings, were thickly covered with the road-dust of the open country—a circumstance which, without stopping to ask how it happened, Blanche only regarded as one additionally *dégoutant*. In fact—“I hate him!” whispered Blanche to herself.

Now to him she resumed—“Well, sir, now that you are disposed at your ease, I listen still.”

"I thank you, good Blanche, and I will go on now. You met me, a light-hearted, laughing, bounding lad, happy in the mere consciousness of existence. I told you honestly that what I loved least in you was the reverse of all this. You engaged to sing, smile, dance, rattle it away. You became a wife and a mother, and forgot your covenant. My home, according to the real or imaginary health or illness of its tiny despots, was one huge nursery, or else a baby's hospital. My own solitary laugh under my own roof was dismal to my ears—you sometimes said it would waken little Eugenie ten rooms off in her swinging cot. For your promised smiles you called up, now and then, a kind of technical one to please *her*, when she chose to be cross; for your promised song, you dolefully droned me her lullaby; for your promised dance, you danced *her* twenty times a day, to charm away the rickets; and as to your promise of much pleasant rattle at home, that I presume you thought fully substituted by *her* rattle—the beautiful coral one, you know, hung with real gold bells, which had absolutely been used by your great-grandmother."

"Your crimes are my fault, then?"

"Why, in a degree, I think."

"And you are here—*taché* as you stand—without blushes or tears upon your cheeks—nay, sneers and taunts instead, without remorse or sorrow, without pity for me, without fear of me. You are here to tell me that——"

"Fear of you, Blanche! Good!—but I answer your question—for that alone I am here. When we shall have quite done, I return to my company."

"Return then, for we *have* done. Return—and in that company, or such as it, forget in future, as you have already forgotten, the once true and loyal woman you now lose for eternity."

"Blanche, irresistible to you as may be this fine, fresh fury of character, yet try to curb it, I venture to advise you. Ever since my father's vivacious visit to me out of doors, there has chanced that which, lest in good sober earnest I happen to take you at your word, makes it dangerous to bid me from my home."

"Sir, I heed you not. Oh, amazing! inconceivable! The deep-hidden but real heart of this man! But at last it is revealed!—at last! at last!"

"I think you begin to find yourself out, too, Blanche."

"You are right—I do. You called me in your foolish thoughts tame, passive—am I?"

"O madame! certainly not;" he bowed his neck and head very low; and Jules had begun, in spite of all his *nonchalance*, to look at her in some little astonishment.

"Tame and passive enough to take, like a menial minion, that wrong, and now this taunt—am I? am I?" she half-screamed.

"No, madame—no, no! Will that content you?" He bawled loudly in return.

"How short-sighted, how mean, was your mistake!"

"Blanche, *ma chère*, do guard your language."

"Tush—how mean, I say—how eloquent of the incapacity to appreciate the heart and soul of a true loving gentlewoman!"

"Madame, I venture again to warn you to be more cautious of your words."

"Because I trusted you—oh! with a trust *you* can never understand—you deemed I could not awaken to a sense of your cowardly abuse of that trust! Because I blindly bowed before you when you were clothed in imaginary honour, you thought I could never spurn you to my feet, dishonoured as you are! But——"

"Then hear me, madam!" And Jules sprang off his chairs—despite all his clever resolutions to be very calm—in a regular passion.

"Sir, *you* hear *me*. But, I say, proportioned to that lethargic confidence is my waking into this black certainty."

"Why, now, what childish affectation is all this? Knowing my resolve as to our future understanding, would you pretend to anticipate my expression of it, Blanche?"

"Though I have loved you as, I believe, few women love—though I am the mother of your babes—and though, be sure, the settling of this upon the roots of life will quickly lay me in the grave, from your shame and theirs—yet, wretched and mistaken man, we part indeed for eternity!"

"A puny device, I repeat, excellent Blanche; you saw it was *my* coming sentence upon *you*, for your most disproportioned consideration of a single error—and of your own making too—and so you try to be beforehand with me. And stoop to you after this, madam—stoop to life-long visitations of your newly-discovered temper! No, *mon amie*, we part indeed."

"And now, this instant—and without a greeting! no half measures for us. Heart to heart, or not hand to hand. In a few hours my children and I leave your roof together."

"As far as concerns yourself, Blanche, be not at that trouble. After *I* desert this roof, it shall never again cover my head. But my children are legally mine, and shall share my fortunes."

"Ha!" cried Blanche, starting and clasping her hands. "Inhuman man! you would not part me and my little ones?"

"Inhuman though you call me, I cannot be forgetful of a father's duties and feelings, renounce a father's claim." Blanche, glancing from him to the door-way, looked as if she would rush out to anticipate his seizure of the little people in debate. "But," he continued, "do not fear at present any unnatural and melancholy contention on the point. In a few hours, when the world is up and stirring, it can be more calmly decided. And so, farewell. And yet, before I go, let me communicate to you an anecdote or two." He again reclined on the chairs.

"I did not come here to see you directly from the gay house where my good father paid me so judicious a visit. It was indeed my intention, as I told him, to come straight from that place to this. But a slight accident occurring there after I had made my promise, altered my *route* in the first instance. At a little past midnight, any curious person, who had chosen to make the observation, might have seen me bounding, blithesomely, as it were, through the streets and along the quays of this good city. Where was I going? I did not know. What was the matter with me? A very sincere and lively little wish to get rid of my own sweet company. How, I had not

quite decided. I passed, to be sure, the *Place de Grèves*, where even at that hour Robb was at work, I believe; and it would have cost me only a few words to have my anxiety satisfied; but the happy thought missed me. The river, too, came in view, with the convenient *Morgue* for fishing me up, and laying me out decently and respectably in the police-station, to be claimed by my friends at their leisure; and the invitation I received here *did* strike me for a moment; only I disliked the notion of sticking in the river mud, and getting my clothes soiled, amongst, doubtless, a crowd of water-soaked *sans-culottes*; and so, with a shrug, on I ran.

"On I ran, working my way from the river through streets and streets, and lanes and lanes, I knew not whither, till I came to a *barrière*—the *Barrière de Clichy*; and how I passed it is a secret, but I did pass it; and then I was soon on the high road, in the open country; and, after holding on for about an hour, the day began to break, and I looked about me. A by-road turned to my left; I followed it for some distance, till houses, lining it at either side, began to form the street of a little hamlet. The houses were very humble and very old-fashioned, each with a rude stone bench, or else a huge solid stone, at its door, for the old people to sit upon, chatting to each other in the sunny evenings. But all was now hushed as the grave around me; and I do not know why, but the primitive seclusion of the little place gently forced itself upon my pre-occupied mind, and I stopped grinding my teeth, and stamping with my feet, having been engaged, I believe, in some such graceful amusements.

"I continued my way up the street. It opened into a space of grassy ground, quite level and nearly square, of which the side immediately before me was part of the boundary of a highly-cultivated and richly-planted domain; and that to my left, fenced by a rude paling, the edge of a declivity, which undulated in many varieties of rural beauty,—orchards, gardens, little vineyard-plots, or newly-shaven meadow-land,—down to the broad-sheeted, bluish-tinted, and calm river: ay, here the river met me again, and more invitingly, though in a different sense, than it had done a very short time before. Away it swept and curved, now lost, now caught again, through a fair valley, sprinkled with farm-houses, which still edged it with gardens, or with tender green fields; and pleasure-boats, or else boats of burden, were sleeping by its gentle shores, their owners not yet awake either for enjoyment or for labour; and a good way on, some manufacturing buildings, picturesque objects, however, surrounded by their dependent little village, asked the eye and the mind to stop a moment, and a-past them our river seemed to grow narrower and narrower, and was oftener lost and found, while down upon it fell the rich trees on either side, or the open land; and there was a dream of a long, ribby, wooden bridge, I half fancy, spanning it like osier-work; and still on and on I caught vague, massive, swimming indications of the great city; and then haze or hills, or hills and haze,—I didn't know which,—and clouds, and the subdued coming light of the day; and there was over all a sparkling of water or of dew, or the outlines of sharp-sided objects; and here and there, between trees, soft blue air and the new awakening breeze came on my face—I could almost see

it coming to me; and birds began to call and twitter—a single land-rail, in a meadow just across the river, creaking not unmelodiously, and echoes repeating him everywhere; and bop, bop sounded the small fishes in the water, as they made little rippling circles on it, rising to take their early breakfast. And so, Blanche, there I stood, looking and looking, and by degrees thinking and thinking, and at last, by the very least degrees in the world, feeling and feeling, until, to tell the precious truth, I began to like my own company a little better, I believe, than I had done, passing by the Morgue, in the town here. The foreground—I know you are an artist, Blanche, and a good, pains-taking one—the foreground, or rather the side-foreground, which to my left struck boldly against this airy view, was a kind of turret-ruin, based on a level with my feet, chiefly built of dark-red brick, and ornamented with a jutting eve-cornice and with belts, and perpendicular stripes of cut stone; ivy and weeds round its base, and a sapling ash flourishing, like a signal-flag, from its top. I recognised in it the quaint kind of rural architecture in vogue in the good old times of our good old Henri IV., and I recollected the pleasure-houses he got built near Paris for his fair Gabrielle—he had a wife, too, Blanche—and I wondered were these the ruins of one of them; and, while I wondered, quite a new play of thought broke up my tolerably good state of mind; so I turned on my heel laughing—tittering, I fear. But glancing over the grassy plain on which I stood, I detected evidences of its being the juvenile play-ground of the little village street connected with it. Around me lay the ruins of a trundle-hoop and a ball, with some stray marbles and a spin-top; and out of these inert materials I soon peopled the little solitude with groups of tiny rioters, who went through their several games, jumping and laughing, and shrilly shouting for my amusement; and somehow, Blanche, among the accents of their imaginary voices, I caught those of a little fellow whom you and I know something about. And again all this did me no harm—I mean with respect to the peculiar mood which had brought me to the singular and beautiful spot. But something, even a little better, was to come. I looked towards the side of the square platform, which had not before attracted my attention; it was almost entirely occupied by the front and entrance of a church—not indeed so imposing as that of Notre Dame and others, but still tasteful and beautiful in its style and character, and simply beautiful too, as it ought to have been in gallantry, as well as deference to the whole of the scene and situation I have been endeavouring to describe to you. I looked hard at the doors of the entrance to this rustic temple; they were broken and shattered, bearing evidence of recent outrage. But their dilapidated state allowed me egress into the little church, and I entered it. Its interior had also been slightly injured; but no matter. Blanche, I knelt down near its altar—I could not help the momentary impulse; and though there was no accompanying rite, and no officiating priest to arouse me, nor no congregation to excite my emulation, still I knelt—for you know, Blanche, we have a spice of the old religious bigotry in us; perhaps, also, I—but again I say, no matter. And all I will say, Blanche, is, that finally I left that little hill-village, and came back along the high road to Paris, for the purpose of seeing

you here, a humanised, if not a perfectly reclaimed man. What may have since crossed my untoward fancy, to interweave with reality the hitherto gossamer web of that fine morning vision of mine, I cannot now so exactly calculate.

“ And now farewell, Blanche ; so end my anecdotes—or, no—stop ; so ends rather my first little anecdote. Now for my second—which second, notwithstanding all your fine marbly abstraction of manner there, I do suspect you should like to hear. And you shall hear it. You know, Blanche, that I was the depositary of the whole earthly fortune in ready money (or in any money, or in any shape,) which appertained to us all—to you, to my father, and to myself, out of our grand, aristocratic possessions. Very well, Blanche. Before starting upon my extemporaneous country expedition this morning, or late last night rather, I had lost, to within about two hundred francs, the whole of that property at the tables of Madame Duchesnois ; and the few hundred francs, Blanche, I will now go to venture there too, as a last stake to chance. And thus, Blanche, you have dealt, during your little fit of temper just now, with a destroyed, a destroying, and a reckless man ; and thus again, good Blanche, in stark poverty, as well as in your abhorrence and in my own despair, Blanche de Grainville, fare you well for ever.”

Thus ended Jules’s “anecdotes,” as he called them, in which he took, according to his temporary humour, a measured, ample, and ungenerous vengeance upon his wife for the well-merited henpecking she had just given him. And when he had done, Jules lounged out of the room, and out of the house, in a state of mental relapse very little acted upon, after all, by his chance visit to the heights of St. Ouen.

THE FUTURE.

THE Future ! Ah, why do we anxiously pine,
To gaze o’er that veiled and shadowy line
Where the sunshine, the hope, and the promise are found,
’Tis a beacon still leading us on—look around.

Is it here ? Is it here ?

Oh, no—we must pass through this valley of tears,
O’er the tide which has brought us our days and our years,
And gain that bright fount where the amaranth blows,
Where the river is purple with hues of the rose.

It is there ! It is there !

E. H. B.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.¹—No. VIII.

SIR WILLIAM C. SMITH, LATE BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.

THE first occasion in which his great powers were proved, regarded a circumstance which, at that period, wholly occupied public attention both in Ireland and England. Few have not heard of the celebrated case of Judge Johnston. All the great lawyers of the two countries were engaged in the supreme courts of both in determining the important question to which this case gave rise; and the judgment of Baron Smith, young though he then was, placed him among the very first of constitutional lawyers, and clothed him with the enviable rank of a stern impugner of authority, and a high friend to freedom. He boldly maintained his ground against Lord Avonmore, the greatest lawyer this country produced, and perhaps equal in legal science and general attainments to any at any period in Europe. Judge Johnston's case was singular. He was supreme judge in Ireland, and previous to the Union a member of the House of Commons, during which he enjoyed situations of great trust and responsibility. The seal affixed to the Union was scarcely cold, when the very men who recommended him to royal favour harshly prosecuted him for a libel on Lord Hardwicke, Judge Osborn, and Secretary Marsden, published in "Cobbett's Register," for which Cobbett was tried at the suit of the then attorney-general, Lord Plunkett. About the same time a bill was going through parliament to secure the trial of persons being in Ireland who had committed offences in England; and to bring them over for that purpose, the act of 44 Geo. III. chap. 92, received the royal assent on the 20th of July 1804. In the following November the indictment was found against Judge Johnston, and his person taken in Ireland on a warrant to bring him to England. At the time of the arrest, nothing had been provided but the power to bring parties over; there was no power to accept bail, and he had no means of compelling the attendance of witnesses. Twelve months after the passing of the former, the second statute was passed, giving this important power. He doubted the application of the statute to his case. The matter was tried in England, and three of the judges were of opinion that his case was without the law, three of the contrary opinion, and two declined to give any. He was then brought before the Court of King's Bench in Ireland, and with no better success. His chief counsel was Curran, who argued with his usual reason and eloquence.*

¹ Continued from p. 170.

* On this occasion Curran delivered that magnificent burst of generous enthusiasm, which restored him, after some interruption, to the friendship and affection of Lord Avonmore. "I am not ignorant that this extraordinary construction has received the sanction of another court—nor of the surprise and dismay which it smote on the general heart of the bar. I am aware that I may have the mortification of being told in another country of that unhappy decision, and I foresee in what confusion I shall hang down my head, when I am told of it. But I cherish too the consolation that I shall be able to tell them, that *I had an old and learned friend*

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His humorous illustration of statutory construction is well known. "Suppose," said he, "I gave an Irishman in London a small assault in trust. When the vacation arrives, he knocks at the door of a trading justice—tells him he wants a warrant against the counsellor.

" 'What counsellor?'

" 'An' sure, please your honour, every one knows the counsellor.'

" 'Well, friend, what's your name?'

" 'Thady O'Flanagan, please your honour.'

" 'What countryman are you?'

" 'An Englishman *by construction*.'

" 'Very well; I'll draw on my correspondent in Ireland for the body of the counsellor!'"

The conduct of the baron, in so resolutely defending the Habeas Corpus of Ireland excited an universal enthusiasm in his favour, which continued in steady progression, until within a few years of his death. At the celebrated trial of the Rev. Mr. Maguire, if any measure were wanted to the fulness of public applause before, it then overflowed. Speaking of his famous charge, Chief Baron O'Grady said that he acted more the part of a thirteenth juror, than of an impartial judge; to which the baron tartly replied, "It is false!" O'Grady was silent. The remainder of his career is so recent, as to require no additional comment. After a judicial service of thirty-three years, he died in September 1836.

If there be any unsoundness in an illustrious name, there will

whom I would put above all the sweepings of their halls, who was of a different opinion—who had derived his ideas of civil liberty from the purest fountains of Athens and Rome—who had the youthful vigour of his mind fed with the theoretic knowledge of their wisest philosophers and statesmen—and who had refined that theory into the quick and exquisite sensibility of moral instinct by contemplating the practice of their most illustrious examples—by dwelling on the sweet-souled piety of Cimon—on the anticipated Christianity of Socrates—on the gallant and pathetic patriotism of Epaminondas—and on the pure austerity of Fabricius. I would add, that if he seemed to hesitate, it was but for a moment—that his hesitation was like the passing cloud that floats before the morning sun; and this soothing hope I draw from the tenderest and dearest recollections of my life—from the remembrance of those Attic nights and refectations of the gods which we have spent with those beloved and venerated companions who have gone before us—over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed—(here Lord Avonmore hid his face in his hands, and sobbed loudly)—yes, my good lord, I see you do not forget them—I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory—I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue—and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of man—when the swelling heart conceded and communicated the generous purpose—when my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my lord, we remember those nights with no other regret than that they can return no more; for,

' We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
Arts which I loved—for they, my friend, were thine.' "

When the court rose, Curran was sent for. The moment he entered the chamber, poor Avonmore, whose cheeks were still wet with tears extorted by this affecting appeal, clasped Curran to his bosom, and from that moment every cause of difference was obliterated.

always be found a class of vindictive and evil-tempered men to detect it with the unerring instinct of the flesh-fly, and prey upon the crude spot with a voracious delight. With the pertinacity of the insect in Homer, they will cling to his character until they have satiated themselves with slanders. Such persons sedulously hunt out the wound—they fasten on his faults, and leave his excellences and virtues untold. We claim no kindred with that malicious and prostitute class. Undue favouritism, on the other hand, is to be deprecated; but that fair meed of praise cannot justly be withheld, where a few errors are counterbalanced by many amiable qualities. Such an obligation the dead imperatively demand from the living. There is no more certain indication of an ill-regulated mind than that gross propensity to adulation, which, for want of a better term, we may call Boswellism. Our path lay like a straight line between these extreme points of flattery and censure—we endeavoured to pursue his character through his long and eventful career in a free and impartial spirit. Having, like Numa, fallen asleep in death, as Niebuhr beautifully expresses it—having gone where hate or praise, or calumny or blame, can no longer reach him, men in passing judgment should not forget that he too was merciful—as slow in condemning the characters of his fellow-men in private life, as he was reluctant to award the last solemn penalty of the law to the criminal who put himself without its pale. “As I draw blood I will some mercy show,” was the great ruling principle of his conduct as a criminal judge—a humane and generous impulse!—and the same sweet maxim he carried into all the relations of social life. Like Hector, setting aside his crested helmet; that he may not frighten his boy, he laid down the frowning austerity of the judicial character, and by his soothing manner calmed the convulsive tremblings of the miserable culprit whose life vibrated on the fearful issue. Everything that could be done consistently with the great and solemn duties he had to discharge, was done to subdue the intensity of the wretched man’s emotions. If he were undefended, the baron acted the part of the most energetic advocate, and carried into full and generous effect that fine maxim of the criminal law, that the prisoner should have the benefit of every doubt. If the crown counsel, which indeed was most rare, through excess of zeal yielded to any improper severity of language, he at once checked the inhumane allusion with a dignified rebuke. He certainly was one of the ablest criminal lawyers that ever sat on the bench of this or any country: he had a deep and searching knowledge of human nature—he knew all the springs and impulses of human action—a knowledge obtained from long practical experience, the only porch where the true philosophy of man’s nature is taught and learned. No man possessed a keener facility in unravelling the intricacies of crime—he rapidly connected motive and effect; and though a few guilty may have escaped during his administration of justice, innocence was rarely condemned. He had a shuddering dread of shedding man’s blood: humanity told him that one man’s blood for another’s is the expiation of a savage—policy told him that crime is not thereby made one shade the less in enormity; while morality told him that the purest and holiest feelings of our nature are offended by man

assuming to himself a power to take away the "ray divine," to which God alone has righteous claim.

In spirit he was a great criminal reformer. He wished to abolish the application of the severe though necessary maxim—*la loi le veut*—to human life. We remember to have heard, in our boyish days, a story singularly characteristic of the merciful attributes of the baron, and of the amiable light in which he was regarded by the lower order of Irish peasantry. By them he was looked on as the guardian genius of persons indicted for murder. Any other crime found little mercy at his hands: he dealt out the contents of the bitter urn in most other cases severely; but when a criminal stood in the dock for the last and worst of crimes, they conceived most unaccountably that he was not destined to die while the baron presided. If you asked them on what grounds they formed such an opinion, the universal answer was, that having once condemned an innocent woman to death, he was afterwards haunted by her spirit; and on one occasion, when he was particularly tortured by her presence, he made a solemn vow never to doom man or woman to the last penalty. The good baron, said they, has faithfully adhered to his promise, and ever after the ghost ceased to haunt him. The same potent reason they habitually alleged for his late hours. He dared not venture into the solitude of his bedroom, or out of the hilarity of the social circle, from sunset to that hour when horrid sprites "do flee the light approach of holy morn." These impressions were very generally diffused, and show the extravagant conceptions entertained of the causes of his humane spirit. Prosecutors—an hideous class—were once abundant in Ireland. He ever contemplated them with savage abhorrence. He was aware that public policy demanded their toleration—that they were evils rendered necessary by the imperfect state of society; but he could not divest his mind of prejudices imbibed at an early age. He witnessed the frightful effects produced by their sanguinary activity at the close of the last, and the beginning of the present, century. He saw the Catholic population, for whom he so long struggled with earnest enthusiasm, nearly decimated by the impolitic countenance given by the crown to their terrible testimony. He looked on them with enduring disfavour, and made every effort, where he suspected a snare for innocence, to rescue the victim. Once, at the assizes of Castlebar, when a fierce-looking ruffian was intent on a deed of blood, and the baron struggled hard to shake his merciless testimony, but could not, his fretfulness at length got the start of his solemnity, and in that peculiarly sharp and bitter tone which, in anger, cut deep and keen, he addressed him: "You may be an honest man—perhaps you are an honest man—but a more ill-looking man, and to all appearances, a less trust-worthy man, I never saw." Among his brother barons shrewdness and good sense were his shield and sword—his panoply and chariot of war. His legal knowledge was not great; but he had a spirit quick and sagacious, which, with an exact knowledge of the strong and weak points of any cause he had to manage, always enabled him to arrive at a just judgment. His acquirements were of that pliant nature, which, like the griffin-steed of Rogers, he could turn and wind at his pleasure: his elastic genius never deserted him

even in matters which required more than ordinary profundity and research; and though all knew he was not a great lawyer, none could point out where he lacked in power. He possessed that delicacy of feeling which shrinks instinctively from everything boisterous, presumptuous, or rude. Incapable of malevolence himself, his conduct never generated that unmanly feeling in others.

We shall here omit the last few years, when he, who like the Hebrew judge, had articulated with the people, departed from his old exertions in the cause of liberty, and in a moment of pride or weakness adopted adverse opinions. The treatment he found from his old Whig associates poisoned his temper. He was judge for thirty years, and yet above him was placed a man who never entertained one generous or liberal principle. Be this the cause or not, that inauspicious period shall be blotted from our gentle record. In the midst of the most unambitious discussions he startles with the most profound remarks. The gravity and elegance of his thoughts shine out where the subject gives little promise of their developement. His judicial phraseology had an hard and brilliant enamel, always conveying a principle in clear forcible words. He never mistook glare for glitter, prodigality of language for profusion of ideas, or, as in the Helen of the sculptor Lysippus, made finery supply the place of beauty, and well-arranged drapery the place of anatomical proportions. He combined ornament with thought, and pomp with substance; and if ever he sacrificed a sentiment to improper taste, like the ancient priests, he dressed the victim in flowers, and made the immolation more graceful. The singular modesty of his character renders us more indulgent to his weaknesses, and we forget his political errors in the contemplation of a heart animated and humanised by the mildest virtues and affections. His little "*Metaphysical Rambles*," the last fruit of his beautiful intellect, were written a year or two before his death. Lord Brougham's work on "*Natural Theology*"—let divines, and semi-philosophers carp and bark as they may—is a work of exalted power, and worthy of his strong and serious understanding. A work of genius, especially if it contains generous truths, and boldly steps forward to abate long-recognised errors, is certain to find many an adverse champion in cowed prejudice and intemperate ignorance. Among the varied host was Baron Smith; but his opposition was less influenced by these noxious principles than a spirit of pure religion, and a solicitude to maintain what he believed to be the most salutary interests of man. He did not appear to comprehend the enlarged views of his lordship, and founded his objections on data the very opposite to which were insisted on by Lord Brougham, and formed the basis of his induction. The baron argued on assumed principles, which were wholly denied; hence an essential error is interwoven with and discolours his whole ingenious argument. But, omitting the metaphysical portion of the "*Rambles*," though not uniformly profound, they are not without depth and beauty—the diction has a flowing sweetness perfectly delightful, while the glimpses of a pure and benevolent disposition which they exhibit, communicate a pleasurable interest not found in works of greater magnitude and more swelling pretensions. The wit is polished and graceful, the learning diversified,

and the illustrations elegant and appropriate. Few acquainted with the history of France have not heard of the famous Abbé Sicard, but many are ignorant of the singular method through which he conveyed a knowledge of his metaphysical science to his revolutionary pupils. The baron gives a very lively account of his celebrated "napkin" illustration of abstract ideas, which some of the English writers of that day, and among them Burke, covered with felicitous ridicule. Addressing his moonlight companion, the baron proceeds :—

"The metaphysical dignity with which you invest what Othello sometimes called a "napkin," exalting it as you do with a sort of representative of material creation, reminds me, by-the-by, of what I once witnessed in Paris at the *Sourds et Muets*. The Abbé Sicard presented a handkerchief to the sight of one as he stood before him on the platform. The pupil nodded, and immediately wrote down *Mouchoir* upon the gigantic slate which was placed behind him. The master then deployed the napkin, exhibiting and marking the squareness of its form, and the sagacious *Sourd et Muet* immediately tacked *Carré* to *Mouchoir* on the Brobdingnagian slate. Sicard then crumpled up the handkerchief upon which *carré* was effaced. He again displayed the parallelogram, and *carré* reappeared upon the slate. Lastly, and here I suspect there was a ruse, leaving the quadrangularity unimpaired, he withdrew the handkerchief which possessed it from before his pupil's sight. I am sure you anticipate what ensued. *Mouchoir* was (with a *sourire fin et fier*) at once expunged, and *carré* remained with all its mysterious abstractedness on the slate. Then followed French admiration and applause—whether natural or artificial, extempore or prepared, it is not my business to pronounce. Having endured this with a meek and modest air, the abbé, at its conclusion, addressed the assembly thus—'*Ainsi, messieurs, nous commençons par un mouchoir, et nous finissons par Dieu !*' "

The following, too, is a very philosophical and elegant allusion to one of those extraordinary sensations, on whose existence Plato grounded his beautiful phantasy that all knowledge is only remembrance, and in which Cicero, in his treatise on "Old Age," remarks in support of his great master's original doctrine, "*Magno esse argumento homines scire pleraque antequam nati sint, quod jam pueri: quum artes difficiles discant, ita celeriter res innumerabiles arripiant, ut eas non tum primum accipere videantur, sed reminisci et recordari.*"

Hear now the philosophical baron's amplification, and few will deny that it possesses clearness, eloquence, and susceptibility of the truly beautiful.

"In connexion with the phenomena of memory, may I be here permitted to take notice of a certain mystery or marvel which has occasionally presented itself to me, and in voucher of the existence of which I have the experience of others, in addition to my own?—I mean that strange impression, which will occasionally come with unexpected suddenness on the mind, that the scene now passing, and in which we share, is one which in the very place, and in the very words,

with the same persons, and with the same feelings, we had accurately rehearsed we know not where before. It is the most extraordinary of sensations, and is one which will occur where in what is going forward there is nothing remarkable or of particular interest involved. While we speak, our former words are ringing in our ears, and the sentences which we form are the faint echoes of a conversation had in the olden time. Our conscious thoughts, too, as they rise, seem to whisper to each other that this is not their first appearance in this place. In short, all that is now before us seems the apparition of a dialogue long departed—the spectral resurrection of scenes and transactions long gone by. Or we may be said, by the momentary gleam of a flash of reminiscence, to be reviewing in a mysterious mirror the dark reflection of times past, and living over, in minute and shadowy detail, a duplicate of the incidents of some pre-existent state.”

The reader must confess that the sentiments and language of this passage are exquisite, and not unworthy of the divine writer of the *Phædo*. The phenomenon is a curious one, and though we cannot remember that we have ever twice lived over any incident of our existence, the fact of such mysterious appearances is beyond all question in minds of a peculiar constitution, although it does not bring us to the abstract conclusion that all knowledge is only remembrance. In a conversation last summer with a distinguished member of the Irish bar, a man not very prone to airy fancies, he said that he had often experienced a sensation of this kind. Once, he said, when shooting in a remote part of the county of Cork, which he had never till then visited, he reached a certain spot which he had the most distinct remembrance of having seen before—the hills—the trees—the river—the old tower; in fact, everything served to satisfy his memory. But we are forgetting the baron in the corroboration of his phenomena. Probably in the whole range of soft and plaintive writing, there is nothing so sweetly tender as his description of that mournful cry peculiar to Ireland, called by the dilettanti of overtures and fugues the “Irish howl.” Ears refined by the linked sweetness of Rossini or Auber may detect nothing but barbarous dissonance in those long-drawn wailings, which, like songs of other words, fell on the ears of the sensitive judge.

“Call it wild and dismal if you please, but do not stigmatise it with the epithet of ‘howl.’ When its roughnesses, and chromatic or other discords, are softened by distance, and, as it were, diluted in the open air, it comes with a dying fall of inexpressible plaintiveness upon the ear. It is, I confess, an echo, a paraphrase of the wind’s lament; but, in the score of sweetness, it is an exception to my dislike of copies. It is a song of this world sadly floating to another, or a song of other worlds addressed by Grief to this. Some of its melancholy cadences resemble those of a drowsy nurse’s lullaby, and thus we may be said in Ireland to enter on and retire from life in a song.”

His mind exhibited a singular harmony of excellencies—it was elegantly symmetrical. In the departments of philosophy, law, and

literature, he shone, if not with excessive lustre, at least with creditable splendour in all. His vigorous and inventive genius was of a first order, and though his knowledge of general law was not of that deep and solid formation which enabled him to transmit his name to posterity among the great lawyers of Ireland, yet it was sufficiently extensive for the proper discharge of his official duties. He had not the vast erudition of Avonmore, or the minute and profound science of the present Chief Baron, or the multifarious practical knowledge of Baron Pennefather; but on great occasions, when his energies were brought into full play, he could rise to the summit of the highest argument, and pile a structure of lofty reasoning equal to either in principles and their proper application, as in the case of Judge Johnston, to which we have before alluded. But in the culture of philosophy and literature he far outstripped his judicial brethren. If the occupations of his high and busy office had not divided and perplexed his attention, there is little doubt but he would have acquired in both unquestionable superiority. As it was, the variety and extent of his attainments in all that builds the temple of divine philosophy, and weaves the rich and flowered web of literature, was extraordinary. His intellectual reach exhibited a brilliancy and fecundity, such as had been bestowed on few men. He was equally distinguished for stringent reasoning and unreal speculation; and though the airiness and philosophic bent of his understanding may be supposed to impair his efficiency in practical argument, few, notwithstanding, were more close, convincing and argumentative. He arrayed philosophy in the variegated garb of imagination, and gave a firmness to imagination by arraying it in the erudition of a deep philosophy, while, at the same time, he gave a charm and freshness to the sterile dogmas of the law by the sweet severity of the one, and the graceful lustre of the other. The flowing luxuriance of the foliage never prevented the beholder from contemplating the dignified majesty of the tree. In everything he said, there was something to admire—something to attract and fascinate. An ordinary intellect would convey its impressions in unimpassioned language on a subject which he dressed in all the graces of beauty, eloquence, and originality, which proves his great resources in thought and language. The processes of his mind were equally fitted for the deepest research—for the lightest and most playful wit. Versed in all the delightful literature of the ancients to a perfection the most rare, he imbibed much of their ennobling and inspiring spirit. The divine dialogues of Plato, and the calm secondary philosophy of Cicero, not, however, without many a glance at the accusing fire of his elegant orations, proved the evening's recreation, which he often prolonged into the long winter's night, even "to the slow approach of russet morn." Nor were the great authors of England forgotten. He revelled in the astonishing strength and grandeur of Cudworth, and Taylor, and Barrow, and Tillotson. Shakspeare and Milton he read until his assiduity generated a permanent enthusiasm, and a facility of quotation which few men have reached. It is told by Plutarch, we believe in his "Miscellanies," that some of the Ionian rhapsodists had applied themselves so successfully to the study of Homer, that from the *Iliad* to the Hymn of Ceres, if a single line

were given, they could repeat the hundred that preceded and followed. Whether Baron Smith could hit on the exact centenary we do not know, but continual reading had given him such a knowledge and mastery over the works of both Shakspeare and Milton, that he could almost repeat them line after line. The classic correctness of Pope and the measured energy of Gray were among the number of his favourites. He admired the moderns—he adored the ancients. His only great rival in classic literature, and often a successful one, was the present Lord Chancellor Plunkett: fierce, yet eloquent, were their numerous encounters in that fragrant field, “with rich ambrosial glory redolent.” The fight of ancient Saladins was not infrequent between them about the most captivating passages of Homer, for the chancellor and baron equally loved the old bard. Each agreed to select two, and to reason each other into the superior grandeur of the choice—a difficult task! The chancellor chose, what for wonderful effect is without parallel in the records of human pencil or pen, the noble dioramic picture at the close of the twelfth book of the Iliad, where Hector, the stay and glory of Troy, rushes through the Grecian encampment, armed with fire and terror, dark-visaged, as grim as night—a tumult wild arose as he burst in the adamantine gates with a stone such as two strong men now-a-days could scarcely lift up, and the confused Argives fled to their ships. This was an incomparable selection. The other, the divine lament of Helen over the dead Tamer of Horses.

“ Oh ! it was ne’er my fate from thee to find
A deed ungentle or a word unkind ;
When others cursed the authoress of their woe,
Thy pities checked my sorrows in their flow ;
If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents softened all my pain,—
For thee I mourn, and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery !”

How different from the original, which is one of the most exquisite touches of softness that ever flowed from the human heart! The baron, nowise daunted by the beautiful choice of the chancellor, gave the famous “Battle of the Gods,” and that thrilling passage where the venerable Priam embraces the terrible hand that laid in the dust his own beloved Hector. In all four there is much grandeur and beauty, but the chancellor’s choice, in our opinion, throws the baron’s into deep shadow. At another time they battled with all the desperate fury of headlong partisans about the scansion of a choral line in the “*Œdipus Colonus*.” The chancellor loudly and pertinaciously clamoured for an iambic sizygy, while the baron was equally fervid in maintaining the honour of snappish trochaics. How this metrical squabble terminated it is impossible to ascertain ; or whether, like a chancery-suit, it remains still undecided, is a question we may not solve. If they struggled for final victory, a mighty arbiter was at hand to undo the perplexing knot. Surely they must have heard of the reverend author of the “*Jewish Orthography*,” whose erudition in choral systems is without parallel since the days of Herman ; in truth,

he could raise an Orphic structure of strophe, antistrophe, and epode—not out of the Bible—Bishop Louth has been on that ground before him—but even out of the inharmonious periods of Dion of Halycarnassus. In his youth Baron Smith addicted himself much to metaphysical study, a science far above all others in sharpening and exercising the understanding. Penetrated with the strength of the early impressions which he derived from the rigorous cultivation of that trying knowledge, his understanding in later years bore ample evidence of the searching spirit he imbibed. His sentiments deeply partook of it—on every period he wrote it was ineffaceably stamped. Blended with this, he possessed an exalted imagination, which shone through all his speeches with a pure and steady lustre. Ever prompt to obey his call, the choice of its fanciful productions was the only difficulty he had to encounter. Under its gorgeous influence the wilderness of the law rejoiced, and the desert blossomed like the rose. Prodigious in all the resources of intellectual cultivation, he conveyed his profound thoughts in a rich and expressive stream of phraseology. Although, in general, nicely correct, yet he not rarely indulged in the irregularity of the comet eloquence of Burke—like him foraying into the land of science and art, and levying unforced contributions on the various recondite knowledge they supplied. In the wisdom of the ancients he wanted like a child at play, gathering shining truths and moral axioms from their repertory of the good and beautiful. Nothing, not even the chilling frosts of old age, could deaden his sensibility to their influence, which, in the winter of life, bloomed flower-like around him, with all the fresh fragrance of a spring birth. His radiating mind extended on every side, and partook of the most opposite qualities—he was grave and humorous—stern and tender—humble and lofty—airy and profound. He excelled in the graceful ease with which he mastered the difficult ornament of metaphor, not after the manner of some great figurative architects at the bar, who, in the fervency of their oratory, form the most picturesque combinations—very chimeras in the fitness of their parts. We remember to have heard an eminent lawyer describe the ingratitude of a professing friend in the following sublimely metaphoric manner: “Gentlemen of the jury, you all know the value of friendship. I hope you all have not experienced the effects of ingratitude—it is the least divine of human attributes, and my confiding client has known the full working of its bitterness. He introduced the defendant into his house—nay more, gentlemen, he took the serpent to his bosom; and how did he reward him?—*by stinging him behind his back!*” This mode of metaphorical dislocation the baron did not practise; his figure was always complete in its application. Metaphor is certainly one of the most difficult accomplishments of the orator, but, when once possessed, is a weapon of all others the most elegant and effective; it sheds a light over his language, and animates while it decorates the expression, without in the least impeding the full flow of his argument. It never interferes with the continued chain of his reasoning, while with its aid the orator may revel in all the freedom of harmonious eloquence. The infusion of a glowing figure only accelerates his course, and dazzles while it accelerates. In him it was inseparably connected with the sentiment,

such as is perceptible in the sonorous majesty of Grattan, who rarely qualified with the weakness of a "Such as," or "Like to;" but the figure is kneaded into and incorporated with the thought. He seldom rebelled against the legislation of taste; in all he spoke and wrote, its principles are rigorously maintained, even to a fault: had he been less careful about the mode, the matter, though perhaps more abrupt and angular, would have appeared more healthy and vigorous. From too strict a regard to the classic structure of the period, he often frittered away a fine sentiment, and gave the whole a silken consistency, when a nervous condensation would have augmented the effect. He was enamoured of a sounding and well-poised sentence, and to secure that effect would run into a pomp of words truly Asiatic, and preferred being gaudy to being great, although the latter lay within his reach.

With all the advantages of natural power, his industry was excessive; he knew the full value of acquired knowledge, and purchased it with an uninterrupted course of study from his early years. With a rare love of intellectual improvement, every hour from his study he considered worthy of a black pebble: Titus did not more deeply mourn the loss of a day. His admiration of the literary giants of old swelled into enthusiasm—a feeling difficult to discover in the cold constitution of modern judges; but he was of other days and other minds—a connecting link between the past and present. To the unimaginative and practical character of the present he united the polished grace and refinement, the classic purity and eloquence, of the past. A taste for poetry was one of those accomplishments which abode with him from the days of his youth, and would not depart; and surely the mind that could produce the following very sweet lyric, after the drudgery of a judicial life of thirty years, and when three quarters of a century may be supposed to have left but few blooms of imagination and song behind them, may rank not humbly in the order of poetic intellects.

" NIGHT.

" How beautiful is Night !—'tis said—
Yes, when in starry escort led,
And silvered by the moon;
Her solemn azure's dark serene,
Light-spangled canopies—a scene
Immersed in lunar noon !

" Friend to the mariner ! Oh thou
Whose seven-fold lustre decks the brow—
The polished brow of night;
Aigrette of clustering brilliants ! hail !
And beam on eyes that never fail
To view thee with delight !

" Nor blame if admiration turn
To where Orion's splendours burn,
To light the southern sky;
His gem-wrought belt and sparkling sword,
And luminous extremes afford
A rich resplendency !

“ But chief to thee the Muse would tune
 Her lyre of love—sweet Clair-de-Lune !
 O how I love that light !
 Mysterious, pensive, pale, severe—
 ’Tis but light’s spectre, as it were,
 Haunting the shades of night.

“ Behold yon tender gush of light,
 How wanly splendid—sadly bright—
 How much akin to gloom !
 Oh ! glimpse to share a cloister’s shade !—
 To slumber in a cypress glade—
 Or smile upon a tomb !

“ Is tomb an apt allusion ?—say—
 And night, the shadowy death of day—
 Dark, silent, solemn, chill—
 Than moonlight paler—not a breath
 Or sound relieves the night of death—
 Pall-covered—cold and still !”

His conversation shared all the excellencies of his writings and speeches : copious, rich, and thoughtful, he ornamented every subject he touched ; every variety of discussion he enriched with a fascinating colloquial eloquence, seasoned sometimes with a caustic or innocent raillery, and all the other subsidiary forces that give a zest and spirit to intellectual conversation. Burke Bethel was one day boasting to Master, then Serjeant, G—d, of the thousand witticisms he said at a dinner of the Home Bar, and among the rest—“ Our friend Smith was done—I levelled him like a bulrush !”

The little serjeant, fastening his glass in his right eye, and looking scornfully at Burke—“ Levelled Smith ! By the mortal G—d, Bethel, ’tis a damned lie ; Smith will say more good things in an hour than you would in a year !” Burke lugged his tail between his legs, and went off with a growl.

Full of sparkling anecdote, he told many a delightful story, for he lived among men whose recollections were worthy of preservation, and he told them with such ease and artless simplicity, such playfulness and naïveté, that few who ever listened did not sigh for their repetition. His wit was overflowing—not indeed of the broad farcical species, but of that subtle and penetrating quality which, like the nettle-blossom, pains a moment, and passes away. His sallies are still held in vivid remembrance, and bring to their retailers many a good dinner. Eminence, like mediocrity, has its failings ; on these the future biographer of Baron Smith will find it his imperative duty to dwell—a task upon which neither our limits, nor indeed our inclination, permit us to enter. The best reflection which the errors of exalted intellect suggest, seems to be that with which Bourdaloue opened his fine funeral oration on the Grand Condé—“ There is no luminary in the heavens which does not sometimes suffer eclipse, and the sun, which is the most splendid of all, suffers the greatest and most remarkable. Two circumstances particularly deserve our consideration : one, that in these eclipses the sun suffers no substantial loss of light, and pursues his regular course ; the other, that during the time of the eclipse

the universe contemplates it with most interest, and watches its variation with most attention. He whom we lament has his eclipses—it would be idle to attempt concealing them—they are as visible as his glory, but he never lost the principle of rectitude which ruled his heart. That preserved him in his wanderings. Thus the eclipse was temporary, and the golden flood remained unimpaired.” On which Mr. Charles Butler remarked, with not less feeling than judgment, that persons who are disposed to be the most severe on distinguished minds, should reflect on the beautiful sentiments of the preacher. Self-examination will tell them that if their lives have not incurred public censure, its absence is less attributable to the inflexible rectitude of their conduct than to the fortunate obscurity of their lives.

THE LEAF AND THE STEM.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

A CHILD played with a summer leaf,
Green was the leaf and bright ;
Ne’er had he known a pang of grief,
His merry heart thrill’d light.

An old man gazed on a wither’d stem,
The leaf’s life all was gone ;
’Twas Autumn’s ghastly diadem—
A tear-drop fell thereon.

Spring passed away—the child grew old,
His pleasant scenes had fled ;
The Winter’s breath had left him cold,
Now sleeps he with the dead.

The old man can no more be found,
A heap of dust is there ;
Concealed beneath a grassy mound,
Where is life’s light—say where ?

Ah ! where art thou, my merry boy,
And thou, my sombre man ?
Childhood’s shrill laugh of love and joy ?
Say, Wisdom, if you can !

Where is the emerald leaf of spring ?
Shrivell’d on Autumn’s breast,
Death’s mother.—’Tis a fearful thing,
That youth on age must rest.

THE BEAN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"I was in complete despair," said, one evening that I was in his company, the young banker Walter. During nine long weeks I had been making the tour of Vienna; in every society, upon every opportunity, in all the police-offices, I had described Mademoiselle de Tarnan, her aunt, and *femme de chambre*,—not a soul could give me any information as to what had become of them. There was, indeed, no scarcity of good advice, for that is always to be had cheap. I was directed to all the points of the compass in the search for my divinity.

But it was clear that she was no longer in Vienna. Notwithstanding that they distinctly told me so in the hotel where she had been living, notwithstanding that I inhabited the very same apartment which once had been hers, I still continued my search for her. I attended all the churches and services—all the masquerades and balls—all the theatres and public gardens. In fine, love's labour went for nothing. My saint had vanished. So I quitted the capital in despair, and travelled home in the worst weather that winter could bring.

But to explain clearly to you the whole singularity of my lot, I must tell you how I became acquainted with the lady. You will find much that is curious in my story; but, in affairs of love, all is romance.

Three years ago I went upon business to Vienna. Our house was at that time threatened with a heavy loss by a bankruptcy. It was my good fortune to avert the evil, and I now determined to take advantage of the opportunity, and to enjoy the whole splendour of Vienna. "Who knows," thought I, "if thou ever again in thy life mayst come to Vienna!"

My acquaintances invited me to all their parties, and I was introduced into several family circles. The mothers received me very graciously—the fair young ladies not less so. It was known that I was unmarried, and the name of our house was no stranger to the fathers. I was received everywhere as the rich banker, and everybody addressed me as a person of consequence. I had not yet thought of marrying, on account of the peculiarities and humours of my excellent old father. So much the more unshackled, therefore, did I flutter from one beauty to another. They were all lovely to me, but I was determined to love none of them.

"Mademoiselle de Tarnan is expected," lisped an old lady, one evening in a party, to her neighbour who was near me.

"She is a good, amiable creature," replied the neighbour; "she would even often be thought pretty, if she had not that hateful deformity."

"Ah!" said the old lady, "you mean the mole which she has upon the breast, just under the neck; they say it is like a mouse!"

"A mouse! I beg your ladyship's pardon. If it were no more, she would have no occasion to muffle herself up to the chin like a nun. No, no; it is exactly like a camel, with four feet and a long neck."

"Don't believe that," said a third, who now joined in the conversation. "I know the whole affair. It is a mole of an entirely peculiar kind, of an enormous size. The whole bosom is as brown as coffee, and from thence up to the chin covered with small white hairs."

"Eh! that is horrible!" cried the old lady.

"Yes; if a like misfortune had happened to me," said one of the young ones, casting her eyes modestly down upon her breast, on which a thin gauze floated, like a mist over snow, "I verily believe that I must have died."

Others now joined in the conversation. Each one confirmed the story, but all pitied Mademoiselle de Tarnan on account of this misfortune.

The door opened; Mademoiselle de Tarnan and her aunt walked in.

The young lady, had she not already excited my curiosity on account of the preceding conversation, must have struck me exceedingly by her grace and beauty. A conception, such as we now and then admire in the pictures of Angelica Kaufmann;—nay, do not laugh, I was not then in love; I am now wedded, so that truth is in my mouth. In fact, the fair Tarnan engrossed the eyes and hearts of all the men; all approached with an interest increased by a sort of agreeable pity. But her breast was impenetrably veiled, even up to the throat. That of course silently reminded one of the mouse, and another of the camel. "Alas!" thought every one, "why was fortune so cruel as to disfigure the most charming creature under the sun in so perverse a manner?" And I cannot deny that I thought so too.

I am not naturally curious, but that evening this sin plagued me as never before. The fairest even of bosoms was indifferent to me, but the most deformed belonging to the most amiable maiden fascinated my gaze. My eyes unceasingly roved among the folds of the thick veil; I continued my voyage of discovery from one quarter of an hour to another; and I always found some opportunity to stand near the dear unfortunate. 'Twas all in vain.

The dancing began—several couples were already standing up—the fair Tarnan remained disengaged. What does not the imagination do? I asked her to dance; she gave me her hand, and I danced with her the whole evening.

She floated so lightly round with me, like one of Titania's nymphs, and in all her movements, her smiles, her glances, her words, was as full of unspeakable sweetness. Alas for the masterpiece of Nature! who had spoiled her fairest work in a pitiless mood.

We broke up late. The fair unfortunate had fascinated me. She was so innocent, and pure-minded, and unprejudiced. Ah! fortunately she knew nothing of what I and all knew. So much the better for her. I was not fantastical enough to fall in love upon the spot, however worthy she might have been of it. But this I freely acknowledge, that never a female form produced such an impression on

me before. An inward compassion agitated my heart ; and such an angel did indeed deserve a little compassion.

I might probably have forgotten her the next day. Forgotten? No—I may not say that ; for one must think of one of the most eccentric freaks of nature, when the charm of beauty is mingled with the most hateful of deformities. But, as I returned from a walk, and was going up the staircase of my hotel, the aunt and the young lady unexpectedly met me. Of course we stopped. We made the usual inquiries as to health, &c., since the preceding day. We expressed our surprise at our living unconsciously under the same roof. I expressed thereat my satisfaction, and requested permission to see the ladies in their apartments at such hours as might be convenient to them. At the word “*see*,” I looked, in fact—for my curiosity was again excited—in the environs of the frightful mole. But a thick shawl, most cautiously fastened together under the chin with a pin, surrounded the young lady’s breast and shoulders ; so I more readily raised my eyes towards the heavenly countenance.

They went down, and I with rapidity into my room, that I might still from the window behold that slender form. They got into a carriage and drove away. “*Ah !*” sighed I ; “ ’tis a thousand pities that such an angel should be so repulsively disfigured.”

I by no means neglected the permission which I had received—I paid my respects from time to time to the ladies. They were strangers in Vienna like myself, and merely recommended to my acquaintance by a house in Augsburg, which transacted their affairs.

I accompanied them to the Prater, to the theatre, and to every interesting sight. The pretty Josephine—I will call the young lady as the aunt called her—developed her amiable qualities in heart and understanding from the hour I became acquainted with her. But it did not escape me, that the more our acquaintance increased, the more cautiously did she conceal that unfortunately-deformed bosom. Josephine was the most perfect creature of a woman I had ever seen, but nothing in this world can be quite perfect !

As we continued to see each other daily, we became daily more intimate. At length it was as if I belonged entirely to them. The aunt treated me with that sort of confidence which one in travelling so easily obtains and gives. But it seemed to me that I could observe in Josephine’s exterior the gentle traces of friendship. If I were at any time prevented by business from joining the ladies at their appointed time, I was sure to undergo some little reproaches ; and when Josephine in silence looked for some time fixedly upon me, as if she would look through my whole nature, and ask “*Who art thou ?*” ah, I know not how I felt ; and at last business hindered me no more ; I kept my appointments to the minute.

But this paradise lasted not long. I received a letter from home. My worthy father had had an apoplectic attack, and longed to see me. Expedition was absolutely necessary, if I wished to embrace him once more in this world. The letter arrived in the morning ; in half an hour I had packed up, and my postchaise was at the door of the hotel. I was almost out of my senses with alarm. My servant announced that all was ready : I went like a dreamer down to the street, never

thought of taking leave of my companions in the hotel, and they were just assisting me into the carriage, when a voice cried from above, "Whither are you going?"

'Twas the sweet voice of Josephine. I looked up. She was leaning at the window, and repeated the question. My senses came back. I ran back into the hotel, and up the staircase, at least to do what politeness, or friendship too, commanded.

I knocked at the door: it opened. Josephine, still in a simple morning-dress, came to meet me, and then stepped back with the appearance of the most lively terror. "My God!" she cried, "what is the matter with you? What has happened to you?—why are you so pale and disordered? While she was speaking with such extreme emotion, she stretched out her hand to clasp mine, when her Cashmere shawl, which she had thrown lightly round her, fell down from in front; and—may the spirit of my worthy father forgive me—but curiosity is one of the most besetting sins—I forgot journey, apoplexy, and post haste, and had only eyes for the new-disclosed secret of Josephine's breast.

Imagine to yourself my astonishment! I beheld a bosom pure and white as ivory, and at about the depth of two inches below the bend of the alabaster neck, the ill-named mole. But it was no mouse, no camel; merely a dark-brown spot upon the skin, about the size and exactly of the shape of a bean. One could have sworn that a brownish harico bean were there lying upon dazzling snow.

However, Josephine drew the shawl together again quickly, blushing all the while; but I could not utter one word. Was it the apoplexy—was it the bean? In fact, I stood confounded with astonishment, like a statue.

"In the name of heaven," said the aunt, "tell us what has happened to you? Have you met with some misfortune?"

"My father has had an apoplectic attack; he is in the agonies of death—I must leave you."

'Twas all that I could at length bring out. I kissed the hands of the ladies, and bade them farewell. In so doing, Josephine held, during a moment, (it was indeed but one moment,) my hand convulsively grasped in her own. Her cheek seemed pale, and her eyes moistened. But perhaps it was not so; for I scarcely saw anything; everything was like a shadow before my eyes.

I forgot everything in the carriage but my good father's imminent death. I travelled night and day, and was in a constant fever. Those days of my journey were the fearfulest of my life. 'Twas only in the confused dreams which were conjured around me that I enjoyed from time to time a moment of happiness, since from time to time did Morpheus or the fever display before me the dusky bean upon the snow.

When the carriage stopped before my father's house, some of my relations came to meet me—all in deep mourning. All was over: my father had left the world; his remains already were reposing in the grave.

I will not here describe the intense sorrow which I felt. I loved my father, in spite of all his humours, with the most grateful—most

filial tenderness. Alarm, grief, and the exertions of the journey, over-set my health. I was attacked by a burning fever, and it was a good to me, for I forgot everything. During three months I was confined to my bed; and as I recovered, and the world and the past came back to my consciousness, as from out of dissolving mists, I was as tranquil and cold as if nothing had happened before, and as if I had lost all my feeling.

The sudden death of my father and my own long sickness had thrown the affairs of my house into confusion. This was fortunate for me, for it gave me work and distraction enough. However, in the course of the year everything was set to rights, and I was the master of my house; and when I laid aside the crape from my arm and hat, my aunts and cousins, male and female, presented themselves with schemes for my marriage. These outbreaks of cousinly care were as intolerable as births and deaths. I left the schemers to scheme on, and gave myself very little annoyance about their plans and their doings. No aunt or cousin had it in her power to minister to Hymen as could a single pretty maiden alone and at the right time. But there was no pretty maiden in our whole town and neighbourhood—no, that would be a calumny; but the magic hour was wanting.

In the mean time the perpetual question and answer brought nevertheless reflection. I considered that I was, in sooth, alone; that something was wanting to me. My house, since my father's death, had become a complete desert. And yet I did not know one among the ten thousand young women whom I had ever seen, with whom I could share my life and my desert. At last I bethought me—I know not how, for it was a long-forgotten history—of my residence in Vienna, and of the fair Tarnan. By good fortune I was alone in my apartment, for I believe that I blushed at the remembrance; at any rate I suddenly jumped up from the sofa, stretched out my arms into the air with passionate emotion, as if I would have embraced the goddess, and sighed—no, I cried with transport, with grief, with longing, and despair—“Josephine! Josephine!”

That, I believe, was the magical hour. My uneasiness was increased by my beholding that night, in a dream, the bean upon the snow. Josephine was fair enough in herself, but imagination invested her now with unearthly charms. You may laugh. I had gone quietly to bed, and I got up the next morning under the dominion of the most excessive agitation.

Now, for the first time, was my house empty and desolate, as the ancient chaos of things must have been. Everywhere I sought Josephine—I saw her everywhere. I painted her in my imagination as my wife; at one time seated at the window with some little household work, now at the harpsichord, myself listening behind, and again at breakfast by my side on the sofa. All her indescribable sweetness—her smiles, her glance, her nightingale tones—became immeasurably more charming in these speculations. I was no longer master of myself; I was hurried away by a torrent of various feelings; I almost shouted for joy at the excessive felicity which I had imagined to myself, and then nearly wept with agony, when I thought to myself that Josephine might reject me. I may, however, indeed have shouted

and wept, for I was like a frantic dreamer, who, sensible only to his own fancies, is deaf and blind to the exterior world. The condition was insupportable. I arranged my affairs, ordered post-horses, and set off in my carriage to Vienna.

I had upon the road, however, from time to time, some very temperate reflections. What changes may not have happened in sixteen months, thought I; perhaps she loves another—perhaps she is already married! She is not entirely at her own disposal; she is too young, and has parents—relations, and they are actuated by considerations which one of us never sees; and then, too, she might be noble! I then turned to our former friendly intercourse—comforted myself with the remembrance of her pale cheek—her moistening eye—the warm and involuntary pressure of her hand at my departure. I drew my proof, from all this, of Josephine's good disposition towards me—nay, of her love—although everything might easily have been otherwise explained. But I determined not to despair, and to persuade myself that I was not indifferent to Mademoiselle de Tarnan. Better to die than live without her—better to have a blessed dream than a wretched reality. In the midst of these reflections and feelings I arrived at Vienna. For the first time, when I saw its towers at a distance, it occurred to me that I had, while considering all the possibilities, not taken this single one into consideration, that Josephine had been a stranger for a year, and could hardly be still there.

What happened to me in Vienna I have told you in the commencement of my story. Mademoiselle de Tarnan had vanished. There was a new landlord in the hotel, and no one could give me any assistance there. All my acquaintances knew as little about her, and whither she had gone, as myself. Letters were written, to please me, to Augsburg, from whence she or her aunt had received remittances. But their correspondent at Augsburg was dead, and his sons knew nothing about any Mademoiselle de Tarnan. So, to finish, I was in despair, and I was unmercifully angry with myself; for was it not my own fault that, on my first residence in Vienna, I should have been so unpardonably negligent as to take no trouble as to what regarded her, her family, and abode?

But what made my grief the livelier was her chamber. I inhabited it. Singularly enough, the very first day that I occupied the apartment, I found in the drawer of a writing-table—let no one laugh—a beautiful shining brown bean. You may conceive what a sacred symbol this fruit had become to me. I took up the bean, carried it to a jeweller, had it set in gold, in order more conveniently to wear it on my breast with a silken ribbon, as a memorial of the most lovely of her sex, as an eternal remembrance of my tragical romance. And thus did I leave Vienna. I was very unhappy—very hopeless. I swore never to marry. Alas! one often swears precipitately.

In my native place I seemed to myself like a widower; all the maidens appeared intolerable to me; I buried myself in business, recreated myself with hazardous enterprises, saw no company, and shunned all society. Josephine's form alone hovered like an angel around me, and the bean upon my breast was as beloved a relic to me as if I had received it from her own hand. At length, to free myself

from importunate counsellors, and to show that I was like another man, I began here and there, during the week, to frequent the evening parties of my friends. In consequence, I accepted the invitation of Judge Hildebrand. And now you will hear the singular catastrophe of my life.

I went rather late to the judge's, having been detained by business. The company was already assembled, with the exception of one who was introduced to me as lieutenant-colonel in the Russian service, and of late the proprietor of an ecclesiastical property lying about a league and a half from the town. I paid little attention to this, paid my compliments in silence, put down my hat, and seated myself. There was a good deal of general conversation, which was the more agreeable to me, for I had no remarkable desire to talk. My attention was most particularly directed to the lieutenant-colonel, who was a stout strong man, of an agreeable and venerable form, about sixty years of age. He wore an order, and had two scars upon his forehead and cheek. His voice was very loud and commanding, and the superior officer was very distinguishable in him. The conversation turned sometimes upon Persia, sometimes upon Moldavia. The lieutenant-colonel had served there; he was listened to readily, and he talked well.

After supper the judge put about the punch; the conversation became so much the more brisk. The old officer told of a battle, in which, wounded in the breast, he had fallen from his horse, and had been taken prisoner by the Turks. In the earnestness of his description he threw open his waistcoat to show his wound, and we perceived that he wore a small golden case on his breast, hanging by a silken ribbon. He indeed drew forth the ribbon, and exclaimed, "The Janizaries robbed me of everything; I only saved this jewel, the most precious thing I possessed!"

Naturally every one thought it was a diamond of unusual size, or a pearl of immense value.

"Alas! no," said the lieutenant-colonel; "it is only a bean!"

"A bean!" exclaimed all.

I became scarlet, I believe, or pale as death, or alternately one and the other, for I could scarcely contain myself for alarm. How came the man by a bean, which he wore upon his breast, set in gold, as some relic, just as I did? Let any one put himself in my place, and think what my state of mind must have been. I would gladly have learned why he wore the bean, but I was disabled; I could not utter a syllable. I swallowed a glass of punch that I might procure courage to ask the question; but, ere I did so, it was already put by all present.

"I will tell you with pleasure," said the old officer, and filled his pipe; "but I am afraid the story is not sufficiently interesting. Charge your pipes, gentlemen."

Every one did so—even I, who never smoke; so I took a cold mouth-piece in my mouth, absolutely from fright, lest the lieutenant-colonel should refuse to tell anything, if he saw me without the beloved instrument.

Gentlemen, said the old officer, at fifteen I was a cadet, at twenty a lieutenant; but at five-and-twenty one is still higher than lieutenant.

One is a god, mark me, when one is in love—and thus was I. Our colonel had a daughter, the prettiest, cleverest maiden in the whole kingdom, and I had, together with two sound eyes, a particularly sound heart. Everything is explained by that. The young Countess de Oberndorf—I was fond of calling her in private by her christian name, Sophia, for I was no count—Sophia, then, was sixteen and I five-and-twenty. You will without difficulty understand what inconvenience must arise from this. I assure you it was quite unavoidable. Every one of you must perceive this, but the colonel, who had a keen eye in regimental matters, saw nothing of this; yet, mark me, my love was far from being a regimental matter. Besides I was very agreeable to him; he loved me like a son, and had known my parents, who were dead. He acted like a father to me, and I would willingly have given anything to be his son. But there was no hope of that. He was a colonel—I a lieutenant; he a count—I nothing; he rich as Cræsus—I miserably poor. The distance between us was too great.

The Countess Sophia, what with title, poverty, and the rank of lieutenant, was not half so familiar as the old soldier; but she was not, in truth, more prudent in many ways than he. I perceived that she was more friendly to me than to any other officer; that she conversed with me more readily—more willingly danced; in the summer liked best to walk with me in the garden, and in the winter to be driven in her sledge by me; I could not, however, from hence decide that she loved me. But that I loved her, that she was my divinity, I knew perfectly well, and I may say too well. A thousand times I determined to confess all to her, and was on the point of falling at her feet; but I have often since marched with a lighter heart at the head of my battalion against a battery than I had then to advance a step nearer Sophia. It would not do. But I will not detain you with all my love details, but just tell you the upshot of the affair.

One evening it was my turn to carry the report to the colonel. He was not at home; that was indeed a great misfortune, for the Countess Sophia was alone, and permitted me to wait for her father in her society. It was very extraordinary, but, when we met in general society, we could never finish conversing; on the contrary, when alone, we had not one word to say. Ah! we knew well what to say, but, mark me, we could not say it. I do not know, gentlemen, whether in your younger days anything so fatal has happened to you.

There was a draught-board lying before the young countess on the table. The game consisted of having as many white as coloured beans, with which one had to mark a place on the board. After a long pause—at the same time, mark me, these pauses were anything but tiresome—the countess proposed a game to me. She gave me the coloured beans, and took the white. We began. Her square was always full. This could not fail of causing some altercation between us, and I quarrelled with her gladly, because I could say so much to her then, which in cold blood I never should have had the courage to say. And now we went on—just as if we were in society—that is to say, we prattled in emulation of each other. Sophia had wit and spirit; she laughed, bantered me, and with her arch mischief so drove me into a corner, that I knew not what to reply. I took up in my heat one of my brown beans, and to punish the fair tor-

mentor, threw it at her. The bean flew downwards, and threatened the delicate little nose of my opponent; but when she drew back her pretty head to make way for the little shell—ah! my shot fell through the folds of her shawl into her bosom. Fortunately it was not an arrow. But I was shocked, and in a fever with distress. Sophia blushed, and cast down her eyes. There was an end now of jest, and game, and quarrel. I could not speak, and she was dumb. I was afraid that I had excited her anger by my awkwardness. I looked over to her timorously; she gave me a somewhat sullen glance. I could not bear it. I rose, I bent my knee before the adored one, pressed her hand to my lips, and entreated for pardon. She answered not a word, but yet withdrew not her hand.

“O countess, dear Sophia, be not angry with me. I should die,” I exclaimed, “if you were unkind to me; since only for thee, only through thee, do I live. Without thee is my existence worthless; thou art my soul, my heaven, my all!”

Enough—one thing led to another. I told her so much with tears in my eyes, and she, with the tears in her eyes, listened to so much! I entreated her reply, and yet left her no time for reply; and, mark me, the colonel stood just three paces from us in the room, without either Sophia or myself having seen or heard him when he entered. I believe he must have glided in like a spirit. God bless him! he is now in paradise. The tempest of his fearful voice came upon us terribly by surprise, as he poured upon us unfortunates a whole string of military oaths. I sprang up before him; Sophia did the same, without losing her presence of mind. We endeavoured to excuse ourselves, if there was anything to excuse. But he did not let us speak.

“Silence,” cried he with a vehemence as if he had to deal with two regiments of cavalry instead of two offenders; “you, Sophia, set off to-morrow. You, Mr. Lieutenant, must ask for your discharge, and leave the country, or you are a dead man.”

Thereupon the colonel turned round and left the room. I acknowledge that his prudence in the midst of his fury merited admiration. For I consider it very prudent that he left us alone, we had so much yet to say to each other.

The Countess Sophia stood in the midst of the room; her pretty head had sunk upon her bosom, and her hands folded before her like a statue.

“Sophia,” said I, and, in rushing to her, threw my arms around her, and pressed her fervently to my breast: “Sophia, now must I leave thee for ever.”

“No,” she answered, “not for ever. As long as I breathe, your remembrance will live in my heart.”

And she said this with a tone, O! with a voice, which penetrated through every fibre.

“Am I then dear to thee, Sophia?” said I gently, and pressed my burning lips to her mouth. She said not yes or no, but returned my kiss, and I became full of celestial joy and blessedness. She burst into tears. Her sobs brought me to myself. “Sophia,” I cried, and sank at her feet, “I swear to thee to belong to thee alone, as long as I breathe, and wherever my fate may cast me.”

There was a dead silence—our souls were plighted. Suddenly something fell upon the ground. It was the unhappy bean which had been the cause of all our sorrow. I took it, rose, and held it out to Sophia with these words: “This is the work of Providence; I shall preserve it in memory of this evening.”

The countess pressed me in her arms; her eyes shone brighter. “Yes, it is a providence,” murmured she, withdrew herself, and went into an adjoining apartment.

The next morning, or rather in the night, she set off. The colonel treated me on the parade with contemptuous coldness. I requested my discharge, obtained it, and set off in my turn. Whither? It was all the same to me. Some friends gave me recommendations to St. Petersburg, and furnished me with funds.

“’Tis indeed a providence,” thought I, and travelled northwards. Sophia was for ever lost to me; I had nothing left of her but sad remembrance and—the fatal bean. I had this set in gold at Konigsberg, and I have worn it now on my breast for two-and-forty years.

The recommendations I had received soon obtained for me further promotion. Life was indifferent to me, and I was therefore bold enough. I went round Europe and Asia, obtained booty, honours, orders, and all that the soldier wishes for. In some twenty years’ time I had at length become a lieutenant-colonel. I was, however, grown older, my youthful history was nearly forgotten, but, mark me, the bean was not less dear to me.

When I was taken prisoner by the Janizaries in the battle of Kinburn—it was a very hot day—the Prince of Nassau had carried his point—they plundered me of every thing, but they did not find the blessed bean. It was quite soaked with the blood of my wound. I expected to die then. I was dragged along for two days by the infidels; but as our cavalry was in close pursuit, they at last left me half dead in the open air. Our people found me. They had compassion upon me. I went into the hospital, and, in order to re-establish myself, I went at the head of a convoy back to Moscow.

I was well pleased to have repose. After twenty years of service and seven honourable wounds, I might hope for an honourable retirement. I received it, with a pension. This suited me, but not long. Moscow is a pleasant city, but to one of us, who is no merchant, very tiresome. Petersburg is a fine city, but all its beauty had not charms enough to make me forget that little town where I had been in garrison twenty years before with the Colonel de Overndorf, and—mark me! with Sophia.

I had nothing to stay for. I wished once more to see the town, and if possible, too, the loved one of my youth, who must now be a grandmamma or dead. “Heavens, how she must be changed!” thought I.

The passports arrived, and I set off, and reached my former quarters. How my heart beat when I saw the black church tower with its gilt top and fruit-trees appear! but, mark me, not on account of the church-tower. I was thinking of Sophia, and that her grave might not be far from that tower.

No one remembered me in the town. It is very true that a quarter

of a century is a long time. The regiment, to which I had formerly belonged, was no longer here; in its stead were some dragoons. Colonel de Oberndorf had been dead several years, and his daughter was on her estate, not far from Brun. But if she was living, no one knew.

"Wilt thou go thither," thought I, "and if the noble one is lying in the grave, seek that grave, take thence a little earth, have it set in gold, and wear it instead of the bean?"

I learned at Brun, with joyful agitation, that she was alive, and lived five leagues from the town on a pretty estate, and still continued the Countess de Oberndorf. I was off in a moment. They pointed out to me a pretty seat, surrounded by tasteful gardens. There she lived. I trembled again as formerly when I was the lieutenant, and as I never trembled before the Turks. I alighted from my carriage. Already I beheld the dear one—with what heavenly grace and confusion she would recognise me! Alas! for female hearts, could she still love me? thought I, and went with uncertain steps towards the garden. In an arbour of scarlet acacia, before the door of the country-house, sat two elderly ladies and two young ones. They were reading. But I saw no Sophia.

I apologised for disturbing them, for they appeared all to be alarmed at my sudden appearance. "Whom do you wish to see, sir?" asked one of the elderly ladies.

"Can I have the honour to pay my respects to the Countess Sophia?" said I.

"That is *my* name," to my astonishment answered this lady of a certain age.

I felt as if I was seized with a fit of giddiness. "Permit me to sit down, I am not well," sighed I, and sat down without waiting for an answer.

My stars, what a change! Whither was the most blooming of beauties fled? I awoke out of my trance, I remembered the quarter of a century. It *was* Sophia; yes, it *was* she, but Sophia gone off.

"With whom have I the honour to be conversing?" she asked of me.

Ah! she too knew *me* no longer. I was anxious to avoid a scene before the other ladies, and requested a private interview merely for a moment. The countess led me into the house, and then into a large apartment. The first thing which I saw was a large portrait in oil of her father. I was for some time unable to find words, my heart was so pinched. I stared at the colonel's picture until my eyes grew dim with tears.

"Yes, old man," I murmured gently, "look now upon thy Sophia! O thou didst not well by us."

The countess stood near me in embarrassment, and appeared to be alarmed at my harangue. I was anxious to deliver her from her painful position, and yet could not say any more. Sorrow had too completely mastered me.

"You are not well, sir," said the countess, and looked anxiously towards the door.

"O yes," I sighed; "do you not know me?"

She fixed a more attentive look upon me, and gently shook her head. I then drew out the bean and the ribbon from my breast, kneeled down before her, and said, "Ah! Sophia, dost thou still know this bean, which parted us five-and-twenty years ago? I have faithfully kept it. Sophia, then thou saidst there was a Providence. Yes, there is one."

"My God!" she faltered out with a faint voice, and going from me, threw herself upon the sofa, and tried to conceal her pale countenance, but she had not the strength. She had recognised me—she loved me still.

I called the young ladies to her assistance, who saw with alarm their friend fainting, and a foreign officer in tears on his knees before her. Ere they had brought water and smelling-bottles, the countess came to herself. She rubbed her eyes like a dreamer—then she burst into a violent flood of tears—she sobbed as comfortless, threw her arms around my neck, and repeatedly pronounced my name.

Enough, gentlemen; it was a moment when angels might have wept over us. I thought no more of my departure. The countess received me as her guest. O how much we had to tell one another, and how faithfully she had loved me! That which the old colonel had once proposed, neither he nor her family could now oppose. Sophia became my wife, somewhat late indeed, and yet not too late. Our souls still loved with youthful warmth. There is an end of my story of this bean, but, mark me, not entirely. For I must tell you that the child which my Sophia bore me, brought into the world with her, exactly upon the breast, a mole formed like a bean. Singular sport of nature! But the maiden is on that account the dearer to me.

Thus ended the lieutenant-colonel, but I heard no more. Everything span round with me; there was a murmuring sound in my ears, like the noise of the sea. Only at times the name of Josephine made itself heard.

In the meantime the carriage of the lieutenant-colonel was announced. "By no manner of means," said the judge; "I cannot let you go home to-night."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the colonel, "it is a lovely night, and a splendid moon."

My carriage was announced; I rose, went up to the colonel, took him by the hand, and said, "Your name is De Tarnan?" He bowed in assent. "I beg that you will pass the night at my house," said I; "much depends upon it. You must not go; I have something important to discuss with you."

I said this so earnestly, I may say unconsciously, and trembled so feverishly, that the old gentlemen knew not what to make of me. But he was determined he would return, and his obstinacy reduced me almost to despair.

"Come here," said I; seized him by the hand, and led him by force aside, where I took out my ribbon and showed him the bean. "Do you see?—not a mere sport of Nature—'tis the sport of Fate—I too wear the bean."

The old gentleman opened his eyes wide, gazed at my treasure,

shook his head, and said at length, "With such a talisman could my spirit after my death be charmed. I will stay and go with you whither you wish."

He went out with the judge to countermand his carriage. But as I must have seemed somewhat suspicious to him, he drew out some information concerning [me. The judge was polite enough to say everything friendly and complimentary. I perceived that, when they came back again, the old gentleman was very friendly and good humoured; he offered me a glass of punch, and cried, "The Beans for ever! mark me, and wherever they are visible." We pledged, and life returned to me. "You are then M. de Walter?" continued he, after a while; "merely plain Walter, and you were a year ago in Vienna?"

"Certainly I was there," I answered, and I felt as if I was changed into a flame of fire.

"So, so!" said he; "my sister-in-law has told me a good deal about you—you were living in the same hotel—you showed the good ladies much attention, and they will yet thank you for it in person."

At last we took leave, and the colonel went home with me. I immediately conducted him to his apartments.

"And now," he inquired, "I have obeyed you hitherto. What important affair have you with me?"

I began with Vienna, the aunt, and Josephine.

"I know all that," he cried; "but the deuce take it, what has all this to do with the bean you showed me?"

I now made a complete confession. He learned all.

"But I know all this, too," again he exclaimed; "but the bean—the bean!"

And now I told him about my second journey to Vienna. He laughed aloud, and shook me warmly by the hand.

"No more for the present; to-morrow we will talk more; for you understand that I have nothing to say upon this subject. To-morrow we will go to my estate. There you will see Josephine, and become acquainted with her disposition. That is clear: you must become well acquainted with each other."

We separated. I went to bed, but I could not sleep; I lay as in a feverish dream.

"Mr. Walter," said M. de Tarnan the next morning at breakfast, "let us have the plain truth. I know that you are a rich man—I see you are a young one, that maidens would not hide in cloisters to avoid—I hear that you are a man of honour, whom everybody esteems—I learn from yourself that you are in love; but, putting all this together, sir, it does not yet weigh heavy enough to——"

"I want a patent of nobility," interrupted I.

"No, sir!" where the understanding and heart are stamped with God's nobility, that of man may be dispensed with. I too was merely a private gentleman, and yet the Countess Sophia loved me."

"What is wanting, then?" I asked.

"I will tell you now, mark me! because it is morning. In the evening, when a man is tired by the anxiety and toils of the day, and the strongest man is weaker, the greatest become a little smaller—in

the evening no one should lay a strain on a man's shoulder. So, to be plain: your bean is quite another affair from mine. Mine was the work of Providence; at first a stone cast by peevishness, then the corner-stone of true love; at length a world, which cast itself between two united hearts, and, at last, the magnet which reunited us. Your love is merely a sport of the fancy. I loved Sophia from the moment that I saw her; but you—you have fallen in love with Josephine a good year after, by a caprice. You perceive that you have nothing to object to in this. You will wake from your dream when you see my daughter again, and her heavenly form changed into that of a mere earthly maiden. Besides, and mark me!—let us meet the matter without circumlocution—Josephine does not love you."

"That is hard," I sighed; "but are you certain of this?"

"We will go to my seat to-day, and then you can convince yourself. Whatever I have heard about you comes from my sister-in-law, not from my daughter, who may scarcely remember your name; nay more, we have a dangerous neighbour, the young Count de Holten. He often visits us, and Josephine is partial to him. I have often watched her, when her eyes for the space of a minute have been favourably fixed upon him, and when she has perceived my observation, she blushed, and tripped singing and laughing away."

"If this be so, colonel," said I, after a long pause, in which I endeavoured to compose myself—"if this be so, I will not go with you. It is better for me not to see your daughter again."

"You are wrong. Your peace is my desire. You must see her, to correct your imagination, and be perfectly cured."

After a good deal of pro and con, I at last seated myself in the carriage. In fact, I did see that fancy might have played me a trick. As long as I lived alone in my dream, I was so completely wrapped up in my fancy, adorned Josephine with such dazzling charms, attributed to her so silent and true a return of my love, that I now, for the first time, perceived, when I conversed with a third person on the condition of my heart, that the half of my history was invented by myself. As long as a thought or a feeling is not uttered, we do not know its strength.

'Twas a fine morning in June when we set out for the estate of Tarnan, and, which astonished me, my mind was calmer and clearer than it had been for a year. My simple and polite attentions to Josephine and her aunt during my first stay at Vienna were so clear to my memory, that I myself could not comprehend how I, even yesterday, and during months and days, had worked a feverish intoxication out of them. Yes, the worst was, I now perceived that I had not loved Josephine at Vienna—that I did not yet love her, however amiable I might find her.

The carriage stopped before a simple villa. The servant came out. The colonel led me into a chamber, where a couple of old ladies came to meet us. He named each of them, and while he embraced the oldest of the ladies, said, "This is my Sophia." I bowed with deep respect to the matron of sixty years, who had become so interesting from yesterday's story.

"Ah!" said my heart, silently, "what are youth and beauty?"

I almost believed that the experienced veteran had read the reflec-

tion of my heart in my eyes. He pressed his wife's hand while he kissed her, and said, laughing, "As my friend—when one sees old gentlemen and ladies, one can scarcely conceive that they once were young—and when one sees the maiden in all the freshness and bloom of her beauty, one would bet that she never could have wrinkles and grey hair."

Jesophine's aunt recognised me, as I did her. She said many obliging things to me; we sat down to table—we breakfasted with the ladies a second time, for company's sake.

"And where is Josephine?" asked the colonel; "she will be glad to renew her Vienna acquaintanceship."

"She is in the garden with Count de Holten. There are some auriculas to water," replied the aunt; and I felt a cold shivering. All my old castles vanished. I composed myself quickly, however. I had here no pretension—I had nothing to lose. I almost began to be ashamed of the folly and eccentricity of my heart and fancy.

During the conversation a young man of noble exterior came into the room. His cheek was pale, his eyes heavy and dim; there was something unnatural and confused in his whole appearance.

"Ladies!" said he, in a hasty and monotonous tone, as if he had prepared his address, "permit me to take my leave of you. I set off to-day for the capital—I have—I am—I shall probably be absent some time. I shall perhaps take a long journey."

The colonel shook his head at him, and looking calmly at him, said, "What is the matter, count?—you look like one who has met a murderer."

"No!" replied the young man, with a forced laugh; "not like one who has been murdered."

He then kissed the lady's hands, embraced the colonel, and hurried out without saying another word. The colonel hurried after him; the ladies were in extreme embarrassment. I learned that this young man was Count de Holten, their neighbour; that he had yesterday come on a visit, that he had been an hour ago in high spirits, and now quite unlike himself.

"What has happened to him?" asked the ladies of the colonel, as he came back after a short absence.

The old gentleman was serious, shook his head, and at last laughed, and said to his Sophia, "Ask Josephine."

"Has she offended him?" asked the aunt with an appearance of concern.

"Just as it is taken," he replied: "it is a long story, but the count told me in two or three words—'I love, and am not beloved.'"

Upon this the door opened, and Mademoiselle de Tarnan came in. She was more lovely, more beautiful than I had seen her at Vienna—more graceful than I had beheld her in my visions. I rose, went to meet her; but my knees failed me—I was under a spell—I stammered out some unconnected words—I was the happiest and the most miserable of mortals.

Josephine stood at the door, covered with blushes, and fixed her eyes upon me as upon an apparition. She then came, having soon overcome her astonishment, smilingly towards the table. And now, after mutual salutations, the riddle of our unexpected meeting saw

solved. I mentioned that I had for the first time yesterday learned her residence—and she told me that her father had sold their former property, and had settled himself here in the most charming country of the world.

“Ah! aunt—my dear aunt,” she cried, pressing that lady’s hand in her own, and with a look in which joy was clearly shining, “Have I not often said so? Am I not right?”

The good aunt cast a significant look to Josephine. The mother cast down her eyes, to conceal a certain embarrassment. The old father surveyed us all with a piercing look, rose, and roared with a loud voice in my ear, “Methinks you have, notwithstanding, found the bean in the right place; but you, Josephine, what has passed between you and the count, to send him away in a tempest?”

Josephine answered evasively. All rose. We went into the garden. The colonel showed me his buildings, meadows, stables, and barns, while the ladies carried on a lively conversation in the summer-house. After a tiresome half hour, we returned from our domestic voyage to them. The old gentleman was now taken aside, and Josephine given me as my companion. I proposed to myself to be very cautious with Josephine, for I was afraid of the count’s fate. We talked of our acquaintanceship in Vienna, of our former conversations, walks, and little events.

“Ah!” cried Josephine, “and if you had known what I suffered on your account, when you were so suddenly torn from us. In fact, since that there has been no —— Yes, we have often spoken of you.”

Now how could I do otherwise? Now I told her my story also—my second journey to Vienna, my living in her apartments, (and always more gently, more timidly,) the finding of the bean, my return home, and the history of the preceding evening. I was then silent. I did not dare look up, and dug with my foot in the sand. Josephine’s silence lasted long. At last it seemed as if I heard sobbing. I looked up—she had hid her face in her handkerchief. I asked with a trembling voice, In God’s name, lady, is my sincerity disagreeable to you? She let fall the handkerchief, and smiled upon me with weeping eyes.

“Is it all true?” she asked, after a pause. I snatched the ribbon with the bean from my neck, and held it to her with these words, “This testifies for me.”

“She took the ribbon, as if from curiosity, in order to examine the golden setting, and she wept more violently. Then leaning on my arm, she laid her brow upon my shoulder, and said, “I believe in a Providence, Walter!”

I threw my arms around the charming creature, and cried, “O that I might die now!”

She looked up in my face with terror. But the voices of some persons coming among the shrubs of the garden warned us to go and meet them. Josephine still held in her hand the ribbon with the bean, when we stood before her parents. The colonel perceived it, and laughed aloud. Josephine hid her fair face in the breast of her mother. But wherefore all this description? You know already that Josephine is my wife; I wished to relate to you the romantic history of my love.

F. B.

THE COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.¹

BY MRS. C. GORE.

CHAPTER V.

SUCH were the events slowly and sorrowfully passed in review on the morrow by the gentle bride; and as the reflections to which they gave rise caused her involuntarily to particularise, hour by hour, the incidents thus rapidly detailed, emotions hitherto strangers to her happy heart were revealed in the varying colours of her cheek, and the rise and fall of her agitated bosom. There needed no monitor to prompt her perceptions or resentments. Nature already spoke audibly to her awakened sensibility.

She had attempted to minister with an unchanged countenance at her father's morning meal; had recited to him his usual form of morning prayer; and, according to daily use, offered her service as reader or amanuensis, previous to betaking herself to her own occupations or recreations for the day. But the old gentleman, purblind as he was, could not but note the unusual paleness of her daughter's face, and depression of her air; and, attributing all to the fatigues of the preceding day, bade her hasten to take the air of the garden ere she assumed her station at the desk.

Right glad was the weary maiden to comply. Throughout the night, for the first time in her life, Anne had laid her throbbing head upon a sleepless pillow, and, immediately on rising, was harassed and mortified by the assiduity of her good nurse and the rest of the household in addressing her as "Mistress Lovell." Unskilled to enter into her feelings, they fancied they were paying their court to the girlish bride by this early recognition of her dignities. Having prepared herself to be subjected throughout the day to a series of similar persecutions, it was a relief when, encountering Elias Wright and his cloth-bag as she departed from her father's presence, the old man, instead of pursuing the pleasantries with which he had assailed her the preceding morning, contented himself with a respectful inquiry after her health, and stood aside to let her pass on to the hall. She fancied this excess of reverence a tribute to her new condition. Alas! on the part of the good old notary, it was only a homage to the dignity of misfortune.

She had been less grateful to his forbearance, could she have known that Elias was fresh from a conference with Mistress Corbet, wherein, without saying aught to excite alarm of the *gouvernante*, whose sensibility was riper than her judgment, he strenuously advised that the young girl, on whose happiness so rash an experiment had been tried, should not be a moment left alone to commune upon its strangeness.

"Be ever with her! Let her mind have constant occupation!"

¹ Continued from p. 154.

was the notary's fatherly counsel. "Her false position may beget careful thoughts, if made the subject of solitary reflection."

Yet, on the whole, it was fortunate for young Mistress Lovell that he proffered the advice; for a long-standing jealousy of his influence over the mind of her patron, and occasional interference with the pursuits of his ward, had created a tacit feud between the two privy councillors of Dalesdene; till, unconsciously to herself, whatever was proposed by Elias Wright was duly opposed by Madam Corbet.

"Though they have so wilfully disposed of the fate of my poor child," was the argument of the *gouvernante*, "let them not thwart her in all beside! My Anne is summoned unto trying fortunes. The foundations of her mind are strong. In much leisure her opinions and determinations will shape themselves into steadiness of character. What should the old notary know of the heart of woman? Not leave her to herself, quotha? Never suffer her to be alone? Marry, she *shall* be alone—*much* alone! It is time that the child, whom they have made a wife, should acquire the self-knowledge of a responsible being."

Mistress Lovell being dismissed by her father to the enjoyment of air and exercise, Madam Corbet, in pursuance of her determination, feigned the necessity for supervising an early reparation of the grand household disorders of the preceding day, as an excuse for not accompanying her charge. In point of etiquette, indeed, she was fully exonerated. At Dalesdene "a stroll in the garden" was neither more nor less than a parade up and down a raised terrace of gravel, bordered on either side with a coping of pierced freestone, over which might be seen on one side the orchard or fruit garden; and, on the other, the herbary and pleasure ground, where a scanty supply of old-fashioned flowers threw up their luxuriant blossoms amid beds of lavender, basil, marjoram, and rue. Overlooked by the chamber-windows of the chaplain and governess, the young lady's movements, though companionless, were under strict surveillance; and here it was that Anne—now pacing the terrace with hurried and unconscious footsteps—now leaning over the balustrade as if attracted by the fragrance of an autumnal honeysuckle up-climbing from the gardens below, mused upon recent misfortune, and pondered upon misfortunes to come!

So light as her steps had been, when tripping day after day along that habitual promenade; so light as had been her heart, while gazing over the parapet upon that formal array of aromatic bushes, alive with bees, and bright with gaudy insects! So gay as that featureless and contracted garden had ever before seemed to her, when, escaping from the morning's tasks, she pruned its gadding rose-trees, or snatched a branch of its sweet-scented gale bushes or shapely bays. And now all was a wilderness, too narrow for the aspirations of her swelling heart—too uninteresting to subdue the impulses of her mental irritation.

Inclining her aching brow against one of the high stone vases ornamenting the parapet, it was difficult not to recal to mind the days when Arthur Lovell, interdicted at her desire by Mistress Corbet from disturbing their daily walk, had made it his mischievous delight

to lie in wait in the gardens below, and as the young lady and her preceptress paced along, shower upon them, with well-directed aim, handfuls of flowers or summer-berries, for which he was duly reprimanded at dinner-time on their complaint to his pedagogue; or those later times when she had found a squirrel chained to the foot of one of the vases, caught by the young truant in the Dalesdene woods, as a gift for his playmate. She recollected how imperiously she had comported herself towards the awkward boy by whom these tokens of regard were ungracefully tendered, and how scrupulously she obeyed the instructions of her preceptress to repel, by the most formal stateliness, the indecorous forwardness of Master Lovell.

Times were altered now! Tears started anew into her eyes at every fresh occasion of recalling to mind the stern, contemptuous countenance displayed by her bridegroom! Since she, to whom the marriage was so unacceptable, had controlled *her* movements to a decent show of serenity and submission, what must have been *his* reluctance, who was thus unable to repress the indications of his repugnance! He must indeed despise her—must indeed loathe—detest! There was but one comfort in the case—he was gone. They were to meet no more for years—perhaps never to meet again. The state of public affairs forbade all thought of his speedy reappearance at Dalesdene; and in the interim she would take such precautions—would make such earnest intercessions to her father, as never again to be exposed to the contumely of him who, by force of parental authority alone, had been made her husband. Nay, if Arthur Lovell should survive the event of the war, (and the rashness of his disposition rendered his chance doubly precarious,) they might meet only to concert together the dissolution of their involuntary union.

Such were the reflections of her first day of wedded life. But ere she returned a second time to her allotted promenade, the wounded feelings of the injured girl had subsided to some degree of composure. Instead of allowing herself to anticipate the event of Arthur Lovell's fall in battle, as a chance of deliverance to herself, she had begun to reflect that he was the only son of loving parents, the inheritor of many honours,—the object of many hopes. If the law forbade the cancelment of their marriage, they might live apart; or if even that modification of the bond were insufficient to appease the antipathies of her husband—if one of them *must* die to secure the happiness of the other, better herself, who, at the fast-approaching death of her father, would be friendless in the world—to none a source of happiness—to her country a profitless burthen.

This softened mood of mind was in some degree attributable to the ill tidings brought that morning to the Grange by Elias Wright, that the vanguard of the parliamentary army was sweeping the country with triumphant insolence; that Dalesdene itself would probably be subjected to a domiciliary visit, in consequence of the prevalent report that a troop of strange horsemen had been seen to issue at midnight from the gates, and, worse than all, that Cromwell's forces, both regulars and militia, were gathering in unprecedented strength towards Worcester, where the event of a general action must be fatal to the royal cause. It was grievous to the good notary to oppress the infirm

mind of his client with such black intelligence; but so imminent was the crisis, that it was requisite for the helpless valetudinarian to be prepared for the worst. Mistaking for resignation the apathy with which Mr. Heneage seemed to listen to the recital, he congratulated himself at having found courage to communicate the state of their prospects. It was only Anne Lovell who had intelligence to perceive that her father's intellects were giving way; that the effects of his paralytic seizure, added to the terrors of the time, had seduced him to a state bordering upon imbecility. He was no longer accountable for his words or actions.

"That I had but been aware of this three days ago!" murmured the poor girl, almost within hearing of the old notary; "never had I suffered my happiness to be disposed of for the gratification of a whim which, with the free use of his judgment, my father had perhaps condemned as earnestly as myself."

It was on the evening of that very day—an evening memorable to Anne as the eve of her sixteenth birthday—that a letter, in a strange handwriting, and still more strangely addressed, was, with looks of anger and amazement, tendered by old Gervas to her hand.

"To Anne, the daughter of Miles Heneage, Esq., of Dalesdene Grange, and elsewhere, these."

A momentary conjecture that the unknown handwriting might be that of Arthur induced her to cut the string, and tear open the envelope of the despatch, when to her astonishment she found the signature to be that of "Letitia Lovell," the date "Lovell House," and the initial line, "Madam, or Mistress, or by whatever name it pleases you at present to be known."

All that the harshest of human natures and the narrowest of human understandings could suggest in the way of invective followed this insolent apostrophe. Apprised by a letter from her son of the purport for which he had been so hastily summoned to Dalesdene, and the result to which it had conduced, of his hasty departure for the army, a mother's anguish on bereavement of her only son took, in passing through the hard heart of Lady Lovell, the distorted shape of her own unamiable character.

A daughter of the proud Earl of Bristol, a stanch bigot and uncompromising aristocrat, Lady Lovell, from the period of the late king's execution, had retired to Lovell House with her child, increasing a thousandfold the difficulties of her husband's career by the audacious publicity of her professions of political faith. For many years following her alliance with Lord Lovell, the influence of her powerful family had seconded the arrogance with which she not only domineered in her household, but presumed to govern the political opinions of her lord. She taught herself to regard her son as almost exclusively *hers*—pledged to the service of the Stuarts as the grandson of Bristol and nephew of Digby, rather than as heir to the house of Lovell. Already she had projected for him an alliance with a fair kinswoman of her own, possessed of an inheritance as considerable as that of Dalesdene, and a pedigree free from the hateful defilements dishonouring the genealogy of Anne Heneage, so that the letter which brought tidings of the disposal of his destinies, without refer-

ence to her will and pleasure, dealt a blow of mortal disappointment. At first, stupified by the news, she recovered herself only to burst into paroxysms of fury; sad evidence of which was registered in her almost frantic letter to her rejected daughter-in-law.

"But let not the upstart grandchild of a Le'ster grazier," was the concluding paragraph, "presume to hope that her designs upon the hand of the descendant of the houses of Digby and Lovell will be sanctioned by the laws of the country. For years past have I suspected this base design on the part of his besotted father; and, thanks to my providence, so profound is my son's contempt for the low-born minion to whom he has been compulsorily contracted, that his first measure on the restoration of peace to this unhappy country will be to appeal to the House of Lords for the dissolution of a vow forced upon him during his nonage."

Strange to relate, instead of finding herself roused to indignation by the contents of this mad epistle, "the low-born minion" felt easier in her mind from the moment of its perusal. Poor Anne was content to be despised for her humble parentage—content to be hated at the instigation of an arrogant despot, for the shame of such pitiful sentiments fell upon their entertainers rather than upon their object. The bitterness of being personally loathed and contemned thus spared her; she could have found it in her heart to thank the infuriated lady for her explanation of Arthur's proceedings. Having determined to confide the letter to neither her father nor Mistress Corbet, (the former of whom would be scarcely able to understand, the latter to endure its drift,) old Elias, her trusty guardian, became her only confidant; and finding his opinion coincide with her own, she determined to meet with contemptuous silence the gross insults of the Lady Lovell.

"I scarcely knew this child," was the worthy notary's conning with himself, as he jogged back on his road from Dalesdene to Oakham; "she accepts and parts with a handsome bridegroom as coolly as my client Heneage parted withal, and my new friend Lord Lovell accepted, a sum of six thousand pounds. Yet, ever since that day of blunders, when these foolish old dunderheads laid their sapient heads together to make two young folks miserable, there has sparkled a spirit in her eye, and sat a firmness upon her lip, most impressive and premature. So strange a couple, of their years, as this boy and girl, never fell under my observation. Of any others I should say, 'A fico for their antipathy.' Let them grumble and make wry faces for a year or so; they will nathless fall into each other's arms at last, as loving as shepherd and shepherdess in some rhymester's ballad.' But of these twain, I presume not to predicate. Young Master Lovell is capable of serving fourteen years—not to obtain, but to be rid of his wife; while, as to my ward, I will not even divine to what extremities her resolutions might lead. Lucky, at least, that my Lord Lovell saw through his son's desperation, and was premonished of his lady's prejudices, so as to have left in the hands of the bride's father and trustees so vast a hold over his estate. By that rein may we still bridle the mouth of the restive old jade, and reform the paces of her stubborn colt."

CHAPTER VI.

"What cheer, good nurse, what cheer?" cried the mourning bride to the venerable Dame Audrey, who came hobbling towards her along the terrace one morning, some ten days after the great event.

"Alack, madam—sad news!" sobbed the old woman, drying her eyes with her apron. "Here is Master Wright ridden over from Oakham, and seeking you far and near through the house. All is over, my dear young lady!—all is over!"

"What is over?" cried Anne Lovell. "Surely nothing has happened to my father?"

"God forbid! My master, blessings be praised, has just finished a hearty breakfast, and is dozing sweetly in his easy chair."

"The 'evil tidings then are from the army?" demanded her nursling, turning deadly pale, and leaning on the balustrade for support; seeing which, Dame Audrey lacked courage to communicate the ill news she had been required by Master Wright to break with becoming caution to her young lady.

"Say on, good nurse," faltered Anne, perceiving the old woman to hesitate at sight of her emotion. "His Majesty the King?"

"Is either slain, or a fugitive before the face of his enemies," replied Audrey; "Worcester hath yielded; the rebels have obtained a signal victory; his Grace of Hamilton was mortally wounded in the engagement;" then pausing, she added in a lower voice, "as well as many other worshipful nobles, adherents of the royal cause."

"And among them our good Lord Lovell," cried Anne, clasping her hands together with a gesture of despair. "I read it in your looks, dear nurse. I have lost—I have lost my friend." And, with the ready emotion of her tender age, tears flowed rapidly down the pale cheeks of the afflicted girl.

"Master Wright is a-waiting to impart all this and more to you, dearest lady," added the old woman, extending her faithful arm to support her darling child.

"There is more, then, to be told?" faltered Anne, hastening her agitated steps as she approached the house, yet not trusting her lips to breathe the name of Arthur, lest a fatal reply should convey the worst tidings; while on the threshold of the hall-door stood the old notary, his overclouded countenance black as his inky cloak, seeming to reveal in silence the news she dreaded to hear.

Raising her pale and tearful face inquiringly towards him, she hoped to be spared the necessity for an explicit question; but so shocked was the good man on perceiving the effect produced by Audrey's intelligence, that he contented himself with extending his arms to receive her, lest she should fall to the ground. Bearing her across the hall into the nearest chamber, Dame Audrey hastened to revive her with volatiles and burnt feathers.

"I see how it is!" faltered Anne, turning after a few minutes' painful silence towards the old man, who still supported her on her seat. "I am a widow, and you fear to tell me so—a child, and yet a widow—too soon a wife—too soon a widow!"

And her anguish burst into a fit of hysterical laughter, which froze the very blood of the old notary.

"I beseech your ladyship to take patience—your ladyship hath no just cause for this disturbance!" cried he, not forgetting amid his perplexity to mark his sense of his ward's accession of rank.

"Have you tidings then of Arthur Lovell? Can you assure me that Arthur Lovell yet lives?" said she, in a firmer voice, when, at length, the restoratives of Dame Audrey produced comparative composure.

"I can attest that there is not so much as a rumour of my young Lord Lovell's mischance!" replied Wright. "At present, madam, our news is of the vaguest. All we know for certain is, that the lord general fell upon the city of Worcester with an army of thirty thousand men; that the king's troops, amounting scarcely to fourteen thousand, speedily gave way; but it was in defending the passage of the Teme, previous to the general action, that my Lord Lovell received his mortal wound, and expired upon the field."

"His son was with him at his death?" demanded Anne, in a low voice.

"It may be so presumed. But my tidings (being only such as have reached the town-council of Oakham) bear no such import. Touching the young lord, 'tis rumoured only that he accompanied the king, when, having vainly attempted to rally the courage of the discountenanced Scottish troops, in a spot named Friar Street, of the city of Worcester. His majesty implored them to put an end to his life, that he might not survive to witness the fall of his cause. Upon this emergency my young Lord Lovell seized the bridle of his charger, and compelled his majesty from the spot. The troops of Cromwell having already carried the opposite gate of the city, for some time stoutly defended by Colonel Careless."

"And whither has our unfortunate prince betaken himself?" demanded Anne, not choosing to hazard a more intimate inquiry.

"The Almighty, his best protector, only knows!" ejaculated Elias Wright, in a disconsolate tone. "An hour or so before the Castle Hill was surrendered by Colonel Drummond, (a measure which proved the signal for a cessation of resistance,) the king, guarded by a detachment of Scottish cavalry, issued from St. Martin's Gate, and took the northern road. It was six of the clock, and dusk; and the escort, it is supposed, quickly dispersed, leaving his Majesty to pursue his flight, encumbered only with a select band of followers."

"We are now on the seventh of the month," said Lady Lovell, musingly; "yet, though these events chanced upon the third, no news is known of the king."

"A heavy price will be set by parliament upon his person," observed the notary, "when God give him a safe deliverance from those who desire no better than to send him after his royal father."

"Their sole chance is to reach the coast, or I should say that it was probable he might direct his steps hitherward," observed Anne, musingly; "here, at least, he knows himself to be secure from betrayal?"

"Mr. Heneage is then in more direct communication with the king than I am apprised of?" demanded the astonished Wright.

"I spoke of my Lord Lovell," resumed his companion, timidly. "Better, however, that the fugitives made for the nearest port. The banner of the king is irrecoverably fallen. There is no safety for either him or his on English ground!"

"Such is, alas! the general judgment," replied the notary; "Cromwell, in his advice to the parliament of this signal victory, entitles it the 'crowning mercy of his mission.' Even in our poor town of Oakham, where loyalty hath hitherto preponderated, I discovered this morning a decided manifestation in favour of the triumphant lord-general. 'There is no longer a king in Israel,' cry the populace, 'Charles hath deserted the people; let us seek wiser rulers for the nation, that they may govern it.' It is vain to conjecture what further evil may betide?"

"The faction which hath slaughtered one sovereign and driven another forth to exile, will now usurp all," observed Lady Lovell; "Heaven send that it may leave us peaceful graves; I doubt 'tis the best portion that will be granted to well-thinking subjects."

"Nay, nay; scarcely yet so desponding, my dear young lady," cried Wright; "Dalesdene may long afford a secure refuge. Men of peace, like Master Heneage, who have taken no active part in this unhappy struggle—who have opposed no tax or exaction of the established government, may reasonably hope to sit under the shelter of their own vine in safety. Your father's infirmities secure *him* from all claim or necessity of action. My own insignificance and scrupulous forbearance from political broils insure my own impunity. The best aid and dutiful service of old Elias Wright are at the disposal of my honoured Lady Lovell, the ward confided to my guardianship by her good old grandsire; his arm may not be so strong, nor his name so noble, as those of others who ought to be at hand for her protection; but all I can do, my dear child, for your aid, comfort, or honour, shall be done as zealously as though you were a lamb of my own fold."

A tear gathered on the old man's cheek as he spoke, and it was curious to note the struggle in his mode of addressing his lovely companion, between respect for her newly-acquired rank as a peeress of the realm, and his habitual affection for one whom he had seen grow up from infancy to the verge of womanhood. Lady Lovell, however, heard only in his address the comfortable assurance of his fatherly care and protection.

"Thankfully do I accept your friendly offers," she replied. "My poor father, as you must perceive, is incapable of thought or action; judge for us both; proceed for us both. All that ought to be done for our safety, for our credit, I look to your wisdom to provide for. Our funds are already in your hands. Were there any hope of obtaining a sure agent to seek out Lord Lovell and convey to him the succours necessary to his present emergency, I should say, be such our first consideration. But interference might occasion further peril, both to him and to the king, by directing attention to their retreat. All therefore I recommend to your care is to despatch a discreet and confidential person to Worcestershire, with means of bestowing becoming burial upon the remains of my father's noble friend."

"Were I to presume to advise, my dear young lady," interposed Master Wright, "I should say that the interests of the living claim

precedence over the pomps of the grave: let the dead bury their dead. The body of my late Lord Lovell is probably long ere this deposited in christian ground; and were there any pretext in these troublesome times for bestowing upon it more ostentatious obsequies, surely it is the business of his widow to provide for the ceremony, rather than that of a friend."

"Lord Lovell's only son is perforce a fugitive," replied Anne, with dignity, "and I, his lawful wife, at present represent him, and am called upon to act in his behalf. If I knew aught of the haughty woman whose letter of last week displayed so hard and selfish a spirit, *her* care will be to maintain her rights and privileges at Lovell House, rather than to show respect to the memory of her departed lord."

"I' faith her ladyship's task then will be far from laborious," cried the lawyer, betraying, as far as became the sobriety of the moment, his professional glee at having overreached an adversary. "The dowager hath no more share or portion in the interests of Lovell House or its dependencies, than the poorest of my clerks. Her ladyship's dower is levied upon the entailed estates in Shropshire; of which, during her son's nonage, she may pretend to the administration. But the whole demesne of Lovell is made over in fee to my worshipful client, your ladyship's good father—with power to his son to redeem the same on the attainment of his majority. Let her but so much as lay her finger on a blade of grass, dating from the third day of this current month, and she will hear news of the attorney-at-law of Miles Hencage, Esquire, of Dalesdene Grange."

"You mean no offence, I trust, to Lord Lovell's widow?" gravely demanded his ward.

"None, madam, so long as we receive none at her hands. It is simply my interest to serve in due time upon her ladyship a process of ejection, for the better understanding and establishment of her claims and our own."

"Eject her from her husband's doors?" cried the startled Anne. "You surely do not dream of such an outrage?"

"We will discourse of it another time, my dear young lady," observed Elias. "Your feelings are now excited—your judgment scarcely at your disposal. There will be a time to consider it more patiently hereafter."

"No; *now*!" replied Lady Lovell, with decision and composure. "Untoward business rarely gathers grace from procrastination. I am prepared to discuss with you, henceforth and from this moment, all matters in which my co-operation may be needful."

"Without troubling you, then, with formal terms of law," observed the notary, "know briefly, madam, that in consideration of a sum of eight thousand pounds to your personalty appertaining, (whereof six were delivered to his hand when he quitted this house on the twenty-ninth of August,) my Lord Lovell did recently make over in trust to your ladyship's father all his estates and messuages situated in the shire of Northampton."

"Well, sir? The monies were forthwith assigned by the late noble friend of my father to the use and profit of his sovereign,"

replied Anne ; fancying that the attorney was about to suggest an inquiry into the appropriation of a sum which might be supposed available to the claims of his heirs.

“ With his lordship’s employment of the monies, madam, we have at present small concern,” said the attorney. “ It is the estate which falls into our hands that importeth us to consider.”

“ At present,” replied his ward, “ refrain from all proceedings in the matter. My father is incapable of interference. I have surely no need of the proceeds. Let Lady Lovell enjoy, so long as she listeth, the lands pledged by the generous loyalty of her husband.”

“ Under your favour, madam, this disinterestedness mars at once the Lady Lovell’s cause and your own,” remonstrated the cautious Elias. “ Her late lord fell in arms against the established government. His lands will doubtless be subjected to sequestration ; nay, if the prognostications of the longest heads are to be trusted—every acre belonging to the royalist generals will be forfeited by parliament to the Commonwealth to defray the costs of this disastrous war. As the property of the deceased nobleman, Lovell House would consequently be lost to his heirs. As the property of the inoffensive Miles Heneage, against whom no overt act of resistance to the ruling powers can be charged, it is secure from spoliation. How say ye, then ? Shall the inheritance of your father’s noble friend be preserved by this stratagem intact till better times ; or shall it become a hunting-ground for the foxes of the commonweal ?”

“ Secure it as best you may, for the future benefit of his son,” replied Anne, after a moment’s consideration. “ Should *he* too become a victim to the good cause, God send us a happier time to restore it to the enjoyment of his mother.”

It was not for Master Wright to combat what he regarded as the romantic generosity of inexperienced girlhood. Time would be the best monitor of the young Lady Lovell. The old man took his respectful leave of his surprising ward, that no time might be lost in the ordering of his legal measures for her advantage.

It needed the lapse of more than an hour after his departure to relieve the mind of his young client from the exhaustion into which it naturally subsided after such trying exertions. Dame Audrey peeped unheeded into the chamber, and Mistress Corbet approached unperceived towards the chair in which her pupil reclined. But in a few affectionate words she entreated the forbearance of both ; and, on the expiration of her allotted period of silent meditation, Lady Lovell issued from the room, composed in deportment, if not tranquillised in spirit.

She had resolved to make no disclosures to her father. Of what use to inflict pain upon the infirm mind which had lost all power but that of suffering ? Having bent her steps towards Mr. Heneage’s apartment, she assumed her usual place beside his chair, took up her customary work, and waited patiently till he should indulge in some of the vague childish questions which, at rare intervals, constituted his attempts at conversation.*

* To be continued.

SECOND SIGHT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THEY tell me, thou pale and thoughtful sage,
That thine eye can glance o'er Life's coming page ;
That the shadows in Time's dim glass concealed,
To thy piercing gaze are all revealed.

When the infant smiles on its mother's knee,
Thou dost not joy in its playful glee,
Thou canst tell the hour when the world shall win
That sportive spirit to guile and sin.

The maiden sits in her summer bower,
Brighter in bloom than its fairest flower ;
But thy look is sad, for thou know'st her doom
Is a fading cheek and an early tomb.

The bride goes forth from the home of youth,
She trusts in her faithful lover's truth
But thy tears at the boding vision start
Of a broken vow, and a blighted heart.

Soldiers march on in their proud array,
Their drums are beating, their colours gay,
The crowd exults in their high career,
But their death-dirge sounds in thy shuddering ear.

These are the records that numbers tell
Of the force of thy wonder-working spell ;
But for me, I cannot deem that Heaven
Has a boon so fatal to mortals given.

Oh ! not for worlds would I own the power
To lift the veil of one distant hour,
And sadly on youth and joy to gaze,
Knowing the ills of their coming days.

On the past I love to turn my eyes,
My present blessings I fondly prize ;
And when doomed misfortunes to deplore,
I trust I have better days in store.

But I would not wish on those days to look,
They are safely kept in God's secret book ;
And my heart would grieve, were his wise design
Profaned by a feeble glance like mine.

SALVATOR ROSA; OR, THE TWO PORTRAITS.¹

Chapter IV.—Naples.

NAPLES is a town which offers to the traveller every enjoyment he may wish for. That Venice of the Mediterranean passes as rapidly from seriousness to folly as her sister of the Adriatic. Bustle and silence—flowers and leaves—shade and light—streets of palaces and streets of tombs—naked, barren mountains, and fields exuberant with vegetation, delight with their chequered charms the raptured eye of man. Here Nature's ever-teeming fancy has laid out all her stores to make the site complete in grandeur and beauty. She drew around a circle of elegant hills, she formed a graceful bay, filling it with brightest waves of the sea, studded with islands of flowers and palm-trees. Upon the heights she disposed groves of lemon-trees, acacias, and vines, in a lofty amphitheatre, fondly receding to encompass a voluptuous city. A demon grew jealous of so much beauty. He planted Vesuvius at its gates, and Naples accepted the volcano, as the philosophical complement of its landscape, for it resumes in itself all the wisdom of Latin poets. It warns mankind with its thundering voice. Mortals hasten to enjoy life; it is but a flower, charming now, withered the next moment. Love and sport to-day, you will have to pass the Styx to-morrow.

The beauty of the scenery, the variety of its prospects reproducing at every step the charm of novelty, made a deep impression upon Leontio and Stellina. The healing balm of the change from the city of ruins to that of bustling elegance, from the retreat of despondency to the spot of budding hope, was now applied to the raw and festering wounds of the self-lamented visionary. Soothed was his pain, allayed his apprehensions, and a new career for advancement, fame perhaps, opened. Yet he could not entirely becalm his restless spirit. The fatal word "wife" dinned in his ears, threw a dark shadow over the sunniest moments of his new life, and broke through his firm determination of total oblivion of the past. Stellina's intelligent affection could not but anxiously observe the marked alteration in Leontio's mood. Attributing it to their novel position, to the influence of picturesque nature, she was ever foremost to imagine, to prepare, and to insist upon their daily excursions into some yet unvisited spot. For whenever they found themselves alone in the little room they inhabited, Leontio invariably returned to his unsociable temper. Nothing then could cheer him up into quiet enjoyment of the stores of thoughts and sentiments, such as amidst the richest sights of nature an artist never fails to glean. If Stellina approached him, gently placing his feverish head on her bosom, he would at first accept with delight her innocent embrace, but then he would start, repel the consolation proffered by sisterly love, push her away, and, as if escaping some danger, run out into the street. Poor, unsuspecting girl! She did not perceive that under this strange mood there lurked a passion much

¹ Continued from page 215.

more violent than fraternal love, that in the embrace that burned, the eyes that admired, the bewildered mind that avoided solitude and shrank from contact, the lover stood revealed. Thus they spent a few months of subdued grief for Leontio, of confirmed hope for Stellina. Spring arrived, and its invigorating influence gave a new incentive to their rambles about the town. One morning they rose before the rosy light of the aurora had tinged the lofty peaks of the surrounding hills. Uncertain whither to bend their course, they wandered at random through the suburban streets, till the first rays of the rising sun, reverberated by the lofty spire of the Carthusian church, indicated to them a point worthy of visit. It was the rogation week. Peasants from the vicinity were hastening with the first-fruits of the earth, and the earliest offspring of their herds, to offer them for the usual benediction of the church. The young pair followed the stream, and arrived at the foot of the charter-house before the opening of the portals. Soon, however, the doors were thrown wide apart, and the motley groups rushed in, and with them the flood of harmonious sounds, the fragrant odours of the dawn, and the light of the sun filled the gorgeous sanctuary of the votaries of humbleness and privation. Nothing could exceed the beauty of that pillared cloister, which the piety of Charles of Anjou had erected in honour of St. Bruno. The marble columns gleamed in the morning's light, and the grand and sublime figures painted on the ceiling and the walls seemed to move and to live. The officiating priest descended the steps of the high altar to pronounce the benediction over the faithful, the city, and the sea.

"What a delicious abode it is!" exclaimed Leontio, in admiration of the scene around.

"Transeuntibus," whispered some one in a deep hollow voice behind him.

"It is a word full of meaning," answered Leontio, gently drawing Stellina after the Carthusian monk who had pronounced it.

They followed him into a secluded and deserted chapel. The noise of their footsteps awakened the attention of the monk. He turned round. At that moment light, breaking through the side-windows, wrapt in its halo the graceful figures of Leontio and Stellina. As soon as he perceived them, he receded a few paces with a violent start, crossed his arms on the breast, and then held them up to Heaven, his face turning deadly white.

"Resuscitated!" exclaimed he, in a voice which would have alarmed and scandalised the congregation, had it not been covered by the solemn chant of the litanies.

"Who?" vehemently asked Leontio.

"Thou, she—both of ye!"

"What do you mean, father?"

"Whence come ye, phantoms? Begone! This is the holy abode of God. Its pale is forbidden to ghosts."

"Father, have pity on me—on my poor sister!"

"She, thy sister? You have then been divorced in hell."

"Mercy, mercy on us! give us your benediction, father."

"I—I should bless the phantoms of Leontio and Stellina?"

"He knows us. Oh! horrible mystery!"

"Yes, horrible mystery for you—for me; but all must needs be explained. The secret shall come out. Hear me! Do ye see yon hill? Do ye see yon hill, close by the lowering pinnacle of Vesuvius? Do ye perceive the tuft of pines covering a mass of ruins—there—on the other side of the bay? It is Ottajano. This evening at six o'clock I shall wait there for you. If you come, I shall no longer doubt that you are living—nay resuscitated. But if you fail to come, both, I from this day shall bury myself in my cell, and never see a human face again."

Leontio and Stellina descended from the charter-house, amazed, terrified; and long they gave no audible vent to their emotions. At last Leontio broke forth. "Sister," said he, "we must trace the thread of this mystery to its end, be death and misery the consequence. We shall be there at six o'clock. Take a moment of repose. We shall go there long before the appointed hour."

The evening came with all the new-born charms of the spring. The young minions of misfortune stood on the top of the hill of Ottajano. Stellina could not resist the blissful and magic influence of the sublime landscape which lay before them. Her eyes glistened with joy and elation. She clasped the hand of Leontio, and seemed to say—we may be happy yet!

"I understand thee," said he; "sister, let loose all your feelings, give up your mind to the deceiving charm of nature. Enjoy its proffered balm, and do not think it is all fallacy and deception. But I—I know it better—the bitter core concealed under this gaudy semblance, the awful truth lurking beneath this splendid deception. Here, seated beneath this pine, I have yet seen nothing of what has charmed thee. Naples, its port, its hills, its festive appearance were created for other eyes than mine—for eyes which are not bedimmed by tears. What I have seen, what has fixed, chained all my thoughts, is this castle in ruins. Under these mouldering walls there is hidden some mystery of death, which contaminates all around me with its melancholy, poisons the air, throws a deep shade over these pines, the remote isles, the expanse of the sea. Through that glass of dark thoughts every feature of the landscape appears to me surrounded with a black border of mourning. What has become of the lord of this mansion? To him also this sea appeared lovely, the sky radiant, the atmosphere full of love and luxuriance. Not always these windows had been overgrown by weeds. Once this broken marble pavement shook under the sportive feet of gay revellers. Who will tell how many lovely faces looked from above this dilapidated balcony? And all this has passed, sister, as the mist which we saw this morning fly before the sun along the face of the bay. Alas! for the hopes, the aims, and the feelings of man!"

At this moment an old man issued from a low door of the side tower, near which they were seated. His costume denoted the utmost misery; yet his dignified gait, the expression of his face, nay, even his tattered garment, marked him for something more than a common beggar, or a Neapolitan peasant. He looked like a phantom of a butler, wearing yet the rusty insignia and the soiled rags of a rich

livery. He proceeded a few steps on the terrace, now fixing his eyes on the ground, now raising them up to heaven.

"Excuse me," said Leontio, who began already to grow impatient at the tardy appearance of the mysterious monk, "is this Ottajano?"

The old man stopped suddenly, fixed his eyes on the youthful pair, and stood motionless, as if awakened from a dream. His crossed arms fell heavily down, his breast began to work with agonising gasps, a horrible sound died in his heaving breast. Then at once his figure brightened with delirious gaiety, and he exclaimed, with an unearthly tone of mirth, "Leontio!—Stellina!—Ah, good God! I knew you were not dead! No; angels never die. My dear master, my lovely children! whence come ye? How coarse is your garment, Stellina!—what have you done with the Spanish dress which fitted you so well? Dance, dance on!—strike up a new tune—this is your wedding-day. But you are too pale for such a glorious day, young bride!—you look too mournful, young husband! Take care of the monk—here, here he comes—beware!—he comes to poison you!"

"Ah! help, help, Stellina!" cried Leontio. "Am I living?—do I dream? Impossible, impossible. It is a lie, an infamous treason. Thou playest a comedy, old man—thou hast been posted here to play a part in the farce, which I shall turn into tragedy. Stellina! do not retain my arm—I shall punish that sordid impostor."

The poniard trembled in Leontio's hand; but the madman felt no fear; he did not recede one step, nor raise the arm to ward off the blow; the smile of happiness irradiated his face—it was Leontio who fell back.

"Dear children," continued Stephano, with undisturbed calmness and endearing accent, "how long and bitterly have I wept after you! Tears have burnt out my eyes. You come from a long voyage—is it not? Come, come; your parents are waiting for you. Look how the castle is adorned for your reception. Have you seen your nuptial chamber? There are two most lovely corpses."

"Infernal spirit, what art thou?" vociferated Leontio. "Phantom, re-enter thy grave. Come, Stellina, let us fly from this abode of ghosts!"

"No, no; I shall never leave you again, dear master; I shall follow you everywhere."

"Away, away; thou art dead if thou movest."

"Ungentle lord, ungrateful child; it is I, 'tis the old Stephano, who has made your shrouds with his own hands."

Stellina had only time enough to rush forward, and turn aside the blow aimed at the breast of the poor maniac. The point of the dagger tore only his arm; blood oozed on his tattered sleeve.

"No, no, you are not my young masters," said Stephano, pushing away the hand of Leontio, who, frightened by the effect of his rashness, approached him to bind his wound. "They are dead, they are dead, long since. You are ghosts, who have assumed the shapes of Leontio and Stellina. Begone, begone, demons! Las Vegas, Ottajano, come, come to kill the phantoms who have robbed your children of their forms. They have been poisoned—your children! It was Theona who poisoned them—Theona has avenged himself—avenged

his wife dead in your arms, Ottajano !—Bravo, bravo, thou hast well done, Theona !”

The maniac slowly walked off. Another person arrived in his stead. It was the Carthusian monk, in the garb of a peasant.

“ Follow me,” said he, without stopping.

The monk proceeded towards the ruins with a firm assured step, as a man executing a preconcerted plan. They traversed a court all encumbered with stones and rubbish, and entered a vestibule. A falling staircase, of which the first steps were entirely destroyed, led to the first floor. With astonishing quickness the monk made up the deficiency with stones strown all around. They reached with difficulty, but without hesitation, the top of the mansion. A long gallery, exhibiting yet traces of valuable frescoes, opened before them its massy walls, all besmeared with blood, employed for a variety of abusive imprecations against the Spaniards. The leader stopped at its farthest end before a recess in the wall, not unlike the space formerly occupied by a door. He took out from under his cloak a large spade. A breach was soon performed. Dark was the room to which thus an entrance had been made by the masculine hand of the monk, and its window seemed equally to have been stopped with stones. He entered it first, and with a few strokes made an opening in the outer wall.

“ Come now, come,” exclaimed he ; “ day’s light illumines again this room ; do you recognise it ?”

Stellina fell on a chair, and answered not.

“ How should I recognise it ?” replied Leontio ; “ I have never been before in Naples, and this room appears to have been shut up for a very long time.”

“ Well,” calmly said the monk ; “ this is your nuptial chamber.”

“ When shall this terrible dream finish ?” muttered Stellina.

“ Evidently crime has polluted this marble-stone ; there are traces of two corpses upon it,” said Leontio.

“ Yes, thou speakest the truth, Leontio ; it is here that both of you have been poisoned—thou and thy wife. Here lay thy corpse—there that of Stellina. These two wax-tapers shone over your agony—this dress is thine—that wedding-gown is your bride’s. You may put them on—they will fit you as if made but yesterday. Dost thou perceive upon the handle of this sword the letter L ?—It is the initial of thy name. With it thou hast sought to attain the poisoner. In vain—thy morbid hand denied thee that last service. Here is thy nuptial bed—thou hast never reposed in it, Leontio.”

“ Come, come, brother,” faltered the girl ; or I shall die—I shall die here.”

“ For the second time,” added sneeringly the monk.

“ Speak on, speak on,” cried Leontio, dizzy with terror ; “ come to the last point of mystery. But no—spare my sister. I shall come here again at your bidding. Now allow us to depart.”

“ No, not yet,” said he ; and drew the black vest from the two portraits. The freshness of colours, the beauty of painting, had been preserved in all its pristine perfection. A vivid representation of their forms stood before the bewildered children.

“ To complete the likeness, take up your dresses and put them on,” added the un pitying stranger.

Stellina rose, uttered a faint cry, and fell inanimate on the chair. Leontio stared awhile with awful look on the portrait of his bride, and sank at her feet.

The monk looked on the two bodies with fiendish joy. "Now fully avenged!" said he, and left the room; he covered the door with a plank, and wrote on it with chalk—"Resuscitated and died again."

The moon was already half of its silent career. Its rays fell coldly on the two bodies of the nuptial room of Ottajano. Stellina was first to wake from her trance. She placed Leontio's head on her knees, and bedewed his cheeks with hot tears of affection. He seemed to sleep. Deep sighs and hollow sounds broke through his uneven breath. It was a lethargy fevered with terrific dreams: it would have been cruel to interrupt this painful sleep, which at least bore the appearance of repose. Stellina understood this, for she found in that trying moment the intelligence and the courage of despair. She guessed at the horrible design of the monk to leave them dying there from terror, and far from human assistance. She resolved then to assume the air of perfect security, and when Leontio opened his eyes, he saw her heavenly face radiant with hope and attachment, as if it had been in their little room in Naples.

"Where are we?" asked he, anxiously; "tell me, tell me, Stellina, where are we?—where am I?"

"Near thy sister," answered she, with perfect self-possession.

Leontio kissed her hands. His tears flowed abundantly—they relieved his oppressed heart. He looked around, and calmly asked—"Is the mysterious man gone?—Are we alone?"

"Yes, brother, alone," said she: "I have watched over thee for more than three hours I believe, and no one has entered here. I heard two voices on the terrace. I recognised one as that of the monk; the other was manly, sonorous, and commanding. I fancied to hear the clash of arms: a few brief strokes, and all was gone. After this I heard nothing more but the broken sound of thy respiration."

Leontio approached the small aperture of the window. All was buried in silence. "The sun of the sleepless" darted its last rays over the becalmed city of Naples.

"Brother," said Stellina, anxious to find whether there was any hope left for their escape, "the dawn will refresh you; let us leave this room—let us go into that fragrant pine-wood: we shall witness the sun rise from yonder rock which juts out into the sea. How beautiful it must appear from that lofty peak!"

She drew him towards the door, trembling lest her suspicions should be confirmed that very moment.

"It is walled up again," exclaimed Leontio.

"No, no," answered she; and, though too sure of it, she pushed the plank in proof of her sembléd security.

The plank gave way—Stellina took it for a miracle. She thought Providence had nerved her arm with a gigantic force. But a child would have effected the same, for the plank merely leaned against the wall. They traversed the gallery, descended the ruined staircase, and entered the mazes of the pine-grove. At first they walked to and fro, happy in the vague presentiment of their release. Still, at

every faint stir of the leaves, Leontio grasped his dagger, and Stellina trembled as the innocuous cause of her fright. A thick tuft of cypress drew their attention.

"Another tomb yet," said Leontio; "are we doomed to meet tombs everywhere? It must have been long neglected, for it is all covered with ivy and weeds."

He approached it, cut away the tangled branches with the edge of his dagger, looked on the inscription, and remained fixed to the spot. He had only the power to motion to Stellina. She followed the direction of his finger, and read:—

LEONTIO AND STELLINA.

Died May 10, 1646, the Day of their Marriage.

They looked on each other in amazement and stupefaction. Leontio opened the door of the tomb, and saw two empty places.

"Empty!" exclaimed he. "But look—observe, Stellina, these medallions cut in the marble. Dost thou recognise the features? God, descend from heaven, rescue my soul from doubt—speak to me as you spoke once to Moses. Unravel the mystery, or I shall die in perdition."

Stellina knelt on the tombstone, and fervently prayed.

Anon a sudden revolution electrified the whole body of the young man. Ineffable joy brightened his brow.

"Yes," exclaimed he, "I accept the augury of the epitaph. Thanks, thanks, mysterious tomb, for the revelation! Stellina, this day is not a day of death—this dawn is the morning ray of our existence—this cypress is a myrtle. These letters are set in gold. Stellina, rise up, thou art my sister no longer. Leontio is no more thy brother. I am thy lover, thy husband! Oh! I know it well. A criminal passion could not have been placed in my heart. Agreed—I am a phantom. I have been dead, I am now resuscitated—an exception in the world—so much the better. Who shall now come and tell me that I am alive, and that thou art my sister? Better to be dead, and to be thy husband, than claim life and brotherhood."

"Brother! Leontio!" muttered the young girl. "I felt also that my heart could not harbour an incestuous love. I loved thee more than a sister. How many times confession died on my lips! And a while ago, when thy dear head reposed on my lap, how many embraces of a bride have I bestowed on thy forehead. Their warmth restored thee to life again. Leontio—brother—friend!"

"Husband, say husband! Our marriage contract is engraved upon this bronze. God himself has sown ivy upon this nuptial register to preserve it from touch impure, from the defacement of fingers profane. Come, Stellina, let us await in yonder bower till the light of the sun ushers in our first day of unalloyed bliss."

They entered the same rotundo where the former Leontio and the former Stellina had met the friar. Scarcely had they seated themselves when a man dressed in black appeared on the threshold, and seemed to bar the passage. Leontio sprang up and grasped his dagger. He fixed his eyes on the stranger. A moment of doubt and

hesitation was followed by a joyous exclamation. "No, no, my eyes do not deceive me; it is Salvator Rosa himself."

"Yes, you have recognised me," answered the great painter, "and it is you that I am come to wait upon. In our first interview you greeted me with the title of excellency. To-day Salvator Rosa, the plebeian, has come here to hail you as the rightful Duke of Ottajano!"

Leontio stood silent. Stellina clung to his side.

"I have followed you step by step," continued their friend, "ever since our meeting in Rome. I knew you were in Naples. I hurried to come here. But vain were my attempts to discover your abode. I spent full three months in inspecting the birth registers in every church of the town and its vicinity. In my perambulations I met a Franciscan friar, who recollected to have been secretly introduced into a palace about eighteen years ago, and to have christened two children with your names. He remembered another circumstance. "Stellina," said he, "had on her bosom a red sign, like an imprint of a golden needle, such as ladies often adorn with their head-dress."

Leontio sprang to embrace Salvator. Stellina blushed, and cast down her eyes.

"Following up your trace," added Salvator, "I have yesterday at nightfall arrived here with two armed servants. I called you by name everywhere, but no one answered. At last a man issued from these ruins. He held in his hand a spade and basket full of cement, as if he was going to do some masonry work. It was Theona. I recognised him. I knew him in younger days, when I lived with robbers. He had been injured by your father Leontio in the dearest object of his affection. His wife was found dead in the bed-room of Ottajano. I called upon him to reveal the secret, and to indicate where you were to be met. He smiled. I unsheathed the sword. He wrung a weapon from one of my astonished servants, and fought with me. Then dropping suddenly his arm, he said, 'Be not so angry; nothing is more easy than to satisfy you as to the retreat of the persons whom I think you are seeking for. They are in Naples. Let us go thither. In an hour you shall see them.' We descended the hill, and took a boat to shorten the distance. On approaching the city, a few steps from the shore, Theona exclaimed, 'By this time your young friends are dead. You will find them in the ruins of Ottajano. Close by the nuptial chamber there is an empty tomb, with room for two. The names are already inscribed. You will have only to place the corpses there. A cheap funeral indeed! As for me, my destiny is fulfilled, and my vengeance satisfied.' Saying this, he jumped into the sea, and disappeared in its waves. Instead of two corpses to bury, I have found here a married couple to embrace."

"Ah!" said Leontio, "I never thought that bliss could sit so lightly on man's heart. Happy day! Where should I wish to finish it?"

"Where you have begun it. To-morrow you will come to my house; to-day we shall remain in your castle, Duke of Ottajano! My servants have prepared all for our reception here. In an hour

you shall be married at the church of Resina, and to-night the repose and security of your nuptial chamber will have Salvator Rosa for its guard."

It was at this fantastical watch, while he was pacing the long gallery, and silence covered the mysteries of the nuptial chamber, that Salvator Rosa pondered over the incidents of that horrible tale of revenge; and perhaps composed the satire, in the opening of which he thus addresses Nemesis and the ascetic votary of contempt:—

Sorgi, sorgi, o Timon, dal capo fondo
 A rimirar sulla terrena riva
 Quanto da quel di precè conciuto è il mondo;
 Sorgi dai morti, or che nel' sen m'avivva,
 Cinico ardir a stimular l'ingegno
 Santo furor della Rannusia diva!

PARTING SONG.

TUNE—" *And wilt thou say farewell, love?*"

BY THOMAS RAGG.

AND canst thou say farewell, love,
 And thus—thus coldly part?
 My sighs, my tears must tell, love,
 The anguish of my heart.
 But if thou thus canst bid adieu,
 'Tis fitting we should sever;
 Be mine despair—peace be with you,—
 Farewell—farewell for ever!

But wilt thou ne'er on me, love,
 A kind reflection cast?
 Oh, I must think of thee, love,
 So long as life shall last.
 For ne'er, ah! ne'er can I forget,
 Can cease to mourn—oh, never,
 That thou canst thus without regret
 Bid me—farewell for ever.

Go—sweetly pass thy days, love,
 I'll haunt thee now no more;
 And may the next that prays, love,
 Thine idol shrine before,
 Present a heart as true as mine,
 A warmer can be never;
 Though since so dead, so cold is thine,
 I bid farewell for ever.

Nottingham.

SHAKSPEARE FANCIES.

No. I.

JULIET, AND LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

My reading has been, like that of most females of the present day, superficial. But is not a slight knowledge of many pursuits better than a longer acquaintance with one or two? Just so, it is pleasant to have many acquaintances: but by the close intimacy which circumstances enable us to have with a few, we learn their faults and failings; and, unless they are necessary to us, this knowledge too often ends in a disgust which is not combated. If we are imaginative, as most people are, more or less, these glimpses of truths are sources of enjoyment. We fancy what is not revealed; and though our conceptions may be very foolish and false, what does it greatly matter if they prove instruments of harmless happiness?

It is so gratifying to vanity to comprehend an allusion! Such a beaming smile passes over our booby faces, if, when a Latin quotation is made, we understand one clause of it, such as *tempus fugit, ad libitum*, &c. We give a scarcely perceptible nod of acquiescence, and are twice as proud as before. Or, if geology is mentioned, we feel again blissfully at home: because, perhaps, we have heard a cousin tell of how he dined in company with a host of geologists, and sat next to De la Beche, "an interesting, handsome-countenanced, unassuming young man;" and of how he went twenty miles out of his way to discourse with the celebrated Mary Awing, who has been the carver of her own fortunes, like another Joan of Arc,—but not, like Joan, inspiredly fanatical—only "sensible and unobtrusive." Likewise, in painting, we are on easy terms with all the ancient masters, if we have seen one Titian, one Rembrandt, and some engravings from Raffaele—on easy terms with all the moderns, if we have seen a print or so from Martin or Wilkie. We consider ourselves judicious admirers of sculpture if we have read Lord Byron's description of the Apollo and Laocoon, and seen a plaster of Paris imitation of the one, and a miniature group from the other. We are amateur musicians if we know the sound of an odd overture of Rossini, Mozart, Beethoven. We are literati if familiar with the names of Goethe, Schiller, Manzoni, Victor Hugo, Scott, and Bulwer. And this is all very well. It is quite as egotistical to enlarge on our ignorance as to boast of our learning. If a sage opens his lips and longs for sympathy, why destroy the gratification he has, in supposing we appreciate him by protesting our incompetency? If we listen acquiescingly and attentively, we shall, ten to one, obtain new vistas of further charming scenery.

By acknowledging the superficialness of woman, I do not infer that the ordinary run of men are not also shallow. But men being on the whole less of talkers, they rarely commit themselves by making *virâ voce* pretensions to universality. They let it be taken for granted, if people will; they are too proud, indolent, or cautious, to insinuate it.

Yet a person may be a smatterer on every subject but one; and, if he goes deep in that, we have no right to call him superficial. For the development of talent it is sufficient if a man be really familiar with one painting, one statue, one opera, one book—with one specimen of the different successful efforts of genius.

I have glanced at superficialness, in order to excuse any shallow remarks I may make on the writings of our heroines of later days, whom I am about to associate with the women of Shakspeare. I know one shrewd, clever man, who devours Captain Marryat's novels, but who deems Shakspeare and Mr. Bulwer too learned! I know another reading man who thinks Voltaire's "Candide" and "Huron" the pitch of perfection, and, of course, worthy of study, but who cannot, for the life of him, perceive any object in twice perusing a play of Shakspeare's. But such is not the general taste, at least the *allowed* one. Most people cry up Shakspeare, and give one to believe that they could read him for ever; though this, I fancy, is true of very few. To those who write or converse, it is delightful that there is common ground, such as Shakspeare and the Bible, where they may meet all the world. Every one may turn for reference to these two books. Here is a happier resort, for those who cannot act without an eye to popularity, than the classics, Milton, or Dante.

There is a proverb that "comparisons are odious." But this is the case only when rivals are compared, and when hatred and jealousy may be induced. What is more pleasing than a pretty simile? What more agreeable to the party concerned than to tell an ugly woman that she resembles a beauty? Shakspeare is my never-failing resource when I am tired of thinking and have exhausted my ideas—when I cannot procure a new work—and when I have finished an unnatural story. What luxury is it, after an absence of two or three months from our old friend, to repose once more in his society! If we are familiar with him, we are painfully alive to every affectation of style. We have more unalloyed pleasure in reading a second-rate tale, if it be naturally told, than a first-rate one that is marred by assumption. Captain Marryat, Mr. Dickens, Miss Martineau, and the inimitable author of the Gurney Papers, write unaffectedly. As I was turning over the leaves of Shakspeare the other day, a passing likeness struck me between his women and our authoresses; and, as we are all glad of a pretext for being led to Shakspeare, I resolved to make a list of my fancies. Dr. Maginn's papers on Falstaff and Jacques are interesting. How feelingly he speaks of the former! If I were going to liken men to Shakspeare's heroes, I should place Dr. Maginn and Sir John Falstaff side by side, I believe.

The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague are called to my mind by the character of Juliet; and it is for the effusions of authoresses, not themselves, that I find likenesses in the following pages. But Mr. Bulwer, in his "Student," truly says, that a man is better known by his books than by his conversation. There is condensation in the former—every sentence is instinct with meaning; whereas the latter is comparatively diffuse, and often without point. The former is the overflowing of a full heart and teeming brain;—the latter is often dragged out by necessity. In the former he is impelled to analyse

and reveal—for truth is the soul of genius ;—in the latter, brevity and light entertainment are all that is required or wished for. In the former, where there is talent, there must be individuality ;—in the latter there is the similarity engendered by society and convention. In the former a whole is laid before us, and we may contemplate the proportions, the consistency of one part with another, the suitability of character and circumstance ;—in the latter, we have a mere scrap-book, a lady's album, vulgarly speaking, without head or tail.

But how do we compare Lady Mary and Juliet ? There is a freshness, a brilliancy, a gorgeousness around them both : a freshness like that of childhood, when all the heart feels is uppermost on the lips ; when all creation is steeped in sunshine, in the conception of its joyous admirers—a freshness like that of the dewy morn,

“ With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,
And glowing into day.”

A freshness like that of the dawn of the 1st of September, when the *Pickwickians* went out to shoot—“ It was a fine morning—so fine that you would scarcely have believed that the few months of an English summer had yet flown by. Hedges, fields, and trees, hill and moorland, presented to the eye their ever-varying shades of deep rich green ; scarce a leaf had fallen, scarce a sprinkle of yellow mingled with the hues of summer, warned you that autumn had begun. The sky was cloudless ; the sun shone out bright and warm ; the songs of birds, and hum of myriads of summer insects, filled the air ; and the cottage-gardens, crowded with flowers of every rich and beautiful tint, sparkled in the heavy dew like beds of glittering jewels. Everything bore the stamp of summer, and none of its beautiful colours had yet faded from the die ;”—there is a brilliancy around them like that of a starlight night, when the heavens are ethereal blue, the atmosphere translucent, and every twinkler more radiant than a diamond—a brilliancy like that of the evening,

“ When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise—”

and Lorenzo and Jessica reclined together, and looked “ how the floor of heaven was thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold,”—a brilliancy like that of the night, when Juliet herself, leaning her cheek upon her hand, and looking forth of her window, sighed, from the burthen of her love, and sought relief in giving voice to one heavy laden—“ Ah me !”—a brilliancy like that of the night when Lord Byron apostrophised the stars, “ which are the poetry of heaven,” (and Juliet and Lady Mary are some of earth's happiest poetry ;)—and there is a gorgeousness about them, like that of a glorious sunset, such a one as Mrs. Jameson gazed upon from an eminence which commanded a view of Florence. There is a beauty around them, like the odorous purple of a new-born rose—and like the dying dolphin, whom each pang imbues

“ With a new colour, as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest.”

Now that we have relieved ourselves of this burden of similes, we may proceed.

Was Lady Mary selfish, worldly, sophisticated? She enjoyed life, sucking the honey from every comb. And so did Juliet; whom we may imagine a talented, excitable, happy child. The only daughter of fond parents, who were high in rank, and lived in splendour, every wish of her guileless heart was gratified. Every one was ready to love the beautiful infant, the little affectionate heiress—upwards, from her old nurse, who gloried in “the prettiest babe that e’er she nursed,” and yet, with the shallowness of age, gave vent to her grief, when her mistress lay lifeless before her, in a crowd of worthless exclamations. “O woe! O woful, woful day! O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! O lamentable day! Alack the day! Most lamentable day! Most lamentable day, that ever, ever I did yet behold,” &c. &c. (If an old woman be of a melancholy turn of mind, she will weep daily, and mourn, the live-long twenty-four hours, the loss of a friend; but she would have been equally dolorous if that friend had lived—so none, or little thanks to her;)—and downwards, from the gallant, young, and noble Count Paris, was every one prepared to love Juliet.

What idea have we of Juliet’s person? As she stands now before our mental gaze, may she not remind us of the description of another, Julia—

“ Her eye (I’m very fond of handsome eyes)
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flash’d an expression of more pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise
A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
Which struggled through and chasten’d down the whole.

“ Her glossy hair was cluster’d o’er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth;
Her eyebrow’s shape was like th’ ærial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,
Possess’d an air and grace by no means common.”

Is this comparison unfair to Juliet?—desecration? Donna Julia was much older than our heroine; but may we not fancy her youthful appearance to have been like that of Juliet? So, then, it is not to the depraved womanhood of the Donna, but to her innocent girlhood, that we liken Juliet. In *her* eye, however, there was no pride—there is usually far more haughtiness in the expression of an erring woman, than in that of a pure, good, and faithful one. Brown eyes—black hair—cheeks a little sunburnt—pretty, soft, attractive features—countenance ever-varying—smiles and tears, showers and sunshine, like an Irish girl and an April day—in form and stature a plump little Venus—and altogether not remarkable, so much for being a pretty, a handsome, or a fine woman, as for being a *loveable* one—there is my notion of Juliet’s person.

Paris we may imagine a fair, comely, amiably-countenanced, almost Saxon sort of youth—generous, kind, and true—deserving of a happier fate; he who strewed with flowers his lady's grave, albeit he had never been favoured by one loving word from her. But he was of the sanguine, believing temperament, which usually accompanies the blond complexion; and he deemed that if she had lived, she should have loved him. Romeo's cheek we fancy to have had the rich hue of sunset clouds—a crimsoned brown—his black eye flashing fire and passion; but, when fixed on the lady of his love, beaming tenderness.

Juliet did not, like Lady Mary, achieve fame: but she was too young to be far known. Judging from the circumstances of the marriage of Lady Mary, some may think that her character was the antipodes of that of Juliet—that she had a cold, instead of a loving, heart. But Lady Mary lived in England, where it is not altogether so easy to find a passionate lover. If she had encountered one calculated to draw forth all her energies, who will say that she was not capable of loving to a voluptuous excess? Happy, unspeakably happy, is the woman of intellect, who has an opportunity to unite herself with a man of understanding! Or if this happiness be denied, still is she happy if wedded to a man of worth, whom she must esteem!

Juliet's infancy passed happily; and, at her first entrance upon life, she was conducted to bliss of which she had hitherto conceived no idea. Corinne, when she was one of the personæ in the tragedy, omitted Rosaline altogether. She was too jealous to admit a rival near the throne. But the history of Romeo and Juliet is incomplete without her—although the episode may be unnecessary to the mere acting part of the play, and spoil its unity. Romeo's rapidity in devoting himself to Juliet is rendered very natural by the fact of his having so long loved unsuccessfully. He was a youth longing for *love*, as well as for a lover. The path of Juliet's triumph was already strewed with laurels, in anticipation of her approaching conquest. Romeo was already in love—an object, on whom to lavish the treasures of his heart, was all that was wanting—and Juliet had but to appear, in order to appropriate him, once and for ever, to herself—(like Henrietta Temple and Ferdinand Armine)—a lady, even when she has fancied unavailingly, is all the readier to receive the addresses of a more profitable swain. And, henceforward, to the end of Juliet's short life, though her trials were mighty, her joys superabounded.

To be so loved, to be so married, how ineffably delightful and delighting to Juliet! The last parting was a sore pang; but how atoning had been the meeting! There was an *enjoyableness* in the grief of Juliet, which none, who have not loved wildly like her, can comprehend. Her separation gave her breathing time to think, and dream of, and meditate on, her past raptures. These dreamy ecstasies were concentrated, and the more pungent because unshared, mysterious, secret—for though the vulgar old nurse knew what had taken place, she went almost for nothing; she could not sympathise in those mental argumentations of delight which she had never experienced—

and which, and they alone, render sublunary things exquisite beyond expression. It is common, in these days, to condemn "*inflated language*," "too strong terms," &c; but when you touch on some subjects, must you not rather lament the deficiency of words, and fancy that a look, an accent, is necessary in the reader, in order to give the auditor an inkling, even, of felicity alluded to, which no eye has seen, and no pen can describe?

If Juliet had been allowed time to wait for letters from her absent lord—to imagine him remiss, forgetful, weary of her—taken, fascinated, engrossed, by another—or to imagine, because the courier arrived half an hour later the second than the first time, that some misfortune had befallen her Romeo—that he was sick, weak, ill, pining, wretched—in poverty of hope and joy—then, what misery for her, what hopelessness! But such is not her case. One excitement is not allowed to die away unreplaced by another—the spirit which has been roused, is not corroded by inactivity. She is not tempted, by lack of opposition, to be one hour unmindful of her lover; but, by the endeavour to thrust another into his place, her memory is quickened, her beating heart throbs more tumultuously; and all, is that most joy-bearing state of transition. Yet the artless girl is no prosing analyser. By stealth, daily and at night, she weeps; and she believes herself the most miserable being alive. But I should pity her once again as much, if she were married to a man for whom she had only a placid regard—twice as much, if she were without a lover, and yet longing for one—thrice as much, if having found a husband, he proved untrue—and four times as much, if she were married to a brute, whom she despised and feared! As it is, she is a dear, sweet, loving, loveable, spirited little heroine!

We may also consider as one of Juliet's slight gratifications, the moral impossibility that she should obey her unrefined and unreasonable parents.

"Cap. How now, wife?

Have you delivered to her our decree?"

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks. I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife. How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks? Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd, Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Juliet. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have; Proud can I never be of what I hate; But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logick! What is this? Proud—and I thank you—and I thank you not; And yet not proud. Mistress minion, you, Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds, But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage! You tallow-face!"

Truly the world is the same world now as when Shakspeare wrote.

And, just as in Juliet's days, ill-used daughters take refuge with good-natured servants, into whose sympathising bosoms they pour those sorrows, to be the recipients of which should be the mother's darling perquisite. And, just as in Juliet's time, servants may be well in vulgar matters—but, when sentiment and principle impede them, they are for the most part false, and by no means comforting guides. There is in human nature a love of secrecy, which it is peculiarly agreeable to gratify at the expense of ill-judging parents, who do not know when to lay down the reins; and this satisfaction Juliet had. She was too amiable, however, to encourage gladness at the expense of disobedience to her father and mother; but, like Monsieur Jourdain, who spoke prose without knowing it, she had the pleasure without being conscious of its cause or its existence—we are often happy without being aware that we are so.

Excitement, at the time we are under its influences, always creates pleasurable sensations, whatever exhaustion and depression of spirits may afterwards succeed. And Juliet was sufficiently excited as she walked to the cell of Friar Laurence to demand his counsel. Her consequence with the friar was pleasing to self-love. Friars and doctors are general favourites, especially the former, who are fond of gossip, having often nothing more interesting to employ them. They believe it a very important occupation, and are sometimes peace-makers; by means of it they manœuvre the success of their children's plans. Every one who has a secret to communicate is thereby invested with dignity, and treated with suitable kindness, attention, and sympathy. No wonder then that friars should be favourites; for every one likes to feel himself of moment, and every one has secrets of some sort or other. The friar's sympathy was consoling and supporting to Juliet—his scheme, to shield her from a hateful marriage, inspiring.

And is she not—the beautiful child—an inspired martyr, as she trains herself to drink the deadly draught? How *loveable* the fright which overwhelms her as they leave her lonely to dare all! We might, we must have admired her if she had given voice to no fears; but we should not have loved her so dearly, for winning weaknesses induce more love than amazing superiority. We conclude that majestic beings are independent of our affection, and we give it to those who are more confiding. "*Nurse!*"—O you timid darling! every generous being must long to hold you to his bosom, or such another devoted, true, impassioned girl. But we should have hated her if she had given way. If the first loveable "*Nurse*" had been repeated, the second should have been base:—degradation, pollution, and subsequent remorse, are in its tone, and must have been its sequel. For, if she had wanted resolution to swallow a sleeping potion, how should she have found daring to implant a dagger?

Sorrow renders us suspicious. It is equivalent to—it is experience. And so Juliet doubts, for a moment, the honesty of the friar. Deceit always brings its own punishment. How could father Laurence, who deceived the parents, escape the suspicion of the child? It was no longer impossible for him, in her mind, to err. He was not now without blemish or reproach. Juliet's deceit was sorely punished by her present sufferings and future destiny.

But while Juliet evoked fancies of a more horrible second death, from terror, foul atmosphere, and all the horrors of the scene on which she should awaken, strongly and more strongly flowed the under-current of her determination; conscience slowly and surely combated temptation, else just as she had reached the acmé of hideous visions, at that very instant she could not have taken the cup to her lips. A person of genius can never be expected to swallow an ugly dose the instant it is presented—he must be allowed time to expatiate on all the imaginary results of his drinking it—and if he does partake of it on the instant, you may be certain he has already turned the affair round and round in his head, until he should render it giddy if he attempted farther deliberation. Nor can a man of genius be expected to jump out of his bed instantly on waking of a cold morning—he must debate the *pros* and *cons*, and enjoy the luxury of his snug recline, which it is not to be supposed he could have done before, while he lay asleep. If he start at once, he has made up his mind to it previously, probably the preceding night. When we go to sleep, like Juliet, full of some mighty doing, important to ourselves and to others, the moment slumber leaves us in the dawning we are conscious of the weight of duty which we have in hand—that glorious consciousness of a worthy aim for which to live, and move, and have our being—that feeling that we do not breathe for nought—that our life will be too short for all we might accomplish—that we must redeem the time which we are lent, and that in so doing, we shall be blessed by rendering others happier, and consequently better.

Friar Laurence is not the most valiant in the world; this is generally the case with members of those professions where success depends on crouching submission and lying flattery—where the government is despotic, or, at least, where the subjects *know* that it is so—for a fact of which people are ignorant, or on which they do not, and are not given cause to reflect, has few of those pernicious tendencies which it must have, if, being understood, it is, in all its bearings, meanly and perseveringly embraced. Like many priests, and learned men, the friar was mentally courageous, and bodily a coward. Poor Juliet! how often you were deserted in your hour of need! By your mother, when you besought her—

“Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Juliet. O God!”

Deserted by your nurse, when you turned to her—

“Comfort me, counsel me—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!

**What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.**

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county."

—(Nurse deserted Romeo, and, in so doing, deserted Juliet; another, but not Juliet, might have been so comforted;)—and lastly, you were deserted by your sole remaining friend, the friar, to teach you independence, which we must all, even the very softest, to a certain extent learn, or we shall never be happy. We must learn to act for and by ourselves, often and most frequently without sympathy, until we have succeeded. But when success attends us, we shall have sympathisers, well-wishers, and assistants in plenty, and to spare.

There was no dallying in your final scene, Juliet—no coquetry with death; you acted on the spur of the moment—from the impulse of love, grief, and longing to be re-united with your husband. You were happily stimulated, while thus excited, by the sound of intruders eagerly pushing forward—by the fear of prevention—by a woman's wilfulness—by the dread of separation—of a living death, if your existence were prolonged and Romeo gone—and you could not answer for yourself if this critical moment had once passed unembraced.

Now, though Juliet thus died—thus young—I would say that her life, though brief, was joyous. Are any surprised at the notion? Was she not amiable, talented, beloved? Had she not the most vivid appreciation of beauty—the richest foretaste of bliss? Was she not susceptible of admiration for everything exalted? Was she not susceptible of the purest passion? What woman would not exchange places with Juliet, if candid enough to admit it?—so beauteous, so adoring, so idolised!—the personification of feminine passion—artless as an infant—tender as the gazelle—wild as an antelope—and withal so modest! Like the rich-hued, massive, purple violet, heavy with odours, she was. Her fame is undying—her destiny happy—to be wept for and loved for ever!

The Letters of Lady Mary, like the fame of Juliet, shall live for ever. What an art it is to skim the surface entertainingly, profitably, and never wearily—colours bright and true—all in keeping—no exaggeration—but vividness and sprightliness everywhere. It is so hard to avoid diving into dark depths of subjects, most gloomy to your reader, though attractive to yourself.

Lady Mary was too worldly to be sentimental—Juliet was too much a child of nature not to be romantic. But we talk of the former when she was matured—the latter when she was scarcely past childhood. I can fancy Lady Mary almost a Juliet at fourteen—"heaven lies around us in our infancy." Juliet was purer, more spotless; and the innocent only have power to produce joy.

"And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and powerful voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.
Oh! pure of heart, thou need'st not ask of me

What this strong music in the soul may be ;
 What and wherein it doth subsist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power ;
 Joy, O beloved joy ! that ne'er was given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour ;
 Life of our life, the parent and the birth,
 Which wedding nature gives to us in dow'r,
 A new heaven and new earth,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud."

Wordsworth, to those who read him, leaves behind a full tide of joyous thankfulness—Byron, a disquiet of mind, a restlessness of body, a longing for something unattained. Juliet is like a double violet—Lady Mary like a ruby. As Byron said of Haidée and Aurora Raby,

" The difference in them
 Was such as lies between a flower and gem."

Aurora was an unset gem—Lady Mary set inimitably in gold ; Haidée was a wild rose, a blush eglantine.

If Juliet had been married forcibly to Paris, concluding, of course, that her union with Romeo had not taken place, and that she had met Romeo, when the wife of another, teaching herself that she was by right the property of Romeo, and that she had acted upon this self-instruction, why, in the end, she might possibly have become as sprightly, skimming, gossiping, and amusing as Lady Mary—taking for granted that she had sophisticated herself into justifying her conduct. To shun self-reflection, she should then have flitted here and there, like a butterfly, a Frenchwoman, or Lady Mary, taking the world easily and merrily—flashing wit around—the focus of a pleasant circle. But is it not shameful to fancy anything of the kind about Juliet ?

Too like the lightning that she herself talked of, was her fate—the lightning

" Which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say—it lightens—"

but, as it flashes, purifying the atmosphere and enlightening the surrounding gloom. Juliet's haste in loving is more than pardonable, by the recollection that her mother's communication had legitimated the subject of marriage to her contemplation.

" Well, think of marriage now ; younger than you,
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
 Are made already mothers :
 * * * * *
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
 * * * * *
 This night you shall behold him at our feast :
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
 Examine every married lineament,
 And see how one another lends content ;
 And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
 Find written in the margin of his eyes."

Paris probably addressed Juliet, from her parents' promise of her in marriage to him, with a slight degree of confidence, as if he had a right to express his admiration, and might expect her to listen with a willing ear, and learn to love him. Perhaps this was his first courtship—that he was not an adept in passionate expressions—that he was one of those amiable men who love their wives more than their mistresses, and long to hurry over the interregnum between acceptation and matrimony. Whereas Romeo, fresh from courting a mistress hard to be pleased, for the pleasure of whom he had studied, not phrases and attitudes alone, but *love* itself—Romeo, full to overflowing of the delicious theme, and in joy to find a gentle, girlish, loving being, inclined not only to hear but to admire, poured forth eloquent looks, and mastered the heart of this doomed child of the Sun. Her mother, possibly because she perceived her too interested regard of the handsome, fascinating stranger, and was jealous for Paris, summons her away—the surest method of fixing the impression. Obstacles quicken the flame which is cherished in secret. This first opposition prevents Juliet from opening her heart to her mother, and she might never have taken old nurse into her counsels, if it had not been impossible for her otherwise to succeed.

Then Romeo danced with no one, talked with no one (but men) except Juliet. She saw this. She felt herself singled out—she read his looks. Every one seems to think it necessary to excuse Juliet's haste; but, for my part, I think it would have been unnatural, unkind, ungenerous, if she had not instantly loved Romeo. Sorrow is solitary—but happy Paris, after devoting his first attentions to Juliet, and finding her not lively—not inclined to beseech of him to continue them—on the contrary, in rather a weary and uninterested state, thinks it due to his father and mother-in-law elect to entertain their guests somewhat—thinks it due to his own popularity, to his real good-nature, to play the agreeable to his friends—to dance with a cousin who has no partner—to converse with a friend who congratulates him on his prospects—to satisfy an acquaintance who accuses him of forgetting old friends in his zeal for new. And Paris believes that to do his duty thus, will render him acceptable to his lady.

Rosalind we may imagine a stately beauty, (perhaps engaged by thoughts and recollections of another,) who deemed Romeo too boyish and volatile, and stooped occasionally to listen to him, without ever giving further encouragement. I fancy Paris would have suited Rosalind much better than Romeo. What a pity that he did not love her, and thus requite the gracious smiles that we may conceive her to have bestowed on his worth, ere mutual friends had proposed Juliet as a good match. There are some women who require to have love made to them in a respectful, chivalrous style—reserved, waiting for encouragement to proceed—Sir Charles Grandison's mode, in a word. And Paris was just suited to be a Sir Charles Grandison to Rosalind. You may say that he was not one with Juliet; but you are to recollect that Juliet was a child, thrown at his head by her father. But if, of himself, he had selected Rosalind, then contact with her would have converted him into a stately *preux chevalier*. Paris was like one of Sir Walter Scott's milk-and-water heroes, as Mr. Bulwer considers

them ; an Edward Waverley, a Quentin Durward, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, or Nigel Oliphant. Flora Mac Ivor refused Waverley ; and surely Rosalind was not more stately than Flora ; but Flora was pre-engaged to Ambition. Rebecca loved Ivanhoe ; she had at least as fine a disposition as Juliet, but she was a despised Jewess.

Here was another point in which Romeo had much the advantage of Paris. He chose Juliet himself—he made love himself, never by proxy ; while Paris loved, after Juliet had been pointed out to him as eligible, and was introduced to her, not by himself, or his own devotion, but by her parents. Juliet selected well, as many impassioned women do. If they sometimes fail in choosing a virtuous, they at least fix on a talented man—one of capabilities. Paris was good, handsome, and had fair abilities for shining in mediocrity ; but Romeo was peerless as his bride. His first energies were spent in love, and we see what luscious fruit they produced—we see his strength, fervour, and constancy ; and, when love had obtained all his rights, what might we not have expected from the man, his powers being turned into other channels ? He had genius to conceive designs of grandeur and beauty—daring to hazard all, and surmount obstacles—and a soul to appreciate felicity when attained. Are we to conclude that he was susceptible of fatal discouragements because he poisoned himself ? It was not moping disappointment which killed him—it was a desire to depart and be with Juliet—it was the triumph of love, and it gives a notion of what, in other pursuits, his stern resolution might have accomplished. He was one to conquer worlds, and keep them ; for he had ability to win hearts, and judgment to sway them. He would die a king, or sink with the wreck of empire, as a stanch captain clings to his shattered ship—unless that this second pursuit, not having undivided claims upon him, like the first, this latter commanded his self-preservation. The author of “ Vivian Grey ” should be my Romeo if I were likening men to Shakspeare’s characters. Romeo was not inconstant when he left Rosalind. He only gave up what he had never possessed, and what it would have been sheer folly for him to pretend to maintain. Was his not gaining Rosalind a proof of deficiency of ability ? Rather was his wisdom proved in discovering her unsuitability, and desisting from the pursuit of that which would have been more than worthless when gained, namely, the source of unhappiness. He was pursuing a shadow—he discovered the reality—he would have been a fool to gaze on the picture, when the flesh-and-blood original stood by his side.

With her night reverie, after the ball, commences Juliet’s first real, *substantial* sorrow, which commands sympathy from all the world : childish sorrows are tolerated, not participated. How like an unselfish creature, (as she was,) and thoughtful for others, are her first words at this second interview with Montague. They do not express shame at his having overheard her—nor pleasure in his unexpected presence—nor fright, lest *she* should be caught and punished. They speak her fears for *his* safety—her dread lest any harm should overtake *him*. When she finds it useless to urge him from her, and that he had rather stay and suffer than go and be safe, she then alludes to self. With what sincerity she speaks ! We should have more love

on the earth, if there were more truth. How heartily we believe her,

“ Fain, fain deny
What I have spoke ;”

modesty, half the reason ; and fear, lest she should sink in Romeo's estimation, the other half. How natural her desire that her lover should give utterance to his feelings—and he, as men whose love is hot are always in extremes, must swear, instead of simply saying, which was all she wanted—a counterpart of her own sweet, confiding declaration. Romeo must swear—she joys, for a second, in the oath ; but then, recollecting by what he pledges himself, namely, the inconstant moon, she calls on him to pause, and not to swear at all, unless by his gracious self. Even that oath she allows him not to complete—fearing everything, dreading to weary happiness—believing that she had had sufficient for one night. Just so, when you long, internally, for anything, you say, aloud, that you do not expect it—as if to deprecate destiny ; and by not appearing to tax it too far, having hopes of being able to trust more to its generosity. Romeo, too, if bound by an oath, might be satiated of her ; as a husband of a wife, when tied to her for ever.

Interruptions are the zest of business : women who have children, and are often interrupted by them in their scientific pursuits, work with the more zeal when they are at liberty ; as, I dare to say, Mrs. Somerville has experienced. So Juliet grows more familiarly fond when the nurse calls from within to her.

“ Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.”

Interruptions, also, force you to the point at once ; like the business *utility* style of the present day, which forbids you to wind about the bush, or to write long sentences, on pain of receiving no encouragement whatsoever. And Juliet, when she returns to Romeo, point-blank inquires, as was necessary, before she further licensed him, if he will marry her. He departs ; but this has been too business-like a separation. She must rain more love upon him. She longs for another glimpse of him—for another tone of his voice ; and she recalls him. Who can write like Shakspeare ? Who ever imagined another Juliet ? Who ever will ? There may be some pretty sketches of women extant, but where is the masterly hand for filling in ?

In the few words, spoken by each, when they meet in order to be married, the character of the man and woman are again individualised with the freedom and truth of nature. Romeo, ardent, is eager to boast of the force of his love, and the immeasurable joy which present circumstances excite.

“ Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.”

Romeo was like the land of Canaan, overflowing with ~~milk and~~ honey. Juliet had placed a rose-leaf over her brimful cup of happiness, (like a candidate for admission into the silent academy,)—she would not disturb it—she would not that it ran over, lest more than the overplus should be sacrificed. Romeo was the babbling brook—Juliet the hidden well. She would not brag, lest her presumption should be punished. No mortal can be certain of the continuance of felicity. It is wise not to tempt fate by blind security. A superstition, by instinct, forbids us to speak of happiness—forbids us, as it were, to show it the light, lest it evaporate—admonishes us to enjoy it silently, in trembling. Like an only child is happiness; if we boast of its beauty, it will, perchance, be nipped in the bud. A good woman's conscience is tender—could Juliet be joyous, while acting with duplicity? Besides, she could not, with delicacy, enlarge upon her satisfaction in public; though Romeo might—a man will kiss his wife before an intimate—a modest wife will not kiss her husband.

“ Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion.”

What but these words—ardent, bounding, leaping—could express the palpitations of Juliet, as, in her chamber, she tarried the coming of the first visit of her husband? She is no longer the timid girl, unconscious of her wishes, at least lending them no tongue, no sound—but it is with propriety that her desires now so freely find words, for she is already a Montague. Still, there is no unfeminine forwardness about her, and she thus beseeches “civil night.”

“ Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.”

When did passion, before or since, borrow so rich a voice, (yet free from grossness, coarseness, or anything objectionable,) so full of genius, so poetic?—

“ Come night! come Romeo! come thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.”

What bride, though learned, beautiful, and loving, ever summoned, or ever will summon, with such harmony, her new-found husband?

How true to nature, then, that Juliet, on hearing of the death of Tybalt, should jump to a conclusion that he, with whom she was so short a time intimate, had deceived her unsuspecting heart, had proved vindictive, unkind, ungenerous? Persons of quick apprehensions are often thus unjust to their friends—they imagine a cause, which they talk themselves into believing true, and they condemn on the supposition of its truth. The surest method of bringing such unfair judges to their senses, is to coincide with their fault-finding—or rather to condemn more vigorously than they have already done. Thus their anger shall be turned upon you—they will question any one's right but their own to convict *their* friend—and, on the instant, even while still uncertain of the matter at issue, they will drown the

recollection of present misdemeanors in praises of virtues formerly made known, or guessed at. And remorse will speedily take possession of the blamer's breast for condemning thus unheard, unreasonably, when he should have been foremost to comfort, console—or, if that were impossible, to make allowances for—to hope all things.

“ Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?
 Ah ! poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name
 When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it ? ”

So *womanish* as Juliet is, at their last interview—insisting that what is, is not—until Romeo, petting her, as if she were a spoiled child, gives in to her ; when, having got all her own way, she acknowledges the truth. It was then her own discovery—not Romeo's. There is a sweet, loving playfulness in the scene—nature, only more beautiful than nature. All is over now—no more billing and cooing—no more callings back—no rhapsodies—the sober certainty has taken possession of wrapt imaginings of bliss. Their frames are both wearied from excess of happiness.

“ Poor my Romeo ! ” his is by far the hardest part to bear—he is far more to be pitied than Juliet—always unfortunate—first, a victim of unrequited love—then loving one, to love whom puts his life in perpetual hazard : (however, that is all the more stimulating ; though, for a constancy, it might be a trifle wearying :) second, obliged to support the death of his friend ; and, worse, forced to quarrel with the cousin of his bride, in order to revenge the death of Mercutio : third, just as he had purchased the rights of a husband, prevented their exercise—banished from his home and country—brought into disrepute—tarnished in character—deserted by all the world—even his three-hours' bride rebelling—even Romeo untrue to self—his misfortunes are greater than he can bear. The sky is black : gradually, however, one or two dark clouds move aside—the aspect of his circumstances becomes a little less gloomy—his wife returns to her allegiance—is more devoted, if possible, than ever—cheers him—beckons him to her—the good-natured friar urges him forward—a sample of the bliss which, he trusts, is in store for him, is laid before him—and, accompanied by woman's love and woman's prayers, he hastens to a hateful exile. Here, when he looks for joyful news, he is greeted by tidings of death—the death of his lady-bird ; the account of the real state of the case which should have reached *him* (unhappy in all) does not—he hurries to destruction ; and no helping hand is extended to save him. He dies unaided, untended. Alas for Romeo ! Juliet, the queen of happiness, was espoused to the monarch of sorrow. “ Haughty Montague ! ” grief had taught thee pride.

N. R. Q.

CLAUDINE.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF " MISREPRESENTATION."

" ONE day Love rode a butterfly, seeking a flowery shrine. The Heartsease withered as the god approached; the sly urchin smiled to see the ruin he had caused, then flew away. The Snowdrop could not stay his flight; she was too pale and scentless—Love needs return—requital. Upon a sloping sunny bank, a single Violet raised its peerless head; thither flew Love; the perfume pleased him, and he thought to creep into the fragrant bell; but the wild wind rose, the tiny flower bent before the blast, and the coy god was gone. Love is too often but a sunshine friend. Long, long he fluttered near a graceful Rose, but her cup, so free and open, gave entrance to another—the roving Bee was welcome there; and Love must reign alone. Evening came on, Love was a-wearied, and his gay courser's pinions drooped. He saw a dim and melancholy flower—' Here will I rest,' quoth he. Then in the Nightshade's gloomy folds Love sought *repose*, and found *oblivion*."

" I see neither wit nor beauty in all that," said Claudine, as pettishly she threw away the book.

" There is at any rate a moral," replied her father, with a grave smile; " take care that you, Claudine, do not one day share the young god's fate, and in spite of all your beauty pass into oblivion."

Claudine thought there was no danger of anything of the kind; she was exceedingly pretty, her father considered rich, and the cold disdain with which it had hitherto pleased her to treat her admirers, seemed only to increase their number.

" I think it extremely foolish," she answered, " and I wonder who has had the impertinence to write such nonsense in my scrap-book."

There were no albums in those days.

" It is not unlike Philip de la Condamine's handwriting," said a young companion; " I know his sisters well, and have often seen his letters to them—I am almost certain it is his."

" Philip de la Condamine—Philip de la Condamine!" exclaimed Claudine, still more offended than before, for Philip had red hair, his voice was harsh and inharmonious, he limped slightly in walking, his manners were abrupt, and there was in his whole deportment that awkward bashfulness we often see in persons sensible of bodily defects. Philip de la Condamine was therefore, Claudine thought, the last man who should have ventured to teach her such a lesson; and she again repeated that she thought he had been guilty of great impertinence.

" Philip is an excellent man," observed her father.

" I hate excellent men, especially if they have red hair," said Claudine, impatiently. Then taking the page from the book, she tore it into a thousand pieces, and, scattering them on the ground, proposed to her companions that they should betake themselves to the verandah.

Now it happened that Philip de la Condamine had, on the preceding evening, made proposals to Mr. Pierrepont for his daughter's hand; the offer had been rejected; for although Mr. Pierrepont would gladly have accepted Philip for a son-in-law, he knew Claudine's feelings towards him rendered the marriage quite impossible. De la Condamine was about to leave New Orleans for a short time, but notwithstanding his disappointment, he would not go without a farewell visit to Claudine, and he was even now upon his way to Mr. Pierrepont's house. He was ushered into the drawing-room, where the fragments of his little fable, scattered upon the floor, instantly attracted his attention, while, through the open window, he heard the lady of his love amusing a circle of giddy companions at his expense. And as the laughter of these heedless beings grated upon his ear, Claudine, apprised that a stranger was within, entered the room. She saw instantly that he was vexed and angry; and believing the indignity with which she had treated his effusion to be the cause of his displeasure, endeavoured to soften his annoyance by affecting ignorance of the author. Philip made no reply, but fixed his eyes on hers, and with a withering look of scorn and detestation left the room. Claudine was very much distressed; under her proud and haughty bearing there lurked a woman's timid heart, and from that hour she feared Philip de la Condamine as much or more than she believed he hated her.

Two years passed on, and all was changed in Claudine Pierrepont's lot. Her father died—died, too, insolvent—and she became a beggar and a *slave*. For her maternal ancestors belonged to that degraded race; and though no traces of her dark origin shadowed her lofty brow, or dimmed the rose that blushed upon her cheek—although till now the hideous circumstance had not even been suspected by the poor wretch whose fate hung all upon it—yet was it true. No act of manumission had been passed—she was a slave, and claimed as such by the unfeeling creditors. She was a slave; nothing might save her from her fearful destiny—expostulation, entreaty, even gold was tried;—for a half-brother of her father's, who chanced at the period of his decease to be upon the spot, deeply interested for the unprotected orphan, used every means to save her. It was in vain. Her beauty had enhanced her value; all he could offer would not meet the price the heartless wretches set upon her; and she, who had been so delicately reared, the beautiful, the pure, the lofty-minded Claudine, stood shrinking from the public gaze, a jest, a sport, the victim of cupidity, of viler passions still. Once only she raised her tearful eyes—once she was seen to shudder, and then, befriended by her sex's weakness, fell on the ground insensible. In that state she was purchased at an enormous price; in that state she was carried to her master's dwelling; and when returning consciousness brought all the horror of her situation to her mind, she was in a strange room, with unfamiliar faces round her. Nor dared she ask whose it was, or whose the menials so intent on her recovery, lest she should hear the name she dreaded most on earth.

"Leave me," she cried to the negress who seemed most active, "leave me. Oh! let me be alone. I want no food, no attendance, I only want to die. I thought I was dead: why, why did you recal me to this miserable world? Leave me, I say."

The slaves obeyed; and the wretched creature, starting from the sofa on which she had been lying, quickly approached a table where some refreshments had been placed, and, seizing a knife, for a moment meditated self-destruction. But the instinctive love of life, the fear of offending her almighty Maker, delayed her frantic purpose; and while she stood irresolute, the sound of a shuffling footstep caught her ear, and her whole frame shook with horror; she knew her most appalling fears were realised. De la Condamine had purchased her—De la Condamine now stood beside her. For a few seconds neither spoke; at length he broke the painful silence.

“We are both changed, much changed, Claudine, since the morning when my folly called forth your merriment; when, after having spurned my love, you derided my infirmities, and made a mockery of that which should have called forth pity and compassion. Claudine, do you still recollect that day?”

Claudine bent her head forward, and the long tresses fell in rich clusters on her pallid cheeks. “I do remember it,” she said; “I have, I fear, but too much cause; but for my foolish conduct on that fatal morning, perhaps I had not been as I am now—your slave!”

“Not so, not so, Claudine, you are no slave. You are free, free as the mountain rivulet. It is true, the wealth I once presumed to offer you, the gold I valued most, because I looked upon it as a means of gratifying you, has saved you from an ignominious fate; yet, you are no slave, I have bought your freedom.”

“Freedom!” almost shrieked Claudine.

“Yes, you are free.”

“Bless you! O bless you!”

He waved his hand impatiently. “Your kinsman left New Orleans this morning, for he could not bear to witness your unhappiness; but I have despatched a messenger to tell him you are here, and beg his immediate return. This evening, or to-morrow at the latest, I expect him, and you will leave this place together.”

“Bless you! O bless you!” Claudine once more exclaimed, as throwing herself upon her knees, she seized his hand, and pressed it to her beating heart. For a moment Philip looked towards her, then raised her gently, placed her upon a seat, and silently withdrew.

Mr. William Pierrepont was an English merchant of very moderate fortune, residing in the neighbourhood of London; thither, after some little delay, he brought his adopted charge, and bade his wife and daughters look upon her as a child and sister. The injunction was unnecessary; they were kind, simple-minded people, who saw nothing in their new relative but what was dear and lovely; and she was speedily domesticated in the family. Claudine was sensibly alive to all their kindness, and in return strove to be cheerful, to appear happy; but it might not be—her thoughts were ever in her own far country, and the remembrance of the degradation she had suffered pressed like a heavy weight upon her heart. There were others beside her family who loved Claudine, for she was beautiful; her long dark eyes so soft and pensive, her graceful mien, her exquisitely

moulded form, raised her above the herd of merely pretty women; and, all impoverished as she was, there were not wanting those who gladly would have linked their fate with hers—but *one* had left his image on her heart, and it seemed sacrilege even to entertain a thought of love or preference save for him.

Years passed away—Claudine's beauty faded, faded before its time. Beauty, even with us, the flower but of a day, is still more evanescent in the daughters of the western world. Claudine was changed: it mattered not; her loveliness had been but a pernicious gift, and its departure caused her no regret. It chanced about this time there was a dinner-party—a dull, formal dinner-party. The ladies, seated in a circle, looked wearied, made insignificant remarks, and twirled their fans. The gentlemen stood about the room in knots of two or three, and talked of the funds and politics. The owner of the house was in a sort of grave fidget (if my readers can comprehend such a state;) the lady, in the midst of her endeavours to amuse her guests, looked anxiously in the direction of the door, and not very complacently towards her husband, for she knew that the dinner was being spoilt, and the person who caused the inconvenient delay had been invited especially by him. At length, her patience being fairly exhausted, dinner was ordered, to the infinite relief of the assembled party; the guests took their places at the table, the soup was handed round, and something like a thaw began. Just then a carriage drove up to the door, a shabby knock was given, an awkward looking person shuffled into the room, muttered in a low husky voice some faint excuses for his tardy appearance, then sank into the vacant seat, and, without looking round, applied himself to the half-cold soup that was set before him. Mrs. Barton, the owner of the house, gave the poor man a stiff reproving bow, while the majority of the company paused in their eating, or their talking, to speculate from whence had sprung so strange a looking being. But there was present one person whose cheek glowed, whose heart beat, and hand trembled; Claudine Pierrepont was among the guests, and in that uncouth stranger recognised Philip de la Condamine. She found no opportunity of speaking, or even of bowing to him, for they were seated at the same side of the table, and it was impossible to catch his eye. As, however, the ladies left the room, she ventured an inclination of her head. It was barely answered; in fact, he doubted whether the salutation had been meant for him. Claudine felt she was forgotten, and her father's warning rushed upon her mind.

The evening glided on; the gentlemen came up from the dining-room; there was music, flirting, conversation—but De la Condamine, a stranger and neglected, stood alone. Claudine mustered all her courage, and, addressing him by name, proffered her hand. He started.

“You do not recollect me,” she said, colouring, “I am so changed and altered. Philip de la Condamine forgets Claudine Pierrepont.”

Philip looked earnestly at the agitated Claudine, then said (he was no courtier, he never had been one) something of “time,” something about “the lapse of years.”

That night, in the dark stillness of her chamber, Claudine wept

—wept for the beauty she had lost ; Philip had loved that beauty, now it was gone, and with it all her chance of pleasing him. Claudine was wrong ; there yet remained something superior to her vanished charms—the spirit’s loveliness was there, and soon did Philip own its power. They again met. Mr. Pierrepont, anxious to testify his sense of gratitude towards the man who had acted thus noble a part, gave him an invitation to his house ; and, thrown once more into Claudine’s society, all the affection with which De la Condamine had formerly regarded her revived, and ere long it was generally known an engagement had taken place. He returned to New Orleans to make some arrangements rendered necessary by his future plans ; for as Claudine’s reappearance in that city was judged impossible, it was settled he should be received as a junior partner in her uncle’s house, and about six months after Mrs. Barton’s dinner-party he and Claudine were married.

“ And were happy ever after.”

Not altogether, gentle reader ! There were at first drawbacks to their felicity : Philip’s fortune had already suffered from the enormous sum he paid for Claudine’s freedom ; transfers of property are seldom unaccompanied by loss—his was peculiarly unfortunate ; for many years, therefore, it required much toil on his part, and economy on hers, to enable them to live at all. Claudine thought nothing of her own privations, but it pained her sensibly to see him overworked and anxious, and self-reproach was busy when she reflected, as she hourly did, that it was from love to her these trials and anxieties had arisen.

“ Philip,” she said, one day when he appeared unusually harassed, “ my own Philip, you have bought my happiness at too high a price.”

“ I do not think so,” he replied.

“ Oh, if you knew how bitterly I lament my blindness, my folly, my worse than folly !”

“ Pooh, pooh ! who could expect a beautiful girl of seventeen to fall in love with such an ugly dog as I am. *I* was the fool for even thinking of it.”

I believe it is hardly necessary to inform the reader that the groundwork of this little tale is true. The disgraceful scene, in which Claudine bore so conspicuous and painful a part, has been enacted—may be repeated with, I fear, but little chance of a chivalrous Philip de la Condamine to interpose between the victim of an iniquitous system and her dark destiny.

J * * *

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.¹

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I AM reminded by passing events of various anecdotes, related to me at different times by my father, of occurrences which took place during the American war, in which he was called upon to serve his first campaign at the early age of nineteen, and very shortly after his marriage with my mother. How greatly things are changed in this country since that remarkable period! The former Trans-Atlantic war, and the late attempt at one in Lower Canada, furnish some striking contrasts in the relative circumstances of the times, both public and private. We certainly had not then pretended *patriots* and mock *philanthropists* (!!) on this side of the Atlantic, in open correspondence with detected traitors and rebels on the other; nor do I remember to have read anywhere, nor yet to have heard from my father, that the patriots and philanthropists of his day ever ventured by their speeches, either in or out of parliament, to recommend the dismemberment of the empire, or to rejoice in the (supposed) defeat and slaughter of their own countrymen!! Possibly these displays might have been considered, at that time, as not in good taste. Possibly the law might have instituted some inquiry into them. However, " 'tis sixty years since," and things are very much altered in these respects for the worse, though in many others for the better. I would not have it supposed that I have imbibed all the prejudices and antiquated notions of former times; for I confess that I am an ardent lover of liberty and of rational improvement, and I have never considered myself as guilty of any sort of inconsistency in at the same time disliking licentiousness and all rash and reckless change. The history of the French Revolution must, I should think, have excited a very general distaste for popular outbreaks and mob government. One cannot therefore but regard with a strong suspicion and distrust those pseudo-patriots, from whose faces the course of recent events has happily torn off the mask, and who have now clearly shown that, under the specious pretexts of reform and improvement, they sought only to disorganise and to destroy. But, lest I should be thought to be meddling with matters beyond my reach, (though we cannot live in these days with our eyes and ears shut,) let me come down at once from great things to small, and from the American war to *tea*,—the cause of that war, but still a subject avowedly within the proper scope and province of the ladies. It serves aptly to illustrate the contrast before alluded to between that period and the present time, in the altered circumstances of domestic life. When my father went to America, my mother remained with his parents at the old family mansion in Wiltshire; and I have heard her say, that so great a luxury was tea considered to be even at that time, that my aunts, though they were all grown up to womanhood, were not permitted to partake

¹ Continued from vol. xxi. p. 213.

in a general way of this rare and then highly-prized beverage. My mother, as a visitor and a married lady, was of course allowed the envied privilege; and being of a most amiable and generous nature herself, and not capable of enjoying (as some selfish beings enjoy) the *exclusive* principle even with friends, she was in the habit of purchasing tea at the neighbouring town of Chippenham, and preparing for my aunts by stealth the precious infusion. As it is said that "stolen waters are sweet," no doubt the treat was greatly enhanced in zest and flavour by the furtive mode of enjoying it. Had my worthy grandmother happened to discover this daring violation of her household laws, (in which she was very particular,) all the delinquents would certainly have received a severe lecture.

How highly tea was estimated for a considerable period after its introduction into this country, may be inferred from the minuteness and delicacy of the cups and spoons which were then in use, of which, as a sort of curiosity at the present day, most persons have seen various specimens. The cups were chiefly, and probably for some time exclusively, those which were imported from China along with the tea. Their use being past away, they are now preserved as ornaments, not only in cabinets and boudoirs, but in the good old-fashioned *corner-cupboards* and mantel-shelves in the country; and though the figures on many of them are highly grotesque, yet the exquisite delicacy and transparency of the fabric, and the richness of colour and elaborateness of some of the designs, must be allowed to be not only curious, but extremely beautiful. The spoons formerly employed were of course in due proportion to the fragile pieces of porcelain which were to receive them; for had anything like a tea-spoon of modern dimensions been placed in one of the fairy tea-cups of the olden time, it would not only have upset but probably broken it in pieces. Along with the service of silver plate, which I have formerly mentioned as having been presented by Queen Anne to my ancestor Sir Charles Hedges, then one of her secretaries of state, was a set of the teaspoons of that period, but which differed in some respects from any others that I have seen. The bowl, which was very small and shallow, was of a square or shovel shape, with raised flutings; and the handle or stalk was remarkably slender, and terminated in a small embossed rose. Altogether the appearance, though antique, was extremely rich and elegant.

For some time after the introduction of tea into this country, and until the commencement of the last century, it was sold as high as from two to three guineas a pound. I recollect to have read that in the reign of Charles II. a couple of pounds were presented, I think by the East India Company, to that monarch as a truly royal offering, and that, of course, not so much from its high price as from its great novelty and rarity. When I was last in the North, I was told an amusing anecdote, which serves to show how little tea was known in some parts of England, even so recently as the commencement of the reign of George III. It was about that period that a young man, a native of Westmorland, who had settled in London, and succeeded very well in business, sent to his mother in the country a present of a pound of fine tea. The good old dame was a little puzzled at first

how to proceed with it; but at length she put the whole into the *kail-pot*, with a due proportion of water, and boiled it for about half an hour. She then strained off the decoction, which she threw away; and when her husband came home to dinner, she served up the *tea-leaves* in a large dish, with a piece of nice fat bacon smoking at the top, telling the good man that she had prepared, by way of a treat, their son John's present from Lunnon. The worthy couple tried, by alternate administrations of pepper and salt, to render the mess palatable, but all in vain. They both agreed that *common* greens were far preferable; and when the old dame wrote to thank her son John, she told him so, begging, at the same time, that he would not spend "any more of his money on such *new-fangled stuff*."

Strange as this mode of taking tea may appear, I have heard that in China, where there is an excess of population above the ordinary means of support, the natives, after having prepared and taken an infusion from the tea, somewhat in the same manner as we do in this country, reserve the leaves for a subsequent meal, and eat them cold, as a salad, with oil and vinegar. Possibly, however, this may only be the practice with the poorest of the people, though I fancy the poor are there a very numerous class.

As to ourselves, tea has of course gradually dropped its luxurious character with its rarity, until, from the small beginnings alluded to, it has now become one of the necessities of life. In spite of all that may occasionally be said or written against it, I confess myself to be a decided advocate for this delightful and most refreshing beverage.

"If," (as I recollect to have once heard a lady say to a medical gentleman, who was declaiming fearfully against what he called its poisonous qualities,) "if it be a poison, it is at all events a slow one, for many inveterate tea-drinkers have attained a very patriarchal age."

In a word, I believe this pretended poison keeps pace only in its operation with the wasting of the lamp of life, and, unless when used to that excess in which of course the best things are hurtful, that it is rather conducive to the prolongation of human existence. The poets have generally been the advocates of tea, as favouring their sweet inspirations. Cowper has beautifully celebrated its praises, in his charming poem of "The Task;" and Waller says—

"The Muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keep that palace of the soul serene,
Fit for her birth-day to salute a queen."

When, however, I hear of men of genius and studious persons taking strong infusions of green tea, to keep themselves awake over the midnight and even the morning lamp, thus perverting the wise laws of nature, it always appears to me a sort of lamentable suicide. Henry Kirke White, and many others of the gifted band, who fell early victims to consumption, resorted to this infusion, as a stimulus to ward off man's most soothing and honest friend, sleep, for which, with its consequent loss of health, if not of life, even Fame itself is but a poor substitute.

Of the various circumstances mentioned to me by my father as having occurred during the American war, some of the most interesting related to Major and Lady Harriet Acland. At the time that my father went to America, the major was ordered on the same service; and Lady Harriet, notwithstanding all the representations and entreaties of her husband and her friends to the contrary, insisted on accompanying him. To an ardent attachment for her husband, she added an enterprising and undaunted spirit; and although he was going on a distant and dangerous service and she was herself of a weak and delicate frame, she determined on sharing his fortunes, be they what they might. My father and mother were on terms of friendly intimacy with the major and his lady, who, although she had been married for some years, and was past the bloom of life, was still extremely beautiful. I have heard my mother say, that on one occasion, when the major had exhausted all the arguments which his tenderness and anxiety could suggest to induce Lady Harriet to relinquish her design, she said, with a fixedness of purpose which showed her to be immovable on the point, "Well, my life! if you sail without me, I will follow you, though I go to the bottom." All further opposition to her wishes was from this time abandoned; and accordingly, in the early part of the year 1776, she accompanied her husband across the Atlantic to the seat of war. My dear revered mother was left, as I have already stated, with my father's parents in Wiltshire. The separation from him was painful and afflicting in the extreme, but there was no remedy. With an attachment as tender and devoted as that of Lady Harriet Acland, my mother was totally unfitted by nature to sustain the severity of the climate, or the fatigues and privations inseparable from a state of actual warfare. She was therefore obliged to submit to this the first grievous trial of her life;—a parting aggravated by its great distance, its probably long duration, and the certain perils which awaited the termination of the voyage.

The hardships and sufferings which Lady Harriet Acland underwent, in following her husband, were (as my father informed me) very great. Indeed they became publicly known and much canvassed at the time, and raised her character in this country, as a devoted wife and heroine, deservedly high. On one occasion, shortly after their arrival in America, when an attack was about to be made on one of the towns, Lady Harriet, on the urgent solicitation and remonstrance of her husband, consented to remain some distance behind the army, on the opposite side of a lake. Intelligence having been brought to her that the major was severely wounded, she immediately crossed the lake to rejoin him, and to attend him on his sick-bed. Under the tender cares and unceasing assiduities of his most estimable wife, he speedily recovered; and Lady Harriet then determined that neither siege nor battle should separate him from her again. The awful trials which she must thus have had to encounter may be easily conceived. Had Major Acland's post been with the reserve of the army, her situation would not have been quite so dreadful; but he commanded the grenadiers, which, forming part of the advanced guard, were of course the most exposed. Every night, therefore, that she retired to rest, Lady Harriet well knew it was in the immi-

ment peril that the object of her fondest affection and solicitude, for whom she had voluntarily relinquished all other friends and all other comforts, might be summoned before the morning to conflict and to death : and when the perilous night was past away, and the morning came, she knew not whether he might be spared to see the setting of the sun which then dawned. On one occasion the tent in which they slept took fire, and the wind blowing roughly at the time, the light materials were soon in a blaze. In the confusion and bewilderment of her first awaking, Lady Harriet fancied that the enemy were at hand, and that a general engagement had commenced. All her clothes and other valuables were consumed : but (as she afterwards told my mother) as soon as she discovered her mistake, and that her husband, though considerably burnt in rushing through the flames to look for her, was otherwise safe and well, her heart melted in fervent gratitude to God, and her loss was no longer thought of. All other troubles and all other griefs seemed indeed light to her, compared with the thought of a separation from that being for whom she patiently endured fatigues and privations of the most harassing and distressing kind.

Very shortly after this accident, Lady Harriet's fortitude underwent a severe trial. The opposing forces were expected to come into immediate collision. The two armies were almost close to each other, and Lady Harriet had entered a rude hovel or cattle-shed, near the rear of the British troops, along with two other female friends, the wives of Major Hamage and Lieutenant Reynolds, to await the momentous issue. In a few minutes the roaring of the artillery announced that the action was begun. Presently numbers of wounded and dying men were brought, by the direction of the surgeons, to the hut, as the nearest and most convenient spot for having their wounds attended to. What must have been the feelings of Lady Harriet Acland and her companions at that trying moment, each probably too much engrossed with her own thoughts, to attempt to encourage or console the others. Lady Harriet afterwards said, that knowing her own husband's situation to be so much exposed in the advanced corps, where she concluded he would be engaged in the hottest of the fray, she trembled at every fresh sound of the cannon and musketry, lest some fatal ball should have reached him. The agony of her mind may well be imagined. It did not, however, prevent her from lending such assistance as she could to the brave men lying disabled around her. In a short time soldiers were seen to approach the hut, bearing in their arms a wounded officer. What an awful state of suspense for the three friends was this ! The soldiers advance, and Major Hamage is brought in, and laid down before the surgeons, in the presence of his unhappy wife, with a severe wound, which requires their immediate aid. Lady Harriet and Mrs. Reynolds now turn all their attention to their afflicted friend. This, however, is but of short duration ; for in a few minutes intelligence reached the hut, that Lieutenant Reynolds had been killed by a musket-ball ! In the midst of her own grief and distracting anxiety, Lady Harriet now turns instinctively from the lamenting wife to the bereaved young widow, whose heart-rending cries, being more shrill, rise high above the

groans of the wounded soldiers that surround them. But, to close this painful part of my narration, Major Acland himself escaped unhurt in this engagement; but the hour of renewed trial to his inestimable wife soon came. I think it was about a fortnight afterwards that another action took place, again within the hearing, and, I believe, within the sight of Lady Harriet; and, after a period of agonising suspense, the painful tidings at length reached her, that the British troops were defeated with considerable loss, and her much-loved husband, the dear companion of all her toils and wanderings, the constant object of all her anxieties and cares, was dangerously wounded, and (to aggravate her calamity) taken prisoner by the enemy. For the first time during all her varied trials Lady Harriet now shed tears. Her sufferings seemed at length to have reached something like a crisis, and she had leisure to weep. Against all the horrors of her situation she had struggled with a fortitude almost beyond belief. While anything remained to be done, her courage and activity always rose equal to the demands upon them, however trying they might be. Even in the present distressing circumstances, the rare conjugal affection of this truly admirable woman was not long in devising new modes of exemplifying itself. She determined, if possible, to join her wounded and suffering husband in his captivity, that she might once more devote her tender and assiduous cares to his recovery; and she accordingly requested General Burgoyne to allow her to make the attempt. The general, in his account of the expedition into Canada, gives the following particulars of this romantic adventure.

“I soon received a message from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision a proposal, (and expressing an earnest solicitude to execute it, if not interfering with my designs,) of passing to the camp of the enemy, and requesting general Gates’s permission to attend her husband. Though I was ready to believe (for I had experience) that patience and fortitude, in a superior degree, were to be found, as well as every virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of the spirits, exhausted not only by want of rest, but absolutely want of food, drenched in rain for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was able to give was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told that she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish her with was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.

“Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain to the artillery, readily undertook to accompany her; and, with one female servant and the major’s valet-de-chambre, (who had a ball, which he had received in the late action, then in his shoulder,) Lady Harriet rowed down the river to meet the enemy. But her distresses were not yet at an end. The night was advanced before the boat reached the enemy’s outposts, and the sentinel would not let it pass, nor even come on shore. In vain Mr.

Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and represented the state of the extraordinary passengers. The guard, apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious to their orders, threatened to fire into the boat if they stirred before daylight. Lady Harriet's anxiety and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours in an open boat; and her reflections upon that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But it is due to justice, at the close of this adventure, to say that she was received and accommodated by General Gates with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her misfortunes deserved.

"Let such as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardships, and danger, recollect that the subject of them was a woman of the most tender and delicate frame, of the gentlest manners, habituated to all the soft elegancies and refined enjoyments that attend high birth* and fortune, and far advanced in a state in which the tender cares always due to the sex become indispensably necessary. Her *mind alone* was formed for such trials!"

General Burgoyne, in another passage, speaking of Lady Harriet Acland's conduct, thus beautifully and justly expresses himself: "It would exhibit, if well delineated, an interesting picture of the spirit, the enterprise, and the distress of romance, realised and regulated upon the chaste and sober principles of rational love and connubial duty." But these things, in a practical sense, (which is the only useful sense,) are unfortunately but too little understood. I believe that the married life would more frequently realise what the worthy general points out, if there were a little more of that lofty, devoted, and exclusive attachment so pre-eminently exemplified in Lady Harriet Acland.

Major Acland, dying in the lifetime of his father Sir Thomas, did not succeed to the family baronetcy; but his son by Lady Harriet afterwards did, though unfortunately he died within a few weeks of his coming to the title. The family of Acland has been seated for ages in the county of Devon. They were greatly distinguished for their loyalty, at a time when loyalty was called upon for more than mere profession, and was summoned into active and dangerous service. A worthy ancestor of the Aclands very much impaired the fine property by his faithful adherence to the fortunes of Charles I.; and the force he raised at his own cost, to garrison his mansion of Columb-John, was the only one mustered in the king's behalf in the whole county. But, like most of the brave loyalists of the time, he suffered severely for his fidelity, Columb-John being taken and plundered by the parliamentarians, and he himself heavily fined, by a vote of the House of Commons of that day, for having taken up arms in the royal cause.†

* Lady Harriet Acland was one of the daughters of the late Earl of Ilchester.

† In the remarks I made in the "Autobiographical Sketches," inserted in the "Metropolitan Magazine" for February, respecting the amour between His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland and Lady G——, I was involuntarily led into an error, in designating him as the great Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, who was the uncle of George the Third; whereas it was the brother of that monarch, who, about seventy years ago, gained so much unfortunate celebrity by his intrigue

with the beautiful countess. I was led into this mistake by the circumstance of my informant, the Welsh gentleman from whom I had the various particulars then detailed, having styled him the *great* Duke of Cumberland, from which I naturally drew the inference that it was he of Culloden; but it is obvious that the term had been applied to his Royal Highness merely in respect of his rank, as a prince of the blood royal.

A singularly uncandid and illiberal letter, in a lady's handwriting, with the initials "M. H.," was shortly after addressed to the editor of the "*Metropolitan*," with the pretended purpose of correcting this error, but with the very ill-concealed object of venting a little spleen against myself. The kindness and candour of the editor, in forwarding to me this anonymous outpouring of malice, have enabled me thus openly to notice and to repel it. I may leave it to the impartial reader to determine whether, in the remarks I made, there was anything which could (as "M. H." intimates) be fairly construed into the remotest apology for the crime of Lady G. On the contrary, I stated those supposed excuses which *she* might possibly attempt to make to *her own mind*; and I then endeavoured to show how utterly vain and futile they all were. I trust that before "M. H." ventures again to turn *censor*, she will herself learn to be *accurate*. Previously to her remark that I make "kind excuses" for vice, she states that the great Duke of Cumberland "had been reposing in his grave *some twenty years* at the period" to which I alluded! Now, as his Royal Highness did not die until the year 1765, it is not very difficult to calculate, that instead of *some twenty years*, he had only reposed in his grave about *four*! and an error of sixteen in twenty greatly disarranges and disjoins this *amended* chronology of my anonymous friend.

LOUISA MACARTNEY CRAWFORD.

TO AN INFANT.

"Thou art all fair, my love!"
 Whilst, unalloyed as yet by touch of sin,
 Thy mimic thoughts in wild delirium rove
 O'er every object which the sight takes in,
 As though they could from each some new-born rapture win.

Thy fond and mirthful smile
 Tells of the fountain of unmingled bliss
 That wells within thee; for there is no guile
 In infancy; each look and motion is
 The voice of truth, though born of dreamy phantasies.

The lustre of thine eye
 Wherein lies mirror'd heaven's ethereal blue,
 Seems pregnant with unceasing energy;
 And who the light of infant eyes could view,
 And deem that death would such bright work undo?

Thou art all fair, my love!
 Yet were thy brethren fairer e'en than thee,
 And they are vanished. Beauty cannot move
 The stern destroyer; still he wanders free,
 And culls the choicest flowers from life's luxuriant tree.

Nottingham.

T. RAEG.

EDMUND KEAN—VILLAGE THEATRICALS.

POOR KEAN! Reckless and dissipated as he was, he was not quite so bad as the *Quarterly Review*, in its dissection of Barry Cornwall's Life, would have the world to believe. His form had not "lost all its original brightness"—for Kean was undoubtedly born a man of genius. His conception of character and knowledge of pictorial effect—quick, brilliant, and overpowering—was a light from heaven, not picked up behind the scenes. He did all he could to quench it by intemperance, but something remained to the last. I could not help indulging in something like sympathy for the wayward actor, as last summer—

"Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm—"

I sailed past the wild and beautiful shores of the Isle of Bute, where Kean had built a handsome villa. The captain of the steamer was full of anecdotes of him. Here, amidst gay friends and spirits of a kindred mould, the tragedian loved to luxuriate. With these conversing he forgot all time, and defied managers' frowns and prompters' calls. His associates were chiefly brother performers, and his conversation of players and plays. Very often, however, a visit to Kean at Bute was literally a service of life and death. His guests were completely at his mercy; for they could not get away till a ship came; and when the wassail-cup flowed brightly, and the festivities ran far into the night, the tragedian sometimes became unmanageable, and glasses and bottles flew about as thick as arrows at Chevy Chace. Some of his histrionic friends were celebrated and envied for the dexterity with which they evaded these missives, but others were often surprised in moments of danger. Kean loved to be grandiloquent. "Hang out the banner on the castle wall," he would exclaim, and up went a tattered ensign in front of the villa, streaming like a meteor, as a beacon to the steam-boat. "Bring in the tenantry," said he one evening to his servant, by way of furnishing forth an entertainment to Ryder, Chippendale, and some of his comrades—his "fellows,"

"When days were dark, and friends were few."

The tenantry were brought in—two starved-looking Highlanders, with blue bonnets on their heads, and they answered the unmeaning interrogatories of their lofty landlord. Such "fantastic tricks" beguiled the evening till deeper excesses set in. Next morning there was a profusion of apologies, kind words, and friendly hospitality; but if quarrels had taken place, there not unfrequently remained scars as indelible as the blood-spot on Lady Macbeth's hand.

Kean was for several years an actor of low comedy in a strolling company kept by one Moss, a performer of some mark in his day. Moss was famous in the provinces for his personification of Shylock; and Kean, in these days of bitterness and neglect, when his often unpaid wages were just *seventeen shillings and sixpence* per week, frequently said that if he ever played Shylock, he would do it after the model of Moss. From this declaration he was nicknamed "Moss's

Model," so ludicrous and hopeless did it appear to the "critical and discerning public" that Edmund Kean should ever arrive at the dignity of a tragedian. Old Moss lived to witness Kean's success, and to partake of his bounty when he lay dying, an inmate of an hospital.

One season, Moss and his company having, as usual, met with very indifferent success in the town of Dumfries, resolved to proceed to Ayr. The exchequer, however, was completely exhausted; and the poor players were forced to travel to Ayr, "boxing their way," as the slang phrase is, the best way they could. They formed themselves into divisions of three and four each, and took different routes, some direct and others circuitous, prepared to recite, sing, or dance at every village and farm-house on their road, where there was a prospect of gathering together half-a-dozen *paying* spectators. It is a curious fact, as evincing how little Kean's talents were appreciated, even by his brother actors, that not one of these divisions or copartneries would accept of his services. He was unanimously voted a supernumerary, and left penniless alone in his glory to travel to Ayr. In this extremity a drunken scene-painter, named Atkins, had compassion on the future prop of Drury Lane, and as this worthy could get up a bit of a drop-scene at small expense, and take part, at a pinch, in a fencing-match or dialogue, Kean was humbly grateful for his assistance. They put their luggage on their backs, took the road, and on the first afternoon of their journey arrived at Thornhill, a large village about twenty miles from Dumfries. Here they obtained a barn for their performance, and Atkins went round with a hand-bill, announcing their arrival, and describing the attractive nature of their exhibition. An excellent audience was collected—*id est*, fifteen shillings in cash. The tragedian had prepared a few comic recitations and songs, and Atkins furbished up a drop-scene, representing a castle and waterfall. Kean took the money at the door, as his companion, from habitual inebriety, could not be depended upon at such a crisis. "All went merry as a marriage bell." The audience was by no means critical, and they laughed, wept, or stormed, at the bidding of the Proteus of the stage. At length an unexpected climax put a close to the performance. Kean was reciting the description of Queen Mab; the audience applauded with cheers and laughter. The actor waxed more energetic, and the audience more merry, till the former began to suspect that his Thornhill friends were a *leettle* too encomiastic. He cast a glance behind him, and, after a moment's pause of astonishment, joined heartily in the general roar. Atkins, as I have said, constructed a drop-scene. This he accomplished by joining together some sheets of brown paper. When painted, this splendid embellishment was nailed up against one of the cross-beams of the roof, which was not ceiled, leaving part of the barn for a dressing apartment. Unfortunately, however, the paste or glue which held together the frail scene, had not had sufficient time to dry, and the sheets of paper separating, down tumbled castle and waterfall. Now, at this untoward moment, Atkins chanced to be dressing to play in the scene between Boniface and Archer. He was in a jovial mood, having mortgaged part of the proceeds to quench the salamander in his throat. He was singing with his back to the audience, and displaying his shirt in full view.

Kean used to say, that in Moss's company a new shirt was professionally termed *A Stranger*, and an old one *An Octavian*, alluding to the ragged plight of the hero of the "Mountaineers." We need hardly say that the shirt of poor Atkins was a genuine Octavian. To complete the farce, Atkins was in the act of drawing on a stocking, his heel having found egress somewhere about the middle of the leg. The ridiculousness of the scene altogether was too much for the spectators; they were convulsed with laughter, and offered no resistance to Kean, who instantly bolted off the stage—veiling himself, like Jupiter or Lord Brougham, in clouds and darkness—and internally applying to the unconscious scene-painter the apostrophe of Macbeth to the ghost of Banquo—

"Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble."

As a companion to this theatrical mishap, I shall relate a similar adventure which I once witnessed in an obscure hamlet in the county of Norfolk. Hundreds of such might no doubt be told; and it is a pity that some Geoffrey Crayon does not perambulate our villages, chronicling all their memorabilia of life and manners, amusements and adventures. What a host of *facetiae*—of odd provincial customs and phrases—might they not gather in traversing the by-paths of life! It matters not that such subjects appear trite and common-place—what is there new under the sun? The few lingering remnants of national simplicity and superstition, and of oral tale and legend, which exist among us, may there be found; while fresh and striking glimpses of rural scenery, as well as of rural life, would amply repay the sentimental traveller for indulging in such inglorious peregrinations.

Norfolk, by the way, offers but few temptations to the pedestrian view-hunter. Many of the country parishes are large and thinly inhabited; and the village churches which, in other parts of England, we are so apt to stop and admire, are here poor miserable *thatched* or dilapidated buildings. Here, too, may be seen, in some of the churches, *female* clerks, a thing of rare occurrence; and I shall never forget the look of one of these ecclesiastical functionaries, as she was seated in her "pride of place" one Sunday morning. The good woman was also the village schoolmistress; for the children were sitting before her in church; and in order to preserve silence and decorum among the little urchins, she was provided with a long stick or wand, with which she ever and anon *crumpled* the heads of the graceless offenders. It was irresistibly comic to observe the venerable dame sitting in state, with her rod of office, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, and, at the same time that she punished her scholars, repeating, in her canonical character, the responses in the Litany—"Lord, have mercy upon us," "*We beseech thee to hear us,*" &c.

On the day that I arrived at the village of B——, a party of strolling players had made their entry, and announced, by a bold flight, the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, by permission of the worshipful the squire. They were to fret their hour in the large room of the "Swan with Two Necks." The villagers were all on the *qui*

vire. Excepting auxiliary meetings of the Bible Society, and an occasional exhortation from some Quaker preacher from Norwich, public entertainments of any kind were few and far between in the village. The sexton had once been to the county town, and witnessed the representation of *George Barnwell*; but, according to his thrice-told tale, that instructive tragedy was acted in wretchedly bad taste—the performers had let down the last scene in the most interesting part of the play, just where the hero was mounted on the drop, and was about to appease the angry spirit of violated justice. As poor George was not *bondâ fide* “thrown off,” the play was to all intents and purposes unfinished; and in this opinion the sexton was backed by the landlady of the Swan, the schoolmaster, and blacksmith. There could be no doubt, however, but the newly-arrived players were greatly superior to the enactors of the *London Apprentice*. The tailor of the village had seen their dresses, and pronounced them to be most superb, and mine hostess averred that they had drunk nothing but her best sevenpenny home-brewed, which they had paid for, like gentlemen, on delivery. These concurring proofs of respectability were not lost upon the village. The room was filled with auditors, assembled to witness and weep over the unhappy loves of Romeo and Juliet.

The genius of Shakspeare can lend interest to the meanest shed and the humblest performer. The play was much better acted than could have been expected; and the audience, led on by the squire and the curate, were enthusiastic in their applause. The performance went off well until the last act, when it became necessary that Juliet’s “bridal flowers” should serve her “buried corse.” To deepen the impression of the funeral scene, the body was laid upon a table on the stage, incoffined, as was supposed, and covered with a pall, which the sexton had generously furnished, upon condition that he should obtain admittance *gratis*. A bevy of virgin mourners, dressed in white, were ranged on each side, prepared to chant a dirge over the gentle deceased, and “stick rosemary on her fair corse.” The lady, however, who personated Juliet, being naturally unwilling to stretch herself in *propria personâ* under the pall, a substitute had been procured in the person of Tom Gibbons, a wild fellow of the village, and an inveterate poacher, as I was informed by the curate. And now had the body been shrived by the priest, as Monk Lewis would have said, the scene was softly sliding past, (for it could not roll up,) and the whole paraphernalia of death and marrow-bones burst upon the astonished spectators. One might have heard a pin drop. At this awful moment one of the lady-mourners on the stage most injudiciously whispered, “Don’t smother the poor man under the pall,” upon which (O ill-starred wight!) Tom Gibbons, the counterfeit presentment of the defunct Juliet, not being aware, from his position, of the withdrawal of the scene, or of his close proximity to the audience, lifted up his black burly head from under the pall, and ejaculated in reply, “D—n the fears!” As this response was made in no very gentle or tragic tone, it fell upon the audience like a clap of thunder. The villagers instantly knew the voice, for Tom was known to them all—the performers in dismay began to chant the

dirge—the sweet dirge of Collins, which they had pressed into their service—

“To fair Fidele’s grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.”

The attempt was fruitless. Tom Gibbons was lord of the ascendant, and the performers closed the scene amidst peals of good-humoured laughter.

On returning to the inn I took occasion to enter into general conversation with the manager, whom I found to be a shrewd, intelligent man, rather corpulent, so that, as he remarked, he required little stuffing for Falstaff—and somewhat stiff with the gout. The applause of a good house, however, was, he said, better to him than a dose of colchicum, and the only time he was ever fairly mastered by his enemy on the stage, was when he had to give up the character of Macbeth before the last act, though he had gone through the four first in his extra flannel and pantaloons. The manager was a warm admirer of John Kemble and the *legitimate drama*, pronouncing the words with strong emphasis, and as cordial a hater of the “blue fire” and “red fire,” which are sometimes served up to attract the “groundlings.” There is something to me very agreeable in the conversation of players. They are generally, even in the lowest ranks, acute and knowing observers—well versed in the moral statistics of town and country—admirable in hitting off little traits of character, and imparting a lively dramatic interest to their observations. Their profession compels them *to read*—and to read Shakspeare, as well as the light wit of our comedies. This supplies them with an abundant stock of ideas, as well as language, for criticism and quotation, and it must be confessed they are seldom sparing of either. Then there are many eccentric characters on the stage, old performers, known to the whole fraternity, whose *bon-mots* and peculiarities form a circulating medium of never-failing talk. The player, too, is generally above the frown or censure of *the world*, meaning thereby the inhabitants of any given town. He is a bird of passage—a “chartered libertine,” absolved, like the Grub-street authors of a former age, from the ordinary rules and restraints of society. He flings himself into the current of conversation, careless where it may carry him, whether out of plummet depth or into shoals and shallows. Generally it gives a force and piquancy to the player’s fireside dialogues. The manager was wroth with the evangelical clergy. “Sir,” said he, “the last town we performed in, the parson preached us down every Sunday. I answered him on the Monday, between the play and the farce, and he had no great reason to plume himself on his success. The man of office confessed, however, that the general run of provincial actors was not so respectable as formerly. They shade more into the working classes—the *jetsam and flotsam* of large towns, who are too idle to stick to their trades. “Yet, if you believe them, they are all sons of great men—all Hamlets and Richards—not a single Rosencrantz or Guildenstern.” I recollected that even Kean, in his

early days, when he “dwelt carelessly among men,” used to astonish the rustics by stating that he was a natural son of the Duke of Sussex. But the whole life of a player seems to be an “unreal mockery.” The lights and shades of truth and fiction meet and mingle in his composition. To the sober business of the world he is almost a stranger. The scene is constantly shifting—now rolling in plenty and profusion, now steeped in poverty to the lips—one day hissed or neglected, and another day caressed and applauded to the very echo. What wonder that his character should sometimes take the motley hue of his existence, and baffle all the calculations of the moralist? I speak only of the wandering actor; the stage is adorned by many estimable, and not a few great men, whose learning and talents dignify a profession that even in its lower grades is still intellectual. Pity, that even the most obscure of those who minister to our delight should too often find life but an “insubstantial pageant,” fading into premature age, sickness, and poverty!

WAR-SONG.

WHEN the clarion soundeth
 Notes of victory,
 And the war-horse boundeth
 From his trappings free;
 Forget not then the fallen brave,
 But o'er their glorious tombs be placed
 The banners which they died to save—
 The armour which in death they graced.

When thy hall is ringing
 With thy shouts of glee,
 And thy bards are singing
 Songs of jollity;
 Still be not their loved names forgot—
 Still round their tombs new laurels twine—
 Be deathless memory their lot—
 Be ceaseless emulation thine!

And if foes returning
 Call again to war,
 For like glory burning,
 Mount their blood-stained car!
 Men nobly fight and bravely bleed—
 And ere you crouch a victor's slaves
 On hearths your fathers' deaths have freed,
 Forsake them for your fathers' graves!

O. A.

Oxford, 1838.

D E C E P T I O N.¹

A TALE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

PERCIVAL smiled at his friend's enthusiasm, but agreed with him in his abhorrence of deceit: he spoke highly in praise of sincerity and openness, and for a short time I felt disposed to distrust and fear him; but I afterwards discovered that he had not the most distant idea of my delinquency, and was constantly in the habit of citing me as a model of female perfection. I had soon another and a much severer cause for inquietude. I had for some time felt far from well: I had occasionally vague fears of the reason; at length they became so overpowering, that I was induced to consult a medical practitioner, who confirmed my worst apprehensions. I was actually in the situation that I had feigned to be in a year ago. I had long been sensible of the danger of my deceptive scheme—I had felt the bitterness of its degradation—I had occasionally had some dim revealings of its guilt, but I had never till now been thoroughly convinced of its folly. I felt like the presumptuous builders of the Tower of Babel, when their impious design was frustrated in a moment by the God whom they had outraged and provoked. I had persuaded myself, or rather had suffered myself to be persuaded by Mrs. Charlton, that I was inflicting no injury by my scheme, save on my enemies, Mr. and Mrs. Neville, and their children. It had never struck me that I was probably inflicting an injury on the unborn, and that unborn one my own blessed babe. I cannot describe the intensity of my feelings. I should have been thankful for the society even of Mrs. Charlton, although it had only been to censure and upbraid her. I was, however, obliged to confine my feelings to my own bosom, and reconcile myself as well as I could to the prospect before me. I acquainted my husband with the tidings; he received them with an indifference strangely contrasting with the raptures of the preceding year; in fact, notwithstanding Mrs. Neville's ominous harangue upon infant complaints, he seemed to have persuaded himself that his healthful and beautiful boy was safely shielded from the arrows of death; he was becoming more and more fondly devoted to him, and appeared disposed to regard another child as an interloper. He expressed an earnest wish that the infant might prove a girl; he had a mingled pity and disdain for the whole race of younger sons, and his own early and constant bickering with his brother had not impressed him with any very high opinion of the pleasures to be derived from the fraternal connexion. I shared in his wish: I felt that my conscience would not be so heavily burdened were my child to be a girl, since I should not have inflicted the same injury on her in depriving her of her birth-right. In this I showed the dark and confused state of my mind on the

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real nature of guilt. When we commit a crime we sin against God, and the train of after-consequences, which may more or less affect the welfare of ourselves or our fellow-creatures, can neither add to nor diminish the magnitude of our original offence.

In the course of the winter, which we passed in London, Mrs. Charlton called on me. Rumour had informed her of my situation; she told me how much she felt for me, and what a pity it was that I had not had a little patience, wondered whether the earl would care for a second child now that he was already provided with an heir, and remarked on the surprising difference that I should, to a certainty, feel in my affection towards my own child and that of another woman. After having harrowed and irritated my feelings for about an hour by this kind of conversation, she told me her establishment was going on so admirably, that she found it expedient to conduct it on an enlarged scale, and would feel greatly obliged to me by another advance of money. I was inconvenienced in a pecuniary point of view by this demand, and incensed at being thus made a subject for pillage. It also hurt my conscience to give a woman of such a superficial education, and such defective morality, the means of probably poisoning the minds of an additional number of ductile girls; but I complied with her extortion, and she assured me that she had little doubt of eventually realising a fortune, since all the parents of her pupils were delighted with her. This boast I did not disbelieve. I had myself been blinded, by her softness, her flattery, and her shrewdness, to her actual want of refinement, openness, and good principle; and I could not doubt that these qualities must still exert a powerful charm on the minds of those who had not, like myself, paid dearly for their disenchantment.

I was confined in London in the spring. My sufferings were severe; I might literally have said, "The fear of death has fallen upon me;" and so intense was my terror at the idea of appearing before a God of truth, burdened with unconfessed and unrepaired deception, that I was once on the point of sending for my husband, and disclosing the whole story to him. Would that I had done so! what years of suffering would not the confession have spared me! but the reflection that I should die unmourned, or live disgraced, if I once entered on such a recital, deterred me. I felt greatly hurt when told that my child was a boy; but the sight of his sweet face, when he was laid on the pillow by my side, awoke a thousand new and indescribable feelings in my heart. I kissed him repeatedly with eager joy; but a sorrowful gloom soon came over me, when I reflected that this beloved creature ought to be eagerly welcomed into the world as the heir of an ancient title and large estates, and that his mother had been the wicked and wilful instrument of depriving him of the honours of his birthright. I quickly recovered, and again received the congratulatory visits of my female friends; they were, however, of a far cooler description. Every young mother, even in an inferior class of life, must have discovered that her second child excites much less interest and sensation among her friends and relations than her first, and this is peculiarly the case in the circles of the aristocracy, where the eldest son is born to a splendid heritage,

and the second to the precarious and unenviable station of a younger brother.

Usually the mother is well disposed to make allowance for the diminution of warmth in her associates ; she herself is sensible that the feelings caused by a first-born child can never be revived in similar force and intensity by a second. Unfortunately, however, I was entertaining these feelings in their original energy and freshness, which my friends believed I was partaking in a very modified point of view ; and I felt angry and displeased at the slight admiration which they expressed for my sweet Aubrey, who had been christened by my maiden name at my express desire. He was a smaller and more delicate child than Lord Montford had been ; and my sister-in-law, forgetting her former doctrine that fine children are the most likely to be carried off, assured me that she pitied me, for that so fragile an infant would in all probability never be reared. These little vexations, however, were nothing compared to the trouble I endured from the manner of my husband ; he not only forbore to share in my fond love and attention to my baby, but he evidently resented the way in which I devoted the greater part of my time to nursing and fondling him, and watching over his slumbers.

" Isabel," he said to me one day, " your conduct gives me serious concern. I really think it can only proceed from the wish of mortifying and wounding me. I have long observed with great uneasiness your indifference and neglect towards your first-born boy, a child of whom any mother might be proud, and whose birth you know was ardently desired by me as a means of keeping the titles and estates in a direct line. I have never hitherto seriously reproved you on this point ; you have always been a good and affectionate wife to me, and your general conduct is the theme of universal commendation. I therefore concluded that you had not those feelings of maternal love that most women possess, or that you were perhaps indifferent to the endearing helplessness of a mere infant, and that your interest in Montford would increase with his ripening years. I now, however, see you lavishing on your second son all those caresses and attentions that you continue to deny to your eldest. How am I to account for this apparent contradiction ? If by some sudden revulsion of spirit the spring of maternal fondness is at length unlocked within your bosom, why is your last-born alone to share the effects of it ?"

I could make no answer, I could only press my sweet Aubrey to my heart, weep, and retaliate Lord Ellerton's reproaches by saying that he appeared as indifferent to his youngest son as I was to my eldest.

" Do not imagine that you can excuse yourself in that way," he replied ; " the cases can admit of no comparison. You know the feverish longing with which I pined for an heir, and cannot wonder that I should receive one with an enthusiasm of grateful delight which no second son could inspire. In respect to my alleged indifference to Aubrey, you must remember that a baby of a few weeks old cannot possibly present a source of such amusement and delight to a father as one who is advancing to two years ; and lastly, your own constant, ardent, and extravagant attention to the infant deprives

other people of the inclination to take much notice of him, and causes their notice to appear exceedingly cold when they offer it."

There was much truth in all that Lord Ellerton said, and I should have been wise if I had profited by it; but I considered Lord Montford as the usurper of my son's rights, and therefore to be regarded with aversion, while the innocent victim, whom I had robbed of his lawful inheritance, I thought could only be repaid by the fondest devotion and most passionate attachment. This conduct tended to alienate Lord Ellerton's affections from my child, and in a great measure from myself. The boys were a constant source of uneasiness between us; and as I still fondly loved my husband, I felt more and more indignation at the presumptuous little changeling who so decidedly engrossed the tenderness that Aubrey and myself had the best right to claim.

Mrs. Charlton wrote to me every few months for money, and favoured me once a year with a visit of an hour's length, in which she contrived to crowd a sufficient number of unpleasant images and allusions to keep me in a nervous, agitated state for several days afterwards.

Nothing remarkable occurred till Lord Montford had attained his sixth year; he was then attacked by violent illness, and the physicians warned me to prepare myself for the worst. Alas! they little knew the unamiable feelings that they awakened in my heart. The very idea of the death of the child shot a thrill of ecstasy through my veins. All evil I felt would be then repaired, the heritage would become the property of the rightful owner, and I should be relieved from the sight of the unconscious usurper of my son's claims, and the rival of him in the love of his father. How could I, a mother, although not the mother of the little sufferer, go daily into his room, watch his blooming cheek burning with pain, his blue eyes sparkling with feverish fire, and his bosom heaving with hard and agitated breathings, and yet view his pangs, not with pity, but with exultation? My sinful hopes deserved to be disappointed—the child was at length pronounced out of danger. The rejoicings were universal. Mrs. Neville was among the most enthusiastic of our congratulatory visitors; for having divined that all my affections centered in my second son, she lost no opportunity of testifying the deepest interest in my eldest, thus effecting the double purpose of annoying me, and obtaining a character with the world for kind-heartedness and disinterestedness.

Lord Ellerton was beyond measure rejoiced; he was never tired of soothing, amusing, and reading to his little convalescent favourite; and the coldness which I evinced on the occasion seemed still further to confirm his opinion of my perverseness and bad feeling. In due time a private tutor was engaged by Lord Ellerton for the two boys. I could not find fault with his selection. Mr. Holman was a learned, a polished, and an exemplary man; but he soon made me his enemy, by showing a visible preference of Lord Montford to Aubrey. I do not think he was actuated by self-interest or servility; but Lord Montford had an open, honest frankness of manner, which made him universally popular. I imputed this good-natured freedom to the na-

tural coarseness of the low-born peasant; but by persons in general it was esteemed as the condescending affability of the unaffected young nobleman. My own dear boy was bashful and timid: although not unhealthy, he was delicate in frame, and averse to robust and athletic exercises: his intellect was decidedly fine, but much of it was lost on a cold and careless world through the exceeding susceptibility of his nature, his nervous fear of ridicule, and his acute sense of indifference or unkindness. I had earnestly wished that he might resemble the earl in person, but my wishes seemed all destined to meet with disappointment; he was the living image of myself, and his mind, as well as his person, seemed the thorough counterpart of my own. He was sensitively alive to the coldness of his father, and to the evident preference which every one accorded to his elder brother. All these mortifications threw him more decidedly upon my kind offices, and I wept and sympathised with him on every new occasion of complaint, thus fostering that too great sensibility of disposition, which, had I been placed under different circumstances, I should have endeavoured to subdue and correct. I never, however, could dismiss the idea, that as I had deeply injured Aubrey, it ought to be the constant study of my life to make reparation to him.

When Lord Montford completed his twelfth year, my husband insisted on celebrating his birth-day by an entertainment. I could not offer any reasonable objection to this plan; but every measure which stamped him as our first-born and our heir was peculiarly distressing to me. Our friend Mr. Percival was then staying at Ashburn Park, and with him a gentleman of the name of Dudley, who even, from my first introduction to him, made a strong impression on my mind. I absolutely shrank from his piercing and steady gaze. I was impressed with the idea that he was reading the secrets of my heart, and that all my base and revolting history of deception was known to him. On the morning of the birth-day *fête*, my dear Aubrey seemed fatigued and dispirited by the crowd of noisy revellers. I took him with me to a quiet arbour; threw my arms round his neck, and passionately wept on his shoulder. Suddenly I heard approaching footsteps, and Dudley stood before me; he regarded me with an expression of mingled pity and reproof.

"Be persuaded, Lady Ellerton," said he, "to return to the company; if you remain here with your son, while the rest of your friends are engaged in celebrating the birth-day of the viscount, some unpleasant suspicions may be excited."

His words shot through me like arrows, but they had no barb save for the guilty. My dear boy heard them, and they made no peculiar impression upon him; but the emphasis laid by Dudley on the words, "your son," and "the viscount," and the sad and sorrowful look which he wore when he alluded to the "suspicions" that might be entertained, convinced me that he was master of my secret. He left the arbour while I spoke. I followed him mechanically, but I trembled with terror and dismay. Mrs. Charlton had assured me that my secret was now in the possession of two people alone; but she might have deceived me, and I might be a subject for the contemptuous strictures of strangers.

In the course of the evening I commanded my feelings sufficiently to mention Sidmouth to Dudley, to dwell on the names of several of the principal inhabitants, and even to particularise Mr. Wickham as realising an artist's ideas of venerable old age. Dudley's replies were candid and prompt; he had once visited Sidmouth, but merely for an excursion of a few hours; he knew none of the inhabitants—he had never seen or heard of Mr. Wickham. I felt that I was still safe, and my mind was relieved. Afterwards I heard that Dudley was considered a remarkable character from his great insight into human nature. I was told many stories of his surprising discoveries, and I did not wonder he should have penetrated my secret. I pitied more than I envied him for the gift he possessed; "a naked human heart" has truly been described as "a hideous sight," and the human being is surely to be commiserated who in any degree possesses the power of drawing aside the veil. Dudley was respected and admired by his fellow-creatures, but not beloved by them; he was like the reputed possessor of the gift of second-sight; his extraordinary distinction, although it made him an object of wonder and veneration to the world, made him also an object of fear and distrust.

In the few ensuing years Mrs. Charlton's fortunes underwent a rapid change. She gave up her school, after repeated and heavy drafts on my purse to support it, and obtained from me a letter of warm recommendation to secure her the post of companion to Lady Barlow, the wife of a wealthy baronet in my neighbourhood. I was sincerely sorry for the alteration. Lady Barlow was of an easy temper; she was pleased with the insinuating manners of her companion, and frequently took her with her into society; and whenever I met the eye of Mrs. Charlton in company, however I might previously have been admired, praised, and respected, I seemed to shrink within myself, painfully conscious that I was standing in the presence of a witness of my past misdeeds.

How idle, how contradictory, to use the mildest term, was this feeling! What did it avail to me that I occasionally met the eye of an earthly witness of my transgression, when I was constantly beneath the gaze of the great Almighty witness, whose "eyes are in every place beholding the evil and the good?" In about two years Lady Barlow died, and I was in hope that Mrs. Charlton would remove to some distant situation: but my hopes were vain; a sister of Sir Robert Barlow's immediately made her appearance at the house to perform that convenient part known by the name of "playing propriety," and in the course of a twelvemonth she left the family, and Mrs. Charlton assumed the legitimate government of it as Lady Barlow. I must do her the justice to say that she now discontinued her applications to my purse, but she was more than ever thrown into my society, and I found it impossible to shun her; everybody persisted in the belief that we were very dear friends, and it would have been difficult to undeceive them. It has been observed that it is most painful to meet a former friend in the character of a foe, but how much more painful is it when the alteration in your feelings is unknown to the world—when you are obliged to smile and caress, and utter expressions of the most perfect cordiality to your false friend, while all the time you are

panting to break forth into eager reproaches, and vehement recapitulations of your wrongs ! I often smarted under an intentional sneer or inuendo of Lady Barlow's, which I did not dare to resent ; memory then pictured to me the calm fire-side at Ashburn Park, where I once sat with her in all the fond intimacy of confidential communication : she was then poor and unknown ; she was now, through my introduction, rich and influential. How had she requited me for my good offices ? By extortion, unkindness, and insult. Sometimes the idea occurred to me that I would brave all consequences, confess my transgression to my husband, and thus at once relieve my own mind from a burden, and effect the dismissal of Lord Montford ; but my courage failed me when I contemplated the direful consequences of such a confession—my husband would probably break his heart at the loss of his idolised son, and the disgrace of his still esteemed and honoured wife ; and my dear Aubrey, whose affections now all centered in myself, and who was wont to consider me the most perfect of human beings, would learn to regard me with disdain and horror, as an artful, unprincipled dissembler, as the destroyer of the prospects and possessions of my unborn son. The good opinion of the world also weighed powerfully with my weak mind. We were in reality a disunited family, but we had sufficient good taste and good feeling to seclude our rivalries and differences from the piercing and curious eyes of the world : the earl and myself were consequently regarded as a remarkably happy married couple, and Lord Montford and Aubrey were considered to be just as fond of each other as an elder and younger brother can be expected to be. When Lord Montford had attained the age of twenty-one years, I felt that it would be quite useless to oppose the celebration of the day with the usual rejoicings of the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, a feast for the poor, and a banquet and ball for the rich, and accordingly all the ceremonies attendant on such festive occasions took place.

About the middle of the day I was sitting alone in my boudoir, when I heard a tap at my door, and to my great astonishment Lord Montford entered.

" Surely," said I, " your lordship must have forgotten that I have had the pleasure of offering you my congratulations on your birthday." And I looked at him as I spoke with an air of grave surprise, not unaccompanied with displeasure at his abrupt entrance. He seemed agitated and excited.

" Mother," said he, " it is not the mere formal lip-deep words of courtesy that can content the heart of a son. I have long borne with your indifference, your neglect, your coldness, without complaint ; nor do I now complain of them, but I ask, humbly, affectionately ask of you, how I have deserved, and how I can best remedy them ?"

" My affections are my own," I replied, " and not to be extorted from me—you have every source of happiness within yourself—the world and its pleasures are before you—be contented with your accumulated blessings—you have nothing to wish, nothing to require."

" Have I not ?" he replied, passionately. " O mother ! although fear of offending you has hitherto kept me silent, think you that I have been insensible to your evident aversion towards me ? The

poorest peasant's child (here I shuddered) knows the brightness of a mother's smile, the music of a mother's praise, the fondness of a mother's kiss. I may perhaps have been wilful, perverse, headstrong—I may have forfeited these blessings; tell me then, dearest mother, my faults, and teach me how to repair and amend them."

"Why then do you testify such a want of affection towards your brother?" replied I.

"Because," he answered with energy, "I see that he engrosses the whole of your love. I trust I am not envious; I am willing to yield to my brother the largest portion of your attention—he is delicate in mind and frame, and I know it is the tender nature of a mother to fondle and cherish with the greatest care the most fragile of her offspring; but let me share some small portion of your tenderness with him; summon him now, if I may venture to ask the boon; let us kneel together at your feet, and vow hereafter to be affectionate brothers to each other, and dutiful sons to our beloved and loving mother."

Good feeling and good policy would have alike prompted me to encourage the amiable spirit shown by this warm-hearted young man, and to have the opportunity of conciliating his future good offices for his brother, but I could not command myself to do so. I felt absolutely choking with indignation at the idea of my graceful, nobly-born, highly-gifted son, crouching as a dependant on the patronage of a rustic foundling.

"I am not fond of scenes," I replied, coldly; "I am not conscious that there has been anything in the conduct of Aubrey or myself to wound your feelings, or give you offence; should such have been the case, you may command immediate redress from your father."

"O mother!" he replied, "do not think that I shall stoop to the meanness of relating to my father the sad result of this interview; but the longing for a mother's love seemed to burn so fervently within my breast, that I could not resist the temptation of trying one fond affectionate appeal to your feelings. This day twenty-one years ago, I entered the world a little helpless infant; you suffered for me, you joyed in me, you pressed me to your bosom in fondness and triumph: when did these feelings die away? Mother, why may not this day revive them?"

At the conclusion of his speech he clasped me in his arms, and imprinted a kiss on my cheek. I pushed him from me in a transport of haughty disdain and offended delicacy, natural enough when it is considered that I knew myself to be receiving the embrace of a low-born peasant, but apparently most preposterous and unfeeling for a mother to evince towards her son.

The cheek of the young viscount crimsoned. "It is enough, Lady Ellerton," said he; "I will not longer offend you with my presence." Aubrey at that moment entered. "I leave to you, brother," he continued, "the task of consoling the mother whose heart you have entirely alienated from her first-born, by what artifices it is best known to yourself."

I burst into an hysterical fit of sobbing as he quitted the room. "O my beautiful, my beloved Aubrey," said I, "for you should be

these rejoicings, these festivals ; pardon, pardon your repentant mother, that another should usurp them."

"Dearest mother," said he, fondly caressing me, "why will you do yourself such injustice? It pleased God to send my brother into the world before me ; you had no power to alter his dispensation, and therefore you surely ought not to reproach yourself with it, or to lament the effects of it. You would doubtless have wished that your favourite child should also have been your first-born ; such a wish is perfectly natural and justifiable. We can none of us, however, command the events of life, but we can rise superior to the consequences of them, by feeling that although our own will may be the pleasantest, the will of Providence is the best."

Poor Aubrey ! every word of his speech was a dagger to me ; instead of trusting to the will of Providence, I had profanely defied it by attempting to work out my own will ! O how different had been my situation and feelings, had I been content humbly and patiently to wait the pleasure of the Lord ! The beautiful words of the inspired psalmist recurred to my mind, "Delight thou in the Lord, and he shall give thee thy heart's desire ; commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

"I sometimes fear, dear mother," continued Aubrey, "that you consider me grasping and ambitious ; such is not the case. Were we a happy and united family, I should not, for a moment, repine that Heaven had placed me in the station of a younger brother ; but my father treats me with distance and disdain, my brother shuns and despises me, and even your love, great and precious as it is, comes to me alloyed with the reflection that it causes you to feel unhappiness and regret at the superior advantages of my brother, and sows dissension between you and my father. My desires and wants are very few ; give me books, music, and domestic peace, and I covet not the pomp and parade of fashion ; do not then, dear mother, covet them for me. I may say, as poor Prince Arthur did to his mother Constance, 'I am not worth this coil that's made for me.'"

I warmly returned the caresses with which Aubrey concluded his speech, and leaning on his arm, quitted the boudoir, and commanded myself sufficiently to do the honours of my house with proper courtesy during the remainder of the day. The events of that morning were certainly of use to me : so much good feeling had been shown, both by my supposed and real son, that I felt it my duty to both of them, as well as to my husband, to adopt a more gentle and conciliating manner to Lord Montford than had hitherto been the case.

I was severely tried, however, when we went to London ; every voice was loud in the praise of my charming and fascinating eldest son ; he was sought for in every company ; young ladies vied in their endeavours to attract his attention, young men eagerly courted his conversation, mothers envied me my handsome and amiable son, and fathers congratulated Lord Ellerton on the freedom of his heir from every description of extravagance and excess. A happy and an exulting father indeed was Lord Ellerton ; and I began gradually to reason myself into forgiving him for the pride and pleasure which it was so very natural he should feel. My dear Aubrey mingled very little with company ; he employed himself principally in reading.

"Books," he said, "are delightful and unwearying companions; they give me society in solitude, and bestow a still more valuable boon on me by furnishing me with precious memories, which give me solitude in society."

A little while before Aubrey attained the age of twenty-one, a distant relation of mine died, bequeathing to me a small estate. Lord Ellerton voluntarily proposed that I should make it over to Aubrey. I accepted his offer with joy; and the gratitude that I felt to him for it enabled me to bear, without any outbreking of regret and indignation, the trial of seeing Aubrey's birth-day celebrated merely by a small quiet party of friends. A trial of greater magnitude, however, was in store for me. Aubrey's health was becoming decidedly more delicate than it had ever been; a tendency to consumption in him had long been feared by our family physician, and when, in the course of another year, we were all preparing to quit Ashburn Park for London, Dr. Ferrars, who had been suddenly summoned by me in consequence of the manifest indisposition of Aubrey, suggested that it would be well for him to pass the ensuing few months in the mild atmosphere of Hastings. I requested permission of Lord Ellerton to accompany him; it was given, and Dr. Ferrars directed me how to proceed in the management of his health, and particularly desired that his mind should be kept perfectly calm and free from excitement or irritation.

The day before we quitted Ashburn Park, a singular incident occurred. Aubrey had been well enough to take a short walk in the neighbourhood, and on his return smilingly told me that he had met with a strange woman about a mile from the house, who seemed almost as mysterious as Meg Merrilies.

"Not," he continued, "that she emulated that personage in her eccentricity of dress or appearance; she was a pale, faded, sorrowful-looking woman, apparently about forty, and dressed meanly, but with neatness; she had a basket on her arm, containing some little books for sale. I gave her what she considered so liberal a remuneration for the few I took, that she was rendered communicative by her gratitude, and told me a piteous story of her distress. She was originally the daughter of a farmer, and bred in comfort and plenty—but she married a man against the wishes of her father, who afterwards became a thoroughly vile and iniquitous character; she had been the mother of several children who had all disgraced themselves, and two of them had been punished by the laws of their country. She is now left alone with her husband; she undergoes frequent ill treatment from him, and she is constantly haunted by the fear that the dishonest courses to which he is addicted will one day expose him to merited reprobation and ruin.

"Poor creature!" I replied, my eyes filling with tears; "I hope, Aubrey, you increased your donation after hearing this melancholy tale?"

"I did, indeed," said Aubrey; "I gave her the whole contents of my purse—she hesitated for a moment before receiving it."

"'Oh! have I any right,' she said, 'to take money from you?—you whom I have so deeply injured.'"

"'My good woman, you mistake,' said I; 'this is the first time that I ever beheld you.'"

“ ‘Nor did I ever see you till last week,’ she replied ; ‘but they told me your name, and I mourned, bitterly mourned, for the injury I had inflicted on you, even before your birth.’

“ ‘Explain yourself,’ said I ; “you cannot surely mean what you say.’

“ ‘I dare not explain myself,’ she answered ; ‘a dark and fearful vow binds me ; but forgive me, only say you forgive me. Alas ! heavily have I suffered for my crime, even from the very moment of its commission.’

“ I immediately gave her the forgiveness which she requested, which was no great stretch of magnanimity on my part, since I believed her either to have mistaken me for some other person, or to be disordered in her mind ; but sinking on one knee she received the purse from me, and with a short ejaculation of gratitude left the spot.”

I listened to my son’s account with sensations of the most terrible apprehension : that which appeared to him to be a wild, unconnected assertion, I knew to be the sad truth. I could not doubt that this woman, whoever she might be, was in possession of my secret. I had believed it to be confined to Lady Barlow and the nurse ; the latter I concluded was dead, since I had never received from her any application for money, which I had quite prepared myself to expect, after experiencing the rapacity of the former : besides, her age and person did not correspond with the description given by my son of those of the stranger. As for Lady Barlow, although I knew she did not like me, I could not for a moment suppose that she would impart the tale of my misdeeds to any one ; she had now, like myself, a station in society to support ; the detail of the deception would involve her as well as myself ; besides, to what purpose should she detail it to a woman so much her inferior in life ? I then recalled to mind how Dudley, a perfect stranger, had evidently penetrated my secret, and imagined that perhaps the same wonderful gift of discovery might exist in some person of low station, who, instead of honourably burying it in her own bosom as he did, might make use of it to play upon the feelings or to extort the money of her victim. I was most happy, therefore, that we were about to leave Ashburn Park ; and on the ensuing day Aubrey, myself, and a few servants, were on our road towards Hastings. The health of my beloved invalid perceptibly improved during the first month of our residence there : we met with a few families of our acquaintance with whom we occasionally associated ; and one day I received a visit from a very courteous, fluent, elaborately-dressed lady, who was a stranger to me, but who presented me with a letter of introduction from my friend Lady Barlow.

Mrs. Tracey was a widow with a tolerable income and an only daughter ; it was the ambition of her life to make the acquaintance of the nobility, and even the humblest title became the object of her obsequious attention. As her fortune was not large although easy, and her family not noble although respectable, she found some difficulty in attaining her object, and wisely passed very little portion of her time in London, preferring to visit watering-places as affording

greater facilities of introduction to her superiors in rank. At one of these places a year ago she had met Lady Barlow, and kept up an occasional correspondence with her ever since. Lady Barlow being raised in her own person above the necessity of employing the arts of flattery and insinuation, was doubtless pleased to receive from another that homage which she had hitherto been obliged to pay ; and when Mrs. Tracey, in the course of a few days' sojourn in London, called on her, and requested to know if she had any friends in Hastings to whom she could convey a letter or message, she willingly furnished her with an introduction to me. I was not particularly struck with Mrs. Tracey ; she was somewhat too studied and artificial in her manners to please me, and since my acquaintance with Mrs. Charlton I had learned to regard with suspicion a remarkable outward plausibility of address. I, however, returned her visit on the following day, and was introduced to her daughter, Blanche Tracey, a girl about nineteen. From that time I was not only willing but anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of the mother, so delighted and gratified was I with the society of the sweet daughter. Blanche Tracey was beautiful, and her beauty was in a style of the most fairy-like delicacy ; her eyes were blue, her complexion exquisitely fair, and a profusion of flaxen ringlets shaded her forehead and neck ; " her smile was like summer sunshine, and her voice like summer breezes." Her mind and manners, however, presented attractions still more winning than those of her person. I never saw an instance in which natural sweetness and simplicity had so thoroughly neutralised the effect of an artificial and worldly education. Blanche was completely without vanity and ambition, and her cheek was frequently covered with blushes at the forward intrusions of her mother into society, although meekness of temper and filial duty alike prevented her from offering any opposition to them. Mrs. Tracey soon met with some of her former acquaintance at Hastings, contracted some new ones, and enjoyed the delight of continual engagements. Blanche, glad to escape from these visits, joyfully availed herself of my invitation to pass the greater part of her time at my house, and Mrs. Tracey gave a ready consent, delighted to be able to boast among her friends, and write to all her correspondents, that " the Countess of Ellerton was so fond of her daughter that she could not exist a day without her." *

* To be continued.

LAST WORDS.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

WHEN the receding shore
 Of dearest home dims on the anxious sight ;
 The bravest hearts deplore
 The parting of the soul—the farewell blight ;
 Still hope will peace restore,
 As midnight mourners yearn for morning's light.

The garden flow'rets die,
 Leaves fade—the rippling rivulets are still ;
 Darkness o'erveils the sky ;
 E'en birds have ceased their sweet melodious trill ;
 Yet spring will beautify,
 And *they* return ; for such is Nature's will.

These will again renew,
 The birds their songs,—the trees their leaves,—the flowers
 Bloom in their rainbow hue ;
 And silver streams, fed by the summer showers,
 Sing to the heaven's calm blue ;
 But these are not of us,—they are not *ours*.

Ours are the dearest ties :
 Once fled, what voice the lost one can recal ?
 In climes beyond the skies
 The spirit soars too purified to fall :
 Memory alone can rise
 Upon the wings of Love ;—yes, that is all.

The last, the tristful scene,
 When friends are gathered round the silent bed ;
 When *she*, alone serene,
 Smiles while their tears in agony are shed ;
 Shall we not comfort glean,
 To know eternal bliss awaits the dead ?

The kind familiar face
 Yet miss we from our own domestic hearth ;
 We mourn the vacant space,
 And all the sunshine of *past* joyous mirth :
 No more can we replace
 Her our hearts loved—above all things of earth.

The faint LAST WORDS we hear
 From the fond lips of the departing one,
 Whisper “She is not here,”
 Assure us that for ever she is gone ;
 Still will we hold them dear,
 When semblance fades, they're left to dwell upon.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.¹—No. IX.

THE LATE CHIEF BARON JOY.

POSTERITY is the high court of judicature to which all suits of character must be referred, and from whose momentous decision there can be no further appeal. All men must submit to the inflexible sentence awarded by that solemn tribunal. Their words and actions will be scrupulously weighed, and as they have done or spoken, so will they fare in censure or estimation. Like the old Egyptian kings, all must be tried after death, before they are embalmed, and history will fairly record the judgment. But Posterity, in order to insure justice in his decisions, requires that the object should be sufficiently removed in time; for a fair estimate, with any great confidence in its impartiality, could not otherwise be formed. The Prince wisely waits until all acrimony arising from the past is melted down in the passiveness of the future—until all existing asperities die away with the generation which too freshly remembers them—and until all extremes of feeling—the enthusiasm of friendship on the one hand, and the rancour of hate on the other—are equally no more. That great award it is neither hoped nor intended this trifling sketch should supersede. With a deep sense of the difficulty we should, perhaps, have omitted the task, was there not some counterbalancing encouragement in the reflection, that if we are incompetent to form a calm and dispassionate judgment from the absence of that necessary remoteness, we are at least in a better position to form a more correct opinion from a recent knowledge of facts. In our preceding numbers we have attempted judgment on the character of Baron Smith; and if some should consider our censure to have been disproportioned to our admiration, “what was writ, was writ” with the utmost fidelity, and the strictest regard to justice; and if in the present memoir the order must be inverted, and our praise is to fall below our disapprobation, our judgment shall be guided by the same regard to the interests of truth—

. “No levelled malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold.”

The public has a deep and incalculable interest in the purity and honour of its lawyers; and it is due to the public to inquire with jealous scrutiny into the conduct and character of a man who discharged the important duties of a first-rate lawyer and chief judge, in order that future judges and lawyers may see and avoid the shoals on which his reputation was injured. No one will deny that Cæsar was ambitious, any more than that he grievously answered for it; and if Baron Joy sacrificed his early principles for that loose political prostitution which has stifled many a fine germ that may have blossomed into patriotism, instead of running up rank into affected prejudice and

¹ Continued from p. 253.

bigotry, he too must answer for it. Chief Baron Joy entered public life at an era consecrated by immortal names and memorable deeds, when the struggle had already set in for the regeneration or debasement of his country. The democratic principle, as Grattan, borrowing a figure from Milton, beautifully expressed it, "was getting on and on like a mist at the heels of a countryman—small at first, and lowly—but soon ascending to the hills, and over-casting the whole field of the horizon." His youth was infected with its spirit, but as he progressed in years his republican tendencies grew less inveterate; and though, for a moment, when the last coruscations of expiring worth emanated from the bar, and the day-spring of Irish glory was about to vanish, he too lifted his voice with the other high-hearted men, who, with a Dorian inflexibility of spirit, championed in vain for liberty, yet his constancy was of too lax a description to hold firm against the fascinations of power: he was too cold to be faithful—too calculating to continue in his ardour—too selfish to make sacrifices. His eye was too weak for the lustre of authority, and so he turned from the unprofitable path of dangerous patriotism to the more productive pursuit of Castle obsequiousness. He had the acuteness to foresee the course of the future, and, with his characteristic prudence, he did not hesitate—he at once ranged himself under the Tory banner, and assisted Saurin in the simplification of the government of Ireland, by making the perfection of its administration to consist in the oppression of its people. He co-operated with him in working out that miserable policy, whose first and last expedient was force; and whose guiding principle was, as at one time stated publicly from the bench, "that the law did not presume a Papist to exist in the kingdom, nor could they breathe but by the sufferance of government." On this subject we shall say a few words hereafter.

He was descended from a respectable family in Belfast, who were engaged extensively in commercial pursuits, and in which he also participated in early life. His partnership was a dormant one, and his speculation having proved less successful than his subsequent career at the bar, he retired with considerable loss. His father was of the Presbyterian persuasion, and imbibed many of the strong and elevated sentiments which, at the close of the last century, characterised that portion of the northern population. He was a stern republican in principle, and actively distinguished himself as secretary to the original Whig Club in Belfast, which Lord Clare, in one of his vituperative fits, called "a horde of miscreant traitors, professing peace, but practising confusion." He was also a man of literary habits, which, combined with his political devotion, influenced him to start the "Northern Star," the first organ of free opinions in the north.* Young Joy is

* The "Morning Register" asserted, on the authority of a friend of the chief baron, that his father conducted the "Belfast News Letter," a journal of wholly opposite principles to the "Star," and that the chief at no period of his life was either a republican or volunteer. If such be the truth, the account is altogether at variance with the generally received one of his lordship's early life and opinions. This sketch was written before the contradiction in the "Register" appeared, but we could discover no adequate reason to make any alteration in the facts or sentiments it contains.

reported to have essayed his intellectual strength in writing republican abstractions in this journal;* and, like another great English lawyer, vented his generous enthusiasm in indignant clamours for universal right. It is not surprising that the current of his youthful opinions should have flowed in this direction; for Belfast, at that time, was strongly impregnated with the spirit of America, and the fascination of freedom was too attractive not to have dazzled the minds of her young men; but it is surprising that from the very day he was called to the bar, he should have instantaneously abandoned all the vivid impressions of his early education, and with the artificial hair and stuff have assumed a new and wholly opposite set of principles and professions.

When the important town of Belfast applied to government for some means of defence, the answer received was, "that they would endeavour to send half a troop of dismounted horse, and half a company of invalids." The encouragement was not particularly soothing, and the citizens rapidly armed for protection, and something more. The flame spread, and the volunteers soon formed a rival senate, and the convention overshadowed the state. The Presbyterians formed the flower of the civic army—they tendered the hand of reconciliation to the Catholics—it was accepted: the latter brought the confederacy strength and the discontent of ages—the former, intelligence and republican energy. In this only grand epoch of our history, when the "armed doctrine," or, as Lord Castlereagh somewhat strongly termed it, a military insurrection, wrested national independence from the involuntary grasp of England, Mr. Joy, then a very young man, shouldered the civic musket, and obeyed the call of the democratic trumpet. Some of his associates are living who remember his activity at drill. Among the Belfast Independents, he was the most fervid—he sang snatches of revolutionary songs to the air of Yankee Doodle; and, with his young brethren in arms, mimicked the last charge at Bunker's Hill. His vision was continually troubled with phantasms of national liberty. Lord Lyndhurst's longing was scarcely of a more elevated character. When the general fermentation began to subside, and a calmer mood to occupy the public mind, Ireland having obtained the accomplishment of her wishes, his extravagant enthusiasm abated proportionately; and he soon perceived that patriotic professions were distasteful to power, and perilous to self-aggrandisement. He now seriously thought of discarding the loose notions of unlucrative liberty which he espoused in moments of thoughtlessness, and he accordingly hastened to reduce his theory to practice. He was called to the bar in 1788, and thenceforward, with one exception, there was no visible variation in his career—he travelled the same path without a single deviation: he was remarkable for his unwavering hostility to the Roman Catholics, as well as the permanent vindictiveness with which he persecuted everything tainted with his own old principles. On all occasions, fitting or unfitting, he

* The fate of this journal was curious. In the early part of 1798, the loyal corps of Ancient Britons, who were afterwards cut to pieces by the Wicklow insurgents, without any other warrant than their own loyalty, rushed into the office and destroyed the types, machinery, &c. It was never after revived.

made bold displays of the intense bitterness that now influenced him—he became the most vaunting of partisans; and though many were the professors of intolerance at the Irish bar, few surpassed him in the vehement energy of his opinions. At the bar-messes, where society is happily mingled, and men of all political and religious complexions meet together in delightful intercourse, Mr. Joy often intruded with his effervescent zeal. At Drogheda he once burst into wild transports of admiration, and pointed exultingly to the Boyne, venting, at the same time, his intemperate fervour on all who were not impressed with the same notions of Orangeism as himself. There were some men there who had studied national virtue in the same school with him, and remembered the lessons which he had forgotten. Among them was Robert Holmes. The generous republican was hateful in his eyes, and he long watched an opportunity to victimise the detested friend of freedom. His extravagant conduct, though it might have roused the silent indignation of Mr. Holmes, never tempted him to any overt act of hostility; he knew his enemy well—he fathomed the springs of his nature—he perceived the influences that impelled him to that habitual harshness that broke out in words, or spoke with no less expressiveness in one of his frigid sneers—he saw that his solicitude to declare his sublime Protestantism originated in anything but a sympathy with its principles—that he wished to realise the truth of the old proverb, “the woods have ears,” and that the voice of his high-blooded loyalty might not be confined to the mess-room in Drogheda, but find an echo in the council-chamber of the Castle. An opportunity was not long wanting to gratify his manly anxiety. In a moment of military enthusiasm, for which France alone can furnish a parallel, when the *corps d’avocats*, in blue and silver, turned out in the *Champs Elysées* to honour the altar of the Federation, the sober gentlemen of the bar swelled at once into the imposing stature of great warriors. A mighty change took place among the members of that cold and calculating profession—they were suddenly seized with a passionate distaste for the dust and clamour of the courts—silk and stuff were consigned to moths and deal boxes—wigs hung powderless on their melancholy pegs. The toga yielded to arms—the sallow face and practised eye of many a veteran barrister were lit up with warm blushes of coming glory. King’s counsel shone in all the lustre of scarlet and gold, and were taught to straighten their backs to the true military attitude; and, in order to outdo every other loyal corps in the pomp and circumstance of war, they abandoned the short and ungraceful step from the knee, and learned to march high from the hip, like the Austrian infantry. Mr. Saurin was at the head of this superb chivalry, whose motto was, “*Ne quid detrimenti capiat respublica.*” Mr. Holmes stood sternly apart from such a disgusting parade of silliness; he had too elevated thoughts to have any participation in such a mockery of loyalty. The two parties which then divided the country were equally averse to him—the insurgents, for whom the habitual vengeance of the law and the bitterest persecution might have well pleaded in extenuation, for the boundaries had already been passed at which endurance not only ceased to be a duty, but degenerated into degradation; and the unrelenting spirit of Orangeism, which

in that disastrous period extinguished seventy-five thousand men by the bayonet and scaffold. When he could not be heart-loyal he scorned to be lip-loyal, and disdained to affect zeal at the expense of his convictions. Ireland was already broken down with the weight of her misfortunes—force was used without measure or mercy, and invariably with the most lamentable success—martial law, and military executions without any law, combined their terrible energy with disqualifying statutes and sweeping proscriptions,—and he loved his country too well to unite with parricides. He stood haughtily alone in that dreary era of ruin and desolation, and left the “awkward squad” to furbish their casques and mimic military evolutions. Mr. Saurin grew indignant; so did his orderly Joy, and Mr. Holmes was a doomed man. There was a meeting of the North-East Bar, at which the activity of Mr. Joy was conspicuous: it was held ostensibly for general purposes connected with the circuit, but in reality to take cognisance of the disloyal conduct of the recusant; and a resolution was passed, excluding any barrister from the general privileges of the circuit who did not take up arms for the constitution. The effect of this proceeding, injudicious as it was infamous, was to keep Mr. Holmes for some time from circuit. Few will doubt the infamy of such conduct; but its injudiciousness is equally unquestionable, for, instead of the professional ruin of Mr. Holmes, which was the anticipated result, the reverse appeared, for his business swelled enormously—he lost little gold and less reputation by his martyrdom. But he felt the insult keenly, and he was not then slow, as on every other occasion, to avenge his honour: he sent the late Alexander Dawson of Louth with a hostile message to Mr. Joy, who was universally known to have been the prime instigator of the proceeding. He, however, with his characteristic caution, refused to comply with the trial by battle—a mode of settling differences which he very justly disliked. He alleged that the resolution emanated from a public body, for whose acts he could not be held responsible, and that where so many were implicated, it was contrary to all the established laws of honour to make one accountable. Mr. Dawson was not content with the extenuation; he urged the right of his friend to reparation from Mr. Joy, but he began to mutter something about the laws of his country, and an appeal to conditional orders, neither of which Mr. Holmes liked too well, and the matter terminated. As they progressed in life, their mutual distrust wore away, and they became better friends. In the Exchequer he always welcomed Mr. Holmes with a smile, and laughed most heartily at his ebullitions of humour. Occasionally he directed a quiet sarcasm at his old adversary, which the latter was prompt to reciprocate in some jocular allusion, mixed now and then with a little pungency. Once, when a theatrical person was examined at *Nisi Prius* before the Chief, Mr. Holmes, while testing, in his own odd manner, the professional knowledge of the witness, suddenly addressed his lordship, “My lord, you played once.”

“I, Mr. Holmes?—never, I assure you.”

“Yes, but you did, my lord, and do still.”

The baron, somewhat uneasy, “What, Mr. Holmes?”

He might have said something worse, but he softened it down to

“ The ‘ Old Bachelor,’ ”—which of course procured a roar of laughter, in which the Chief joined.

For some time before the rencontre with Mr. Holmes, he fulfilled the unprofitable destiny of most members of his profession. Notwithstanding the means he adopted to obtain a portion of public attention, his lot was still one of obscurity ; he continued to traverse the hall of the courts with an unquiet eye and empty pocket, looking wistfully, but in vain, at the red tapes of his more favoured brethren. Hope at length began to descend within him, and he adopted the resolution of seeking in the Atlantic cities that good fortune which seemed to shun him at home. Perhaps a passing remorse for the desertion of his old principles flitted across his mind, and he once more longed for a field to display his resuscitated energy in behalf of liberty. But whatever the cause may have been, whether a resumption of old opinions, or an ignorance that if life has ill *in præsenti* it has comforts *in futuro*—that joy may be transient, but misery cannot be immortal—he proposed to depart, and absolutely paid his passage-money. But, like Cromwell and Hampden, he was destined for greater deeds in his own country, though some may regret that he had not carried his wishes into effect. A lucky incident crossed his design, and the republic has perhaps to mourn the lost services of a stanch democrat. The exalted part he played in the case of Mr. Holmes could not fail to attract the attention of Mr. Saurin, who then monopolised the entire government, administrative, executive, and all. Jupiter was not more supreme in the council of the gods than Saurin in the council of the Castle—power being on his nod—pensions on his wink. His look could create or crush, raise obscurity into distinction, or depress virtue into obscurity. He found in Mr. Joy a person admirably qualified to second his views, with capacity, subtlety, tact—a faculty to search into the impulses of other men’s minds, and the necessary dissimulation to conceal his own—flexible to accommodate his sentiments to the wishes of authority, and to operate in the direction of power—equally skilful to work or to wind—Saurin found in him all he required. He was also, or assumed to be, deeply penetrated with all the manly and unequivocal virtues which constituted the idol of both—Orangeism. The instrument was highly acceptable. On many future occasions the usefulness of his services was proved. The prosecutions of the Catholic Board in 1811 found favour in his sight, as did many other acts, which we have no time to canvass. From his connexion with Saurin, his career of fortune commenced ; and though he could not boast, with Lord Mansfield, that he never knew the difference between one and three thousand pounds a year, he ascended rapidly into notoriety.—In the interval of his professional repose he had not been idle : he devoted himself with laudable assiduity to the study of the law, and his intellectual activity was sufficiently strong to enable him to master its intricacies. He certainly laid the foundations of his knowledge sure and firm. He did not commence with practice to learn principle—he tried the opposite course, laying in a great stock of science, on which he afterwards drew to a large amount ; like masses of bullion stored up in large coffers, his deep knowledge was, however, of less practical use than the superficial sagacity of others.

In practice he was not very skilful, but in propounding a great doctrine, and illustrating it with profound principles fetched from the most recondite regions of the law, he could be great. He was one of the ablest lawyers Ireland produced, and notwithstanding the sneers of Westminster Hall, the modern lawyers of Ireland are not inferior to the most powerful among them. If he had not the polished grace and elegance of Mansfield, or the masculine energy of Ellenborough, or the clear strength of Kenyon, he possessed a sharpness of understanding and a perspicuous closeness which were as efficient on the bench, as the elegance, energy, or strength of either. In 1798 he was promoted to the rank of king's counsel, and in the following year he took that active part in the proceedings of the bar, which has shed a lasting renown on his name, whatever his preceding or subsequent conduct may have been. Whether the seeds of his old patriotism were not altogether dead—or whether he saw in the Union the annihilation of his own hopes, and the hopes of his party, we shall not inquire; but true it is, he flung his whole soul into the cause of the patriots. It is, at least, something to his glory to have thrown aside every selfish consideration, and listed himself with the illustrious men who carried the war of eloquent remonstrance into the senate, and, by their ardent example without, raised up a national opposition which proved for a time successful. He went through the bar with Mr. Plunkett, and had a requisition signed by fourteen king's counsel. The bar meeting was attended by a hundred and ninety eight members, of whom thirty-two only voted for the Union. The grandeur of this is very striking, and an example of similar devotion would be sought in vain in any country. We have always considered it one of the finest proofs of national virtue to be found in history. Let casuists find out motives, we only contemplate the act, and we are dazzled by its sublimity. Through the whole range of the profession, comprising numbers in needy circumstances, after a most active government canvass, in which some of the judges had the ignominy to join, with a multitude of promises and temptations, either to vote against the object of the requisition or to stay away—after all manner of influences, only thirty-two proved traitors, most of whom held situations under the crown, while a hundred and sixty-six were inflexible. When Mr. Peter Burroughs, one of the most eminent and virtuous of that distinguished group, had thrown off one of his strong and inflaming harangues, Mr. Joy followed in a speech that savoured little of his habitual composure—he rose with the importance of the subject, and delivered his sentiments in bold and lofty language; nor was he unmindful of his usual weapon, for he threw off a shower of burning sarcasms, some of which reached Castlereagh in the Castle, and pained him not a little. He intrepidly denounced the aggression of England. From first to last he said her aspect was rapacious, insolent, and vindictive, and with the means of effecting multifarious good, sought no other object, and contemplated no higher end, than of subduing a free nation to her own evil will. Her violence and injustice were equal—from the one nothing was safe, from the other nothing sacred. She inflicted wrongs, and aggravated them by insult—she provoked com-

plaints by her iniquities, and answered them with mockery and derision. She sought to trample on the independence and profane the honour of a nation. Who so base as submit to it? Such were the taunting and energetic words which Mr. Joy had the manliness to discharge at the imperious mother-country. The meeting rang with applause; but he received more substantial proofs of the general enthusiasm he excited, for John Egan, the celebrated chairman of Kilmainham, seized him by the hand, and squeezed it as with a glove of steel. Mr. Saurin was equally patriotic with his protégé, and his speech in the House of Commons was a perfect model of constitutional eloquence. We have heard that the heads of that unanswerable oration were drawn up by Mr. Joy. When the latter was asked the question by a gentleman, from whom we derive our authority, he impliedly assented to its truth. Next to Plunkett's in effect, whose luminous eloquence was unmatched for its noble simplicity and compactness of reasoning, was the exalted display of Mr. Saurin. He was nervous, collected, deliberate, consecutive, swelling occasionally into impassioned bursts of patriotic fervour, and bearing away all the illogical sophistry of secretary Cooke in the soundness and elevation of his views. In arranging and harmonising all the topics and arguments connected with the subject, he was unequalled. His speech contributed powerfully to defeat the measure on the first division. Castlereagh replied. What a contrast! It was the difference between a temple of polished marble and a heap of rubbish, or between the brazen trumpet of Demosthenes and the penny whistle of a village orator!

Connected with the Union is a period the darkest and most lamentable in Irish history—we allude to the rebellion and its consequences, when the bigot and slave enjoyed the fulness of triumph, and in which the subject of our memoir took an active participation. Persecution then went ahead, carrying ruin and devastation in its course. The friends of freedom shed their blood, or pined in dungeons, or fled into exile. There was no hope for men who had a thought of country; and while there were many prompt to reach power through blood, there were a few who laughed authority to scorn, and lifted up the tones of a generous eloquence in behalf of devoted innocence or misguided guilt. It is not out of place to notice here the exertions of Curran, who, with a fortitude equal to his genius, flung himself into the breach, and undertook that feeling and heroic duty from whose stern discharge he never for a moment blenched. There he was, in all his strength and glory. "All the artillery of foul mouths was levelled at him"—borne down with toil—a mark for intolerant disgust and obloquy—environed with perils—watched by a bloody and jealous government, he still kept a firm eye on the administration of the law, and checked the unnatural rapidity of state-murder. To a mind less proof against all the terrors of that agonising spectacle, how many were the temptations to withdraw from a scene without hope as it was without mercy—where the ear was perpetually stunned with the shrieks of devoted victims—

"Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et sæva sonare
Verbera——"

But Curran had a soul of steel as he had a tongue of fire—he painted in gorgeous hues the sacrificing vengeance of profligate informers, although he knew that prejudice would not care to confound the advocate with the client. Like another great advocate, he saw the temple of justice thronged with armed men to scare him from his duty while interposing between his client and the last solemn penalty of the law, but he stood unmoved with the characteristic spirit of his country, and the noble exaltation he owed to his profession. Among the men who pursued a contrary course, and laboured with turbulent energy for the execution of vindictive and sanguinary laws was Mr. Joy. Not that he was by any means cruel; on the contrary, he had a kind and humane disposition; but men who are anxious of power are not scrupulous of the means to attain it, and he pushed on, sanctioning by his countenance and advice the numerous cruelties which everywhere filled the land. Throughout this lamentable period, before and after the Union, he displayed great energy and professional knowledge, and almost rivalled Saurin in strength as he equalled him in zeal. He co-operated in all the foul measures which afflicted Ireland in the last and worst stage of Castlereaghism. Nor were his valuable services forgotten, for on the first opportunity he was amply remunerated. In Easter term, 1814, he was raised to the rank of second serjeant, an office of far greater importance in Ireland than in England. His business augmented rapidly, and his chancery revenue was soon considered little inferior in amount to Saurin's. The present Chief Justice Bushe was then Solicitor-general, a man as far superior to Mr. Joy in genius and general attainments as he was in the purity and elevation of his character. No two men could be more unlike. Bushe was manly, ardent, intrepid, eloquent—possessed of a keen and polished wit, which cut without leaving a wound; he had a sincerity and open-heartedness of manner, which left on the mind of the hearer a conviction that vice formed no element of his moral nature. In the days of dwarfish virtues and gigantic iniquities, when cold hearts and selfish minds prevailed at the bar, he was remarkable for sincerity and integrity. He had not the obliquity of understanding that led him to the discovery of error only—his intellectual vision took in the whole compass of a subject; and where justice was to be rendered to an adversary, he did not smother the extension in sneers and subtleties. In the trial of Doctor Sheridan, he proved that the trammels of office could not prohibit an honest man from ardently sympathising with the oppressed. Mr. Joy, on the contrary, was timid, suspicious, and distrustful; his eloquence was of the head, and not of the heart. He substituted frigid sarcasm for playful wit, and the wounds he inflicted were sure to fester. Whatever sincerity he had was in his countenance—a deeper search would have convinced you that the virtue was only skin-deep, and to seek for its foundation in the attributes of his mind would be a fruitless labour. He had none of the grand and simple excellencies of Mr. Bushe except his composure and self-command, and even these sprang from very different sources in both; in the latter, they originated in the fine firmness of his intellect; in the former, in deep and cool meditation. The elevation of Mr. Joy to the serjeantcy made the Solicitor-general tremble for

the chances of the next vacancy on the bench. Mr. Saurin's affection for him was well known, and he ruled castle and chancellor too rigidly not to secure any office that he could desire for his favourite. Serjeant Joy was now in the full flush of hope about to be realised; his ample bag thumped on the green cloth of chancery with a conscious confidence that the ermine was within his grasp; his dark eye dilated at the thought of approaching glory. Every movement indicated the expectation of a great change. A proportionate depression troubled the soul of the solicitor. His language lost its eloquence—his wit its flavour; he sighed at his ebbing fortune, and was on the point of giving himself up to despair, when a happy change occurred in the councils of Ireland. The viceroyalty of the Marquis of Wellesley began. The reign of Saurin was now over—he fell at the very moment, he felt most firm—all his hopes were at once dashed to pieces. Chief Justice Downes, after the most tormenting coquetry, sent in his resignation—the only virtue which, Mr. Bushe wittily remarked, he before wanted. The vacancy was offered to Saurin, which in a moment of irritation he refused. The marquis did not leave him a single day to consider, and Mr. Bushe was promoted. The attorney-generalship was conferred on Mr. Plunkett, to which no man was better entitled. He went out with Grenville in 1807, although he might have continued in office, but he generously preferred principle—a virtue about which some of his successors in that department have not been over chary. Mr. Bushe left the solicitor-general's gown empty, and all eyes turned round for an occupant. How many were there whom a long life of professional eminence and unvarying integrity recommended to that office?—men recommended by all the qualities which would elevate and adorn it? The marquis was ever a lover of novel systems—he had studied the theory of politics in all manner of books, and he came over to experimentalise. He had recourse to that noxious and absurd policy which sought to reconcile enemies by favours, who were implacable in their hatred both to his person and administration, and to alienate friends who were firmly attached to both. He sought to unite where there was no element of amalgamation—to strengthen where weakness was certain to ensue. The compounding principle was his favourite mode of national treatment—evil neutralising good—liberal and orange principles brayed up in the same mortar. At a later period, after the bitter lesson of his former administration, he stubbornly reverted to the same inefficacious experiment, and the same consequences were the result. Experience did not teach so old and astute a politician—his second government went to pieces on the same rock. Fortunately for himself, the solicitor-generalship was offered to Mr. Joy, and accepted. All his professions of constancy—all the faith of lasting fidelity to the fortunes of his now fallen friend Saurin—vanished before the temptation of second law officer of the crown. He saw no ignominy in joining a Whig administration, neither were his sympathies for Saurin so strong as to prevent the sacrifice of dignities to friendship. He knew the world and its fluctuations too well not to take advantage, at any risk, of every favourable flow. The Attorney and Solicitor-general worked on for some time—nothing occurred to sever their

harmony; but an occasion now arrived to test the constancy of the latter to the new order of things. The bottle-riot swelled into the ample proportions of a state impeachment—the Catilines of the upper gallery were menaced with the terrors of an *ex-officio*, but it was less difficult to threaten than execute. Now was the time for the zeal of the Solicitor. Many thought he would resign; such as knew him well thought he would not. His situation was a novel one. Bound in the strongest political sympathies with the men against whom he was called to act, he was at a loss what course to pursue. The Attorney-general knew him; he was aware how his convictions operated; but in order to secure a semblance of union where discord was known to be rife, he quietly nailed him to a partial discharge of his duty. In the opening part of his speech he lauded a co-operation that never existed, by somewhat sarcastically stating “that the high talents, enlightened information, and extensive knowledge of his brother Solicitor had assisted him in every step of the prosecution, and that to his *cordial zeal* and firmness, no terms could be too strong to render justice, and express his gratitude.” The contrivance was admirable, and carried the pinning principle to a great extent; but the lure, however deceitful and skilfully thrown out, was sparingly nibbled at by the old gudgeon; a lambent irony played round his lips, and an expressive sarcasm was shot at the Attorney-general. When the case of the traversers had closed, he rose with an air of vast gravity, which showed the intense dissimulation of which he was master; he put on a forced semblance of candour which would have immortalised any theatrical representation of Molière’s “Hypocrite,” and spoke at great length to evidence. His speech was one of surpassing judiciousness, when considered relatively to the circumstances in which he was placed. He spoke of the enormity of the act, but in language without fervour or energy—it lacked that strong and inflammatory principle which an advocate sympathising less with the conduct of the traversers would have flung into the jury box. He urged the necessity of impeachment on the part of the crown—he analysed the evidence with skill, but the conclusions he deduced from both had a weakness and want of vigour that left the tribunal to which he appealed in undisturbed possession of their prejudices and partisanship. If he reasoned for the Castle, he felt for the conspirators. He advanced no eloquent truths to carry conviction—he enforced no great constitutional principle to secure condemnation, or at least inflict shame for its refusal. He studied a subtle and double-sided speech, which had the effect of reconciling the prosecutor, and allaying the fears of the traversers. It may be summed up in these few words—“I have been compelled, in discharge of duty, to act against you. I must have spoken or resigned office, and resignation would have proved detrimental to your interests and mine. Gentleman of the jury, my language has been necessarily directed against the prisoners, but you will much oblige his majesty’s Solicitor-general by returning a verdict in their favour.” Such was that memorable display which more than ever endeared him to the Irish Orangemen. We had almost forgotten to mention a singular fact, which he coolly expressed in the beginning of his speech, that since his appointment to office, the unanimity between the government,

his colleague, and himself, had never for a moment been interrupted by the introduction into their counsels of any of the great political questions, in which he was known to have entertained such contradictory opinions with the two former. The declaration was a curious one, and shows the trivial interest which in those days of pretended liberality the Irish government took in the many momentous questions which divided society, particularly that of emancipation. The official repose of Mr. Joy was never ruffled—his presence in the council-chamber was never disturbed by any expression of sympathy for the excess of misery in which Ireland was involved. The growing fierceness and desperation of her numbers appealed loudly and indignantly to justice and humanity, but they were not permitted to offend the sensitive ears of Mr. Joy. Ireland had been a fearful moral waste for near four hundred years, and had just ceased to breathe from the merciless infliction of the gibbet, the sword, and the convict ship, the sovereign and infallible specifics of miserable and vindictive rulers, and yet no improvement was propounded—no balm applied to her suffering wounds, lest it should hurt his generous feelings. Not at all!—he was too precious to be dispensed with; better leave him in the full enjoyment of his prejudices and tranquillity than disturb the slumbers of either by breathing the name of justice. In that profession there was more than met the eye; it was a keen and forcible appeal to the ascendancy men, exposing the weakness of the administration which could not venture on an act of liberality to a people, lest it should excite the fierce energies of a faction still erect and powerful. In 1827 a cheering ray of hope broke on the distressed fortunes of Ireland. Canning was premier. From his first act, the abandonment of the prosecution against Mr. Shiel for his Wolf Tone harangue, men augured the most salutary results. The Catholic party was in ecstasy—their generous enthusiasm knew no limits. The association rang with eloquent eulogies in his favour. “If any man can save his country Canning will,” was the universal cry. His sympathies for their cause were well known, and one of the great fruits of his regard they expected to be the immediate release of Mr. Joy from his duties. But, to their astonishment, he was not only not removed, but promoted. Mr. Plunkett was preferred to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, and his office was handed over to Mr. Joy, while Mr. Doherty was appointed Solicitor. Canning, however, was not much to blame; beset on every side by enemies, a strong and haughty aristocracy opposed to him in England, a great faction in arms against him in Ireland, he deemed it advisable to appease the latter by the elevation of their favourite. He trusted to the generosity of the Catholics—he knew they felt for the extreme difficulties of his situation. They did so, and patiently acquiesced. Had he been less embarrassed, Mr. Joy would have been consigned, like his friend Mr. Saurin, to the quiet of an unofficial life, and some more tried friend to freedom substituted in his place. But he had no alternative—the choice was untoward, but it must be made. But if political right obtained little advantage by the change of governments, the administration of justice in Ireland certainly did. Ignorance received a severe shock by the retirement of Lord Manners. The shooting

chancellor took a final leave of the Chancery Court, which he illuminated with unexampled want of ability for twenty years. His favourites succeeded in getting up a valedictory address, as ludicrous for the burlesque solemnity of its language, as it was disgusting for its flattery. The Solicitor-general was singled out to read to his lordship this sweet morsel of knavish adulation, and a writer in the *New Monthly* describes the manner and effect with such pungent felicity that we cannot refrain from inserting it below.*

For four years he filled the office of Attorney-general, having continued in under Wellington. Reform placed Lord Grey at the head of affairs, and if the delight of Ireland was great at Canning's elevation, how much greater the exultation at the triumph of liberty in the person of Lord Grey, the veteran friend of Ireland! In the period of her greatest obscurity he struggled for her interests, and now that he was the dispenser of good, little doubt was entertained that under his auspices she was to start on a career of renewed vitality, and the first step to the realisation of that wish was Mr. Joy's removal. He was removed, but to the very summit of all his aspirations, and by a Reform administration. Of all the fatal measures of Lord Grey in Ireland, by far the most fatal was Mr. Joy's promotion. From that day universal distrust set in, and it continued to augment, until at last

* "'We,' said Mr. Joy, 'cannot but admire that distinguished ability, that strict impartiality, and that unremitting assiduity, with which you have discharged the various duties of your office.' The delivery of this sentence was a masterpiece of sarcastic recitation, and to any person who desired to become a proficient in the art of sneering, of which Mr. Joy is so renowned a professor, afforded an invaluable model. Cicero, in his Oratorical Treatise, has given an analysis of the manner in which certain fine fragments of eloquence have been delivered, and, for the benefit of the students of irony, it may not be improper to enter with minuteness into a detail of the varieties of excellence with which Mr. J. pronounced this flagitious piece of panegyric. 'We cannot but admire'—in uttering these words he gave his head that slight shake with which he generally announces that he is about to let loose some formidable sarcasm. He appeared, at the same time, as if he felt a qualm of conscience at what he was about to speak, and a momentary commiseration for the victim of his cruel commendations. This feeling of compassion, however, only lasted for a moment, and he assumed the aspect that became the utterance of that flagitious adulation which he had undertaken to inflict. 'We cannot but admire the distinguished ability.' At 'ability' it was easy to perceive that he could with difficulty restrain the sense of extravagance breaking into laughter. At the same time he conveyed to his auditors the train of thought passing in his mind. It was impossible to look at him without remembering the exhibitions which for twenty years made the administration of justice in Ireland the subject of Lord Redesdale's laughter and Lord Eldon's tears. He spoke with such a force of mockery, that he at once brought to the minds of his spectators that spirit of ignorant self-sufficiency and presumptuous precipitation with which Lord Manners discharged the business of his court. A hundred cases seemed to rise in his face.—Stackpoole and Stackpoole appeared in the curl of his lip—Blake and Foster quivered on the movement of his nostril—Brophy and the Dublin Corporation in the twinkle of his eye, and "Reversal" seemed to be written in large characters between his brows. The next sarcasm which this unmerciful adulator proceeded to apply turned on his lordship's selection of magistrates. At the announcement of 'strict impartiality,' the smile of Mr. J. gleamed with a still yellower lustre over his features, and he threw into his countenance so expressive a grimace that the whole loyal but pauper magistracy of Ireland was brought to my mind. I did not think it possible for the powers of irony to surpass this achievement until he came to the 'unremitting assiduity.' The look with which he read this part of the address was, if possible, a higher feat. It was the *chef d'œuvre* of mockery and masterpiece of derision."

he folded up his robe, and fell at the feet of Ireland. As Mr. Shiel happily observed, that was the grave of his administration. Chief Baron O'Grady began to grow tired of the ermine, which he had worn with great ability since the death of Lord Avonmore. Communications passed between the Castle and the Court of Exchequer, and a bargain concluded for a peerage and pension. Mr. Joy was appointed, and took his seat in Hilary Term, 1832, on the same day that his brother solicitor, Mr. Doherty, arrived in Dublin, to occupy the chief seat in the Common Pleas. It was a strange occurrence in the fortunes of the chief baron that he should have obtained successive elevations from mixed and reforming governments—he was the bitter opponent of the principles both professed, and the measures they propounded. He hated reform with an acidity quite his own, and took every fair opportunity to vent the fulness of his hate and irony on its supporters.

No man's features ever more vividly represented the character of his mind. Any person who had looked on him for a moment could not fail to pass a correct judgment on the prevailing qualities of his nature. He was of moderate stature, and his frame had the remnants of compactness admirably calculated for continued labour. His forehead was square and lofty, but not indicative of thoughtfulness; his eyes piercing, dark, and intellectual; his nose short and upturned, with a more than ordinary breadth at the base, which gave his countenance a character expressive of ferocity and sternness: his mouth very large and falling at the extremities, with the upper lip pursed, and his chin long and pointed outwards, which has been well compared to that of the Cynic, in Raphael's Cartoon, listening to St. Paul. Every feature was the abode of a lurking sarcasm. You could almost hear irony speak from his face, so strongly was it marked with his characteristic derision. He was, without exception, one of the greatest and most efficient sneerers that ever cultivated that calling, and he possessed, in an eminent degree, all the qualifications requisite to the formation of that character—a clear head, a cold and unimpassioned heart, little sentiment or sensibility, no admiration of noble qualities, and no sympathy with suffering. All his enthusiasm was confined to the law and its professors. "*Execrabilis ista turba quæ non novit legem*" was his motto—he recognised no greatness without the pale of black letter. His sarcasm was vehement—it was his panoply and chariot of war—he warred with it, and with it defended himself from attack. In all he said, and in all he did not say, for his silence was almost as expressive as his language, there was nothing but sarcasm. He indulged in a harassing and unwearied display of unrelenting sneers that at once turned you into downright dislike. Disregarding the laws of polished hostility, he bore down on an adversary with a discharge of derision that damaged his opponent, but, like him who throws vitriol, left a blackness on himself. He elucidated by sarcasm—he enforced a principle by sarcasm—always well directed, inexhaustible, unsparing, it was his most prompt and efficient instrument. "Next to hating their enemies," says a celebrated writer of maxims, "men are most inclined to flatter them." In one sense this was true of him. Where he could not openly express his abhorrence, he covered the object of his displeasure with a slimy praise more

venomous and mortal than the most savage vituperation—like the celebrated marble beauty of the Inquisition, that embraced the criminal, and at the same time jerked a dagger into his heart. His blame was not half so deadly as his praise—one was fearfully bitter, but the other was rank poison. In cross-examination he displayed this corrosive to perfection. He looked at his victim with a greeting smile that insured his full confidence—he appeared almost to caress him, as he fathomed his unsuspecting nature—on he went, never awakening suspicion by harsh or provoking language; his courteousness lulled vigilance asleep; by an artful interrogatory the witness is thrown off his guard—he searches for the vital point—his purpose is apparent only when 'tis accomplished—he aims, and gives one unerring blow. Like Lord Thurlow, he possessed another weapon, which was equally effective with his sarcasm; he would often assume a want of acquaintance with a subject, and, with affected respect but lurking derision, seek information, pointing out now and then, with dry humour, contradictions and absurdities, and then innocently calling on counsel to explain them. It served him as a kind of masked battery, from which he galled those whom he did not like with the most searching observations. He was as reluctant to deal out true praise as he was profuse of his derision. We heard him once, and only once, when the compliment was paid to a man whom he did not passionately love—Mr. O'Connell. He argued the case of Hogan, a tithe-recusant, last Michaelmas term, in the Exchequer, with exceeding power and clearness. The style and force of his reasoning must have extorted praise even from an enemy. When he concluded, the chief, shifting from his inclined posture, and leaning over the bench, addressed Mr. O'Connell. "You have certainly argued the question, Mr. O'Connell, like a lawyer and a gentleman." And to Serjeant Jackson, who replied with an imbecility that contrasted powerfully with the massive argument of O'Connell—"Indeed, Mr. Serjeant, you have by no means disencumbered the question of its difficulties." His knowledge of the law was deep and multifarious—he drank at the ancient fountains, to which few of our modern lawyers seldom resort, and anticipated the advice of Charles Butler, who said, that he never knew a man to fail of final success, however tardy his progress, who was fully acquainted with Coke. If that intimacy deserved success, few had better claims on distinction than the Chief Baron, for he could almost repeat it from Fee Simple to Rent Service. The Old Reports were familiar to him as playthings—the Year Books were his Don Quixote and Gil Blas—he extracted from them abundant elements of amusement—he carried them to Carlsbad, and a year or two ago read them in his way up the Mediterranean. The New Reports he disliked, and was continually expressing his disapprobation of the immense masses published daily in London—and not without cause. When Justinian compiled his *Institute*, the writings on the civil law were said to be "*Multorum camelorum onus*;" but if the observer had seen the piles of English decisions, he would no doubt have pressed into the service of conveyance a whole caravan. Reports, at the present day, intolerably augment the labour of the student, perplex the practitioner, overlay what is useful and sound, discourage the acquirement of scientific knowledge,

substitute for the study of principle an empirical recollection of facts, perpetuate errors, and render their extirpation both difficult and violent. His arguments at the bar were fine pieces of reasoning; he began without the appearance of an effort; as he proceeded he tacked principle on principle—he wound his object as a stanch hound does his game, running close on the scent; and, by a skilful combination of fact and argument, formed of the whole a consummate unity. Under the exterior of common-place, his reasonings would appear to an acute observer to be the perfection of art, and that he concealed beneath a surface of simplicity sophisms the most insidious, and subtlety the most acute. He was a strong, masculine, and perspicuous reasoner—arguing in a series of minute but substantial propositions, where dexterity was more prominent than genius, and practical sense and knowledge of more importance than declamation. His language rarely rose beyond the common level, but he arranged it with such skill as to give it an air of simple elegance—never inoculating it with euphuisms like his brother Smith, or veiling its deficiencies in pompous intonations like another learned brother. He preferred nature to artifice; and if it did not enable him to reach the altitude of an orator, it did not derogate from his dignity as a lawyer. If he did not possess the fervid energy which constitutes the true exalted, he had the unpretending plainness which belongs to a finer style of eloquence. In strength of understanding he had few equals: he was rarely led into a gladiatorial display of his powers, or delighted in the evolutions of argument for the mere exhibition of capacity—he had always some object to accomplish. Secondary ornaments he very rarely sought; but when he was tempted to use a figurative illustration, he fetched it from the science of botany, to which he was passionately addicted. But the figure possessed no vitality—the flower was not plucked fresh from the bed—it was crisped and scentless—the wrinkles of the museum were on it. His judgments were invariably elegant and profound; he left no side of a question unexplained—he turned it on every side, and having pithily extracted the main facts, he applied the law with clearness. Few of them have ever been questioned for their soundness, and such as have been carried to the House of Lords, have, we believe, been confirmed without an exception. In Ogle and Ogle, Sir W. Follett, we understand, has doubted his judgment; but, with all due respect for his abilities, he has yet to rival the erudition of the Chief Baron. Sir E. Sugden expressed a very high opinion of his power, which the chief reciprocated; for the “Treatise on Powers” was his delight—he was incessant in his praise of it.

Great as his merits as a lawyer were, and as a judge adjudicating on the rights of property, it would be ridiculous to deny that he did not act the partisan on the bench in questions of a political nature. He carried to that elevation, which should stand far above the clouded atmosphere of party, the insensate heat which marked his early progress—he did no honour to the ermine by the acerbity of his principles. He rose to the very height of imprudence, careless of all consequences, even of his judicial reputation, whenever an occasion offered to display his dislike to popular liberty. One would suppose that

the frost of nearly eighty winters must have cooled down his effervescent zeal; but no—like wine, he grew more mellow in his prejudices as he advanced in years. As he had been in the golden days of his party, so did he hold firm to the last—no change passed over his political features. He was the idol of young and ancient Toryism—all other champions merged in the importance of the Chief Baron—he was their sword and shield. We remember the play of withering scorn that passed over his rugged and inharmonious features during the discussion on the “beneficial interest” question—he used absolutely to laugh at the mention of reform. In early times he would have proved as high a prerogative lawyer as old Noy, or might have been associated in the councils of Laud and Strafford. He might have joined with Coke in denouncing Raleigh as a “spider of hell,” or stickled for commendams against him. He had much of the harsh and repulsive sternness that characterised the early lawyers, and had he been thrown back on the fifteenth or sixteenth century, would not be out of his sphere. His conduct as judge was strangely at variance with his conduct as attorney-general. Both cannot be reconciled. He recommended the appointment of a high sheriff out of the judges’ list, a doctrine which he afterwards denounced as the very reverse of constitutional, in his letter to Mr. Drummond. Certain rules were submitted for his approval regarding the constabulary, which he sanctioned. All remember the extravagant virulence with which he assailed that very principle in the case of Knox and Gavin. The House of Lords has since confirmed the decree of the Exchequer, but that decision does not in the least diminish the culpability. Mr. Richards (now baron) sorely probed him on that point—he quoted the authority of a former Attorney-general in support of the doctrine he so ably elucidated—that authority was the Chief Baron—but his lordship tossed his head aside, and vented his silent indignation in one of his most formidable sneers. In that discussion he was seen in his full strength and glory. We had heard it asserted, on the fluctuating authority of the Hall of the Courts, that the infusion of vitality into the writ of rebellion was suggested by a higher authority than Mr. Smith. That, however, we leave where we found it; but it is certain that the countenance of the chief was instrumental in restoring it to its pristine beauty; he caressed it with the eagerness of a lover—he eulogised it as the noblest emanation of the common law—as the most consummate fruit of the wisdom of our feudal ancestors. During Mr. Pennefather’s argument, he signified his approbation in a series of expressive nods, that too plainly intimated the writ must go forth for the preservation of steeples; and when Mr. Richards followed, in an argument full of strength and eloquence, bottoming his opposition on the firm basis of constitutional liberty, which he prized in proportion as he had deeply studied its foundations, and the progress of its structure, he was constantly interrupted with a volley of his most acid sarcasms; but the Solicitor-general disregarded the attack—

. “On he moved,
Careless of blame, while his own heart approved—
Careless of ribald jeer.”

The chief also directed the institution of proceedings against the primate for the recovery of certain lands claimed by the crown; but how differently did he act when the question came before him for adjudication? Connected with these proceedings is the celebrated rencontre between him and Mr. Richards, then Attorney-general. A verdict was found for the primate, and his counsel applied for the expenses of the special jury against the crown. Generally, the party obtaining the verdict is entitled to full costs; but as against the crown, the question was involved in some doubt. The primate obtained a conditional order, and Mr. Baron Richards appeared to show cause. The chief vividly remembered the argument on the writ; and as the attorney-general proceeded, he was suddenly interrupted by one of the most offensive attacks, which is without parallel in the records of courts of justice. To call the argument of the first law officer of the crown "absurd and futile," was an indignity not only to the crown, but to the bar. The latter were filled with astonishment—a passing amazement dilated even the keen eye of Mr. Blackburne. Mr. Richards, who, while addressing the court, generally kept his eyes averted, at once turned them on the Chief Baron. After remaining silent for a few seconds, he folded his arms, and addressed him in the inimitable words, which, considering the suddenness of the attack, and the short period allowed for the collection of his thoughts, are unsurpassed for energy and strength. The effect of his biting rejoinder to be felt must have been heard. The manly voice—the firm port—the fixed eye—the visible inspiration of conscious power that animated Mr. Richards—the frozen derision and agitated manner of the judge—the various emotions that swayed the bar as they favoured one or the other—all these must evaporate in the narration. In truth, "Judge Festus trembled:" he was absolutely bewildered. It was a circumstance unknown in the Irish courts since Curran lavished his stifling censure on Judge Robinson, and embittered the arrogance of Lord Clare by his terrible sarcasms. In England such untoward collisions are unknown between judges and advocates, however opposed in principle—a proper respect always exists between both; there time does not leave a deep and black deposit of inveterate antipathy to every popular opinion, and the supporters of it. Mr. Richards' only crime was, that he was a firm but unobtrusive assertor of principles disliked by the Chief Baron; and he resolved to treat him somewhat in the same manner, and with the same language that Jefferies treated Baxter—"Richard, Richard! dost thou think we will hear thee poison the court?" If, on other occasions, as in Curran's, the indecorum was altogether on the side of counsel—in the present, the excess and intemperance were altogether on the side of the court. The wantonness of the provocation fully warranted the indignant and manly rebuke which extorted it. Shortly after Mr. Richards was honoured with the ermine, and the chief stood on the high horse; no friendly salutations of "brother" passed between them. Baron Pennefather acted as the medium of communication, until finally the disagreeable differences were merged in their common duty, and the current of judicial concord ran ever after smooth and unruffled. But notwithstanding his asperity on the bench, in private life he was most

amiable, fulfilling all the relations of a kind and generous friend. He was cordial and affectionate to all for whom he entertained any regard, and at his board the wine and the laugh circulated with equal satisfaction—his hospitality was proportioned to his wealth. Whatever his other failings may be, avarice was not one of them; he was profuse in his charity, and with the true modesty which characterises that virtue, he gave large sums of money in secret to old friends to whom fortune was not so favourable as to himself, and exacted no bond. His wealth was amassed by means strictly honourable, for he scorned to do an act disgraceful in itself for the pecuniary acquisition which was to follow. His friends have subscribed largely to erect a monument to his memory. We rejoice at it. He deserves commemoration as a great lawyer—a good friend; and it is not the least of his virtues that merits the permanence of marble, that he was the inflexible opponent of the Union.

SONG.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

WE met, but were till then unknown,
 For our free lives have flowed apart :
 Yet both insensibly have grown
 Alike, in age and heart.
 Our lives were like two cheerful brooks,
 Which singing through the valleys go,
 Which run not near to mingle looks,
 Nor hear each other flow.

Yet each some hidden charm obeys—
 The wide apart are now the nigh :
 We meet, we linger, and we gaze,
 Nor coldly wander by.
 The loved are met no more to part,
 The loneliness of life is gone :
 And hope to hope, and heart to heart,
 Are mingled into one.

SCENES IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES."

FOUR years after the present century dawned on this small planet; bringing to it steam, gas, and all sorts of science, I was appointed by my commander, then chief on the Jamaica station, to a very old sloop there, to domesticate, among other pleasantries, with scorpions, centipedes, and cockroaches, a good-natured fag for second luff, a purser fond of bargains, and a large raw-boned captain, very young, and full of fun and frolic. I had lately arrived on the station, and found Wellington boots, however valuable in England, not particularly conducive to comfort in that hot climate. After undergoing martyrdom for some hours with a very tight fit, quite new, the purser offered to relieve me from them at half price. With soap, and boot-hooks, and many a hearty pull, he managed to encase his feet and legs in them, and then began his torture; for they, being long unused to a tight fit, thought proper to swell, and, from their enlarged state, refused to come out of their incarceration. All sorts of means were resorted to in vain, and cutting them off was proposed and rejected by the angry purser, who swore, as he had paid for them, he would wear them; and accordingly turned into bed with them on, from whence his groans, exclamations, execrations, and repinings, kept us in continual laughter; and at 6 A.M. the knife was applied, and he was relieved from great torture of body to endure the mental one arising from a commercial loss.

We were cruising off St. Domingo, the black brigands were pressing the town, and, being short of provisions, the governor ordered out the useless mouths, meaning children, and man's greatest comfort, the fair, the affectionate, the gentle sex, sweet soothers of our woes, and soft comforters in affliction, through good report and evil: these gentle and afflicted beings were, I am grieved to reflect, despoiled of their goods, and passed on to Porto Rico, or any other port they chose to wander to, without the care or trouble arising from property. Having amassed considerable prize-money from these exactions, we one night sent a mate and four men to take charge of a large sloop, being in chase of several others then in sight, with orders to keep as near to us as possible; but if he parted company, to repair to Oca Bay, in St. Domingo, and wait our arrival. On the fourth day H. M. sloop cast anchor in the said bay, and a truly delightful one it was. Here thousands of cattle run wild, and with a large party I went into the forest for the purpose of shooting them. As the sea-breeze fell, the scent of the wounded and dead oxen was offensive, and resembled butcher's shambles more than the pure air in these delightful regions. The tall cabbage-trees now began to obscure the twilight, and the English circular faces became elongated, while the smooth open brow wrinkled, and lines of care and anxiety began deeply to indent themselves, as I ordered a return to the brig, and each man to see his

arms in proper state for defence against any of the brigands, either black or white, that might be out in these extensive wilds on their predatory excursions; for stories were rife at Jamaica of the most horrible atrocities committed by both parties, roasting alive at slow fires being cruelty of a low grade, not worthy of particular mention in these days of horror; and a corresponding sharp look-out a-head, astern, and to starboard and port, while frequent councils of war, and cautions to look to our feet, as the sharp rattle of the deadly snake curdled our blood, by giving plain intimation of its contiguity; while the slight raps from the elastic boughs regaining their position, as we pressed through the underwood, made us start and tremble, thinking the fangs of the reptile buried in our flesh. Cold perspiration bedewed my forehead, as I called a halt.

“What say ye, men, are we in the right direction for the brig? and can any of you make out an opening to clear this infernal wood?”

“From the bearings I took of the sun when last visible,” said Mr. Pipes, the boatswain, “we should alter course to port two points; but, shiver my timbers, what has caught hold of my starboard keel?”

At this moment a fierce rattle caused a revulsion of blood, with a faint cry of horror, and an apparent disposition to fly from the dangerous spot. Mr. Pipes made a forward spring, and the shrill whistle from his call echoed through the dreary wood, as he very distinctly piped *belay*.

“Boatswain,” said I, “you will rouse the attention of some of the murdering parties, and our scalps may decorate their belts.”

“Better engage them than a rattlesnake, but *hark!*” and the welcome sound of a gun boomed over the high cabbage-trees, and the concussion shook the light foliage of the underwood. “Thank God!” spontaneously burst from heart and lip, and we all pressed forward to where the sound appeared to come from. Our exertions were rewarded by the sight of the calm and lovely bay, with H. M. sloop riding majestically in it, her low black frame strongly contrasted by her tall taper masts that gracefully reared themselves on high. Another shrill whistle from the boatswain’s call, answered by his mates from the brig, ordering black and white cutters away, and most gladly did we step into the boats, but without two bullocks that we had attempted to bring in pieces to the beach—they had made their escape from the shoulders that had long borne them, to benefit the beasts and reptiles that infested the woods of Oca Bay, in St. Domingo, named by the justly celebrated Columbus, Hispaniola. As the burning sun next morning rose from his watery bed, the signal man reported our prize in the offing, and as ten days had elapsed since we had last seen her, water and provision were placed in the boats, and they were despatched to her assistance as she lay like a log on the calm sea, her sails idly flapping to the masts approaching her. The boats, by the rapidity with which they made their way, drove off the sharks that had congregated round the hapless vessel. Countless fins might be seen above water, (like a plantation of stunted firs,) of these voracious monsters of the deep, attracted doubtless by the smell of the sick, and the bodies daily thrown from the vessel, for

she was in wretched plight, without fresh water, and little provision. Never shall I forget the haggard and spectre-like countenance of the men, the helpless moans of the women and children as they lay on the deck, exposed to the fierce rays of the melting sun. Their tongues swollen, and protruded from their parched and blackened lips, already the prey of myriads of insects—some eyes wildly glaring in strong delirium, while others were glazed and deeply set in the agonies of welcome death.

“Water! water!” hoarsely croaked the spectre of a man, looking wishfully at the breakers in our boat. Merciful Heaven! It was “Thomas,” the mate, who only ten days back with a “John Bull” face, and a well-fed person, took charge of this prize, in which he had found a few gallons of brackish water, and above thirty women and children; the breaker that had hastily been placed in his boat containing six gallons, and that was alone pure and drinkable. It was soon, from want of due care and precaution, swallowed by the numerous parched throats that thirsted for it. Faint indeed are the ideas of those who never experienced a want of this precious fluid, of the ecstatic delight given, in this sultry, indeed burning clime, from a hearty draught those will take who have been long debarred. It is a foretaste of the joys of heaven, and was forcibly expressed by the feeble eye lighting up with animation, and those set and glared in death again expressing gratitude and delight. One poor girl, apparently eighteen, had drunk copiously of sea-water. If, reader, you have seen the animated skeleton lately shown in England, you may have a faint conception of what poor human beings may suffer before welcome death brings relief. Alas! the inequality of misery in this best of all possible worlds. “The proud man’s contumely—the insolence of office” *availing itself of its small degree of power to inflict all the injustice and misery that the little and low minds of vulgar men can visit on nobler natures.* But Dives and Lazarus will no doubt exemplify and equalise, or, nautically expressed, square the yards hereafter, and the longest life, compared to eternity, is but short, pass it how you will. “Whatever is, is right,” says Mr. Pope, and I, from long experience, firmly agree with him, that “there is a power that shapes our ends, roughhew them how we may.” But a truce to digression. The prize was towed alongside, and the sick by the surgeon and nurses tended with careful kindness. The dead were committed to the jaws of the sea-monsters that had hovered round the prize so long, and, as the mate stated, were not to be driven off with the blows their waning strength enabled them to strike, but each day, as they became more sickly and enervated, the sharks thronged and pressed upon the sides of the floating tomb as if they were inclined to spring on its deck, and make the living, as well as the dead, their prey. How wonderful is the instinct of the brute creation, that can induce these large and voracious monsters of the deep to keep up with and constantly around these floating hospitals! I have heard of a shark of great magnitude, in Port Royal, that swam round the shipping in that port at noon each day, receiving from the men the offal of their dinner, invariably taken at that time. As this shark was a complete check on desertion, the officers would not allow it to be fired at, or in any way

molested. In consequence, it regularly at noon might be seen, its fin above water, rapidly making its way to the shipping. He was named Port Royal Lion, and quite domesticated among the mariners that frequented that port.

Again we resumed our station off the town of St. Domingo, now most vigorously pressed by the black brigands, under their black chief Christophe, who, upon one of our youthful captains being brought before him on the capital crime of having effected the escape of a beautiful Frenchwoman, thus addressed him:—"Sir captain, your life is forfeited by our laws, which must be respected equally with your own; I pardon you now, on condition that you report my message truly to your admiral, Sir John Duckworth, whom I respect for beating our mutual enemy, the French. Tell him, if he chooses to put such boys as you in command of ships, not again to send them to trouble our free state; for, as yonder sun now shines, this is the last act of clemency they shall receive at my hands."

So saying, his sable majesty rose with dignity and dissolved the court, much to the satisfaction of the culprit.

Shortly after four A.M., having the morning watch, my good genius induced me to heave to, the weather being hazy and the shore indistinctly visible. As day began to dawn, the cathead-man announced a squadron on the lee bow. With the glass I soon discovered them to be men-of-war, and laying to on the starboard tack.

"Call the captain—turn the hands up—out with the reefs, and loose top-gallant sails."

By this my bonny Scot reached the deck, and agreed with me in opinion that they were a French squadron. This was speedily shown by their tricolored flags, in answer to our private signal. They consisted of seven sail of the line, under Rear-Admiral M——, two frigates, and the same number of brigs, escaped from Brest. We were thrown into the utmost consternation, being not fit to fight, and unable to run, our sailing qualities being much impeded by the dirty state of the ship's bottom, contracted from her long stay on this station.

"Make all sail, and keep your wind close on the larboard tack," cried the captain, who was keeping a wary eye on the frigates and brigs that were shaking out reefs and signalling their admiral for leave to chase. Fortunately, he did not deem us worthy of notice, and passed, gun-shot and a half off, to windward, when, hull down, we wore and made all sail for Jamaica, where we arrived in due time, giving the admiral intelligence of a force double his own on the station. The veteran anchored his flag-ship with springs in the narrowed part of the channel, and made the best disposition of his small force to defeat any attack on Port Royal, at the same time placing me in a fine eighteen-gun sloop, just arrived from England, with orders to proceed to sea and reconnoitre the motions of the French squadron.

THE TWIN-SISTERS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

My sister, I sit in the chestnut-trees' shade,
 Where often in childhood we frolicked and played,
 But my spirit is heavy, and burdened with gloom,
 I look through my tears at thy close-curtained room,
 The sounds of dark meaning yet ring in my ear,
 "Thy sister is drooping, her summons is near;"
 Yes, Death, that the strong and the mighty o'erpowers,
 Can even dissever a union like ours.

Our lot was not common, our ties were above
 The usual connexion of sisterly love,
 Together we entered this region of care,
 Together we lisped our first infantine prayer;
 As childhood advanced, in each study and aim,
 Our hopes, our pursuits, our delights were the same,
 And the thought of the one, although yet unexpressed,
 Oft found a reply in the other's fond breast.

No absence was suffered a chillness to bring
 O'er the radiance and joy of our girlhood's fresh spring,
 No rival emotions, no jealousies vain,
 Our fervent affection e'er came to profane,
 In person the stranger scarce knew us apart,
 But the stranger could trace not our likeness of heart,
 None, none but ourselves the sweet fulness divined
 Of our perfect communion of temper and mind.

Oh! how when my sister is summoned away,
 Shall I pass the slow hours of the long dreaded day?
 The songs we have sung will seem tuneless to me,
 My walks will be sad, unpartaken by thee;
 I shall miss thy kind smile when my pillow I leave,
 I shall miss thy soft voice in the silence of eve,
 Our parents their child may in patience resign,
 Their trial is surely less bitter than mine.

Yet let me not thus the Almighty arraign,
 Who graciously gives me a balm for my pain,
 I feel, when our many dear ties I recall,
 That the service of God was the dearest of all,
 Our way to his house on the Sabbath we took,
 Together we studied the truth of his book,
 And we owned when the paths of proud science we trod,
 That all knowledge was poor to the knowledge of God.

Thy faith in thy last waning moments is shown,
 Nor dost thou, my sister, enjoy it alone;
 Thy tender companion from life's early breath
 May be not, alas! thy companion in death,
 But her spirit with thine shall still fondly unite,
 And the glories of Heaven shall oft break on her sight,
 When her thoughts from earth's perils and sorrows arise
 To her dear twin-born sister who lives in the skies.

THE LOADED DICE.¹

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT it was some time before Jules's "anecdotes" told with any effect upon Blanche, or that even his last words at parting made a wholesome impression upon her mind. She had, indeed, been a little touched and shaken in her lofty indignation against him, by the indication of his feelings during his above sketch of the village street and the river view; but the foreground of the ruined turret, with the historical allusions it produced, was a sad intrusion on her charitable vein, which Jules's devotions in the little church did not afterwards quite remove. Then even his announcement of the loss of all their money, with his abiding despair in consequence, affected her but little, in comparison with his merely contingent statement of *where* it had been lost.

"Poverty!" she cried; "I dread it not! Side by side with the misery which has fallen upon me, it is *not* poverty. It is nothing!—a lack of the world's means, to bribe the world's cold smile—to eat, sit, dress, in show, when existence with one's own inward joy were enough—were all—*that* is not poverty; but, oh! the bankrupt heart!"

Her father-in-law returned to her, trembling with anxiety to know why Jules had again left them. She turned upon him, like—so far as her nature, education, and manners permit the term—a bereaved tigress;—so that the officious, and, in some things, absurd old gentleman, came in for a deserved share of the new outbreak of latent character, upon which he had been so sagely speculating.

"No, sir," was part of Blanche's lecture; "you should *not* have exposed him to me. Charity, mercy, nature, common sense, it would have been, to have spoken with our Jules in secret, and left me still credulous!"

The truly crest-fallen baron thought that he had earned thanks, at least, for arousing Blanche from her delusion.

"Delusion!" she repeated; "if delusion kept my heart smiling in sunshine, is it not a *gauche* wisdom, an accursed wisdom, that would plunge it in eternal darkness? Delusion! oh, there are delusions like the blessed daylight, which, when it disappears, makes every thing disappear along with it!"

But explanations gradually ensued to all Grainville's inquiries. He learned—Blanche mentioning the circumstance in a very passing matter-of-course way—that he, she, his son, and his grandchildren were beggars. The old man became almost overwhelmed with consternation, and it was the alarming excess of his emotion which first helped to school the primitive Blanche into a proper view of their common situation, and into more christian feelings towards her sinning husband. And now it became her father-in-law's turn to

¹ Continued from p. 240.

hazard a resumption of his former and usual tone of remonstrance in the family.

"Have a care, my child," he said, "lest your apathy deserve to be called selfish as regards us all now. Is it possible you have no thought, in spite of his great errors, of the wanderings in abject want, as well as in political danger, of the husband you have finally driven from his home?" She turned on her seat, bent her head, and remained silent. "And, perhaps, too, Blanche, though I *was* his accuser to you, and though I *am* his father, I would not, in the uncurbed burst of a novel vehemence, have banished him this morning from his own hearth-stone, to wander through the world, either in affluence or in poverty."

Her heart was again chided. She arose and left the room, silently weeping; the showers of the storm had come—she entered softly into her children's sleeping-chamber, kissed them in her sleep, and knelt by them and prayed, laying bare her whole soul, and taking to task her inmost thought and feeling. The result was a sudden and total change in her sentiments and intentions towards the prodigal. People who give way to the *abandonne* of feeling are subject to those quick changes; the superfluity of self-indulged temper causes a re-action on the more generous parts of their nature. And so Blanche now firmly believed that she *had* been "selfish," and that her "novel excitement" *had* thrown her off her guard, and that her conduct was altogether cruel and impetuous as a wife and a mother. Good, though simple woman! she still loved her outlaw too, notwithstanding all her speeches to the contrary, and the picture of his homeless "wanderings," sketchingly commenced by his father, her imagination went on filling up, till she burst into fresh and plentiful tears before it. Nor must it be forgotten, above all, that Blanche's rigid sense of religious rules of conduct had a great share, after her "examination of conscience," in working this amiable revolution of feeling.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried, rising from her knees. "Heaven does *not* give *us* up so suddenly and so easily, as *I* would pretend to give up *him*."

She rejoined the baron, unhesitatingly admitting error, and abundant in her sincere professions of anxiety to repair it. She would now do anything, venture on any sacrifice—on that of life itself—to win home again her banished Jules; though perhaps Blanche was here running into another extreme of character. She had, however, *upon a sense of duty and reparation*, at present aroused, to say nothing of her other motives, natural nerve, we do believe, for anything. But what was to be done? First of all, a letter—she would write him a letter, and send it—ay, even to the house of Madame Duchesnois. De Grainville saw no objection;—but would that get back their money—their only earthly means of common subsistence? and he groaned as she set about her task.

The letter was completed, and a question arose as to a person to take charge of it, and Dominique's continued absence from home became commented upon, and, together with Soulier's nocturnal visit to him, added materially to the state of mixed trouble and apprehen-

sion, in which the helpless pair found themselves involved. Their door-bell again aroused their hopes and fears. They admitted a single person—a gentlemanlike and serious mannered young man—perfectly a stranger to them. He announced himself as a particular friend of Jules—anxious, very anxious to see him on most urgent business. Both Blanche and the baron rejected, at the same moment, the notion of the “particular friendship,” and their hearts sank under the fear that the stranger was a secret agent of Robespierre. The untimely hour of his visit rationally countenanced the conclusion: it was still not more than three o’clock in the morning.

“So particular a friend of my husband, sir,” cross-examined Blanche, “and yet now first known to me, and to his father?”

“Yes, madam,” replied the visitant, smiling politely; “though not ever having had the honour of being presented to his family, I have been, I assure you, the intimate friend of your husband, almost since his arrival in Paris; and on this repeated plea I now urgently ask to see him, and to speak with him.”

Blanche said that Jules was not in the house. The stranger went on to inquire where he might be sought after. She mentioned the name of Madame Duchesnois.

“*There* I will not seek him,” continued the gentleman, “and the moments are too precious this morning to allow of my staying here any longer. May I sit down to your writing-desk?” And with permission he did so, and left open upon it, on a strip of paper, a few words in, to Blanche, an unintelligible cipher, upon which he pressed his finger, re-addressing her: “Since I cannot meet him personally, madam, my better course is to leave for him, in your safe keeping, this line—to be presented to him by you the moment you meet. Adieu, madam.” And he departed quickly—yet before he crossed their threshold they observed him suddenly to pause, as if in a listening attitude, perhaps for some expected signal or sound out of doors.

This mysterious visit threw an additional, though vague, shade of disquietude over the minds of Blanche and her father-in-law. Her letter to Jules became again anxiously discussed; the baron volunteered to convey it himself, together with the occult scribble left by the stranger; but Blanche, now more than ever alive to the calculations of good sense, overruled him on the grounds of Jules’s sensitive recollections of a recent visit from his father unfitting him for a renewed meeting advantageous to them all, upon the present occasion.

Blanche, raising her eyes from a useless reverie, encountered those of a female, stedfastly regarding her, upon the threshold of the little salon. The entrance door had been left open after the departure of the last visiter, and it was Nannon who had stolen in, creeping through the premises like a mouse. With much earnestness, part of it real, part of it affected, the girl requested a private interview with Blanche, mentioning that since the previous evening she had strongly wished to come upon her present business, but had been held back in her mistress’s house, half by the duties of her situation, half in a dread of arousing very dangerous suspicions, by absenting herself. “And

now, madam," she continued, "I have run hither out of breath, to tell you that if you wish to serve and save yourself and your husband, you must not hesitate one instant in listening to me privately, and in immediately following my instructions; for you, and you alone, madam, though at some personal inconvenience—perhaps risk—are capable of performing towards your husband the important services he at present requires."

Although at another time Blanche's aristocratical notions, indeed her notions of propriety, would have induced her to reject the summary confidence proposed by the *grizette*, her present almost desperate position, together with her previous and still vivid resolutions to undertake anything, at any risk, which could do Jules good, determined her at once to accept it. She asked, however, must their conversation be strictly private? Nannon emphatically answered "Yes." The old baron was then exhorted to leave them alone. In a feeling of offended dignity, indeed almost of approaching insignificance, he proudly remonstrated; but it was of no use, and so he left Blanche and Nannon together.

Not more than a few minutes had elapsed, when he heard Blanche's step solemnly, and yet quickly, entering her own chamber; another minute, and she tapped at his door, saying, "I go out, sir, to attempt, under Providence, a good for us all—do not despair of anything yet; and pray, pray, look after the dear little ones;" and ere the astounded and trebly-offended baron could arrest Blanche's progress, Nannon and she were clean out of the house, and half running, he firmly believed, along the streets.

"I will, I must follow her!" he vowed; "but how? under what circumstances?" After the habitudes of his life—after having commanded a little army of servants, trained and willing to obey upon any occasion the slightest glance of his eye, here was he left alone, with everything at stake out of doors, to play nurse and children's maid, in his old age, to his grandchildren at home. It was personally humiliating, as well as torturing, to his natural feelings of anxiety and interest, and to his lofty idea of self-importance. Submission, however, was inevitable, and the good portions of the old gentleman's disposition greatly assisted him, after all, in staying under the same roof with the sleeping innocents, who, if he now left it, might indeed awaken utterly desolate.

Blanche and Nannon hurried rapidly in the first instance to the residence of a person high in the police, yet known, even in those bad times, as an honest man. They told him a story of great social chicanery practised towards an individual, which, apart from all political questions, he felt himself called upon, as a guardian of public justice, to investigate; and he, therefore, proposed to attend them to the house of Madame Duchesnois, engaging, at Nannon's own earnest entreaty, that Nannon's name should not appear in the transaction, but that, acting upon her private hints, his own observation should decide for him.

The trio quickly gained the well-known house. By Nannon's agency they entered it quietly and without particular notice. In the hall the officer of police separated from Blanche and Nannon, and

sauntered up stairs. The girl then took Blanche into a private room, to prepare her also for a stolen march into the salons above. This was to be done two ways: first, Blanche was to submit to be mystified in a domino and a half mask of black velvet, often worn by "ladies" who frequented the play at madame's tables; and, in the present lax state of observation of the mistress of the mansion, occasioned by the lateness of the hour, the excitement of gaming at its crisis, and by the constant coming and going of votaries of fortune, Nannon had no doubt that our heroine might safely make the experiment. And in the next place, Blanche, when fairly introduced above stairs, was to be wholly governed and timed in her actions by whispers from Nannon, communicated as best could be contrived. And these two points perfectly understood, and Blanche's disguise adjusted, the energetic little girl left her alone for a moment, to proceed into Jules's presence, and, before anything else was attempted, deliver to him the conciliatory letter his wife had written to him before leaving home.

In complete solitude and inaction, after the uninterrupted excitement of her feelings and actions since quitting, upon unweighed impulse, her humble house, Blanche's state of mind, in her secret room, after Nannon's departure, we cannot venture to describe. It was all hurry, turmoil, and throb. Did she indeed at last find herself under such a roof? The recollection of the purpose upon which she had come, and even her husband's presence under it with her, could scarce appease her indignant and haughty loathing. Upon arriving at its door, she had hastily and indistinctly observed that candle-light feebly shone through its partially-closed window-shutters into the now broad sunshine of the summer morning,—a hateful indication of the continued pursuit within its walls, at unnatural hours, of odious dissipation, begun at the close of the gone-by yesterday. The hall too, which she had crossed, and the magnificent staircase she was to ascend, were still lighted with lamps or candles. Blanche shuddered and crossed herself. And with all this sacrifice of feeling she had made in coming to such a place, was Blanche sure that she should succeed in her romantic and daring attempt to serve her husband?—prompted and guided as she was exclusively by a little menial girl, one attached, too, to the very establishment which Blanche's mere attempt must, by seeking to repudiate, arm in hostility against her? Even if she succeeded, would not the personal, particular, and deadly hatred of Soulier be aroused—and were not this almost certain ruin in the worst shape?

While thus she pondered, if pondering it might be called, Nannon was observing Jules in one of the well-filled salons overhead.

Jules sat alone at a small table. Chairs surrounded it at unequal distances, however, as if he had not long been at it alone. A hazard-box was on the middle of the table. Our hero leaned back in his chair, his right hand thrust into his bosom, his legs fully extended and crossed, his whole attire even more out of order than Blanche had noticed it a short time before; and, countenanced by the order of things and manners at present around him, wearing his hat, which hung recklessly and unamiably to one side of his head. Suddenly he laughed spitefully to himself, and made a kind of soliloquy.—“It is

so malicious, after all, of Lady Fortune not to fillip me up the chance to that main—my favourite main—though I have tried for it, with little intermission, since about ten o'clock yesterday evening. Would she now, in more refined spite still, merely to titter at me? Let us see, for pastime." And he drew his chair close to the little table, took up the hazard-box, shook it, threw the dice, and while he went on playing to himself, continued to mumble—"Now then, my main, the same as ever!"—(He threw)—"nothing." (He threw again)—"nothing again."—(He threw the third time)—"but there!—Madam Fortune, I thank you!—ay, I knew you would!—try again"—(Still throwing)—"O, to be sure—up it comes, every toss, now;—again for it!"—(A throw again.)—"Better and better—a nick! I am your ladyship's devoted, to the latchet of your shoe—curses!" And he shoved the box from him, and resumed his old position.

Mons. Soulier, rising from another table, came to Jules. "There," he said, with a shrug of tired disappointment, "I have lost enough for two hours to come; luck always flies me at that table—ah, Monsieur Edmond!—all alone?"

"Alone?" repeated Jules; "no, my amiable friend; two of the interesting little fiends *you* left behind you, sitting one on each shoulder and chattering very pleasant things into my ear—a difference of opinion between them as to my most advisable mode of travelling to their respectable parent."

"Come, come; unfortunate you have been indeed; but not left unable for a chance still."

"Look ye, worthy Soulier, and graceful Soulier, and exquisite Soulier, and my best friend Soulier; what I have lost, I have lost; and what I have left I have in my possession; and what I have not in my possession you have in yours—or Monsieur le Grand there has in his—or Monsieur le Petit—or Monsieur le Diable—excuse me their more particular names;—and so far I enlighten you on the present state of my poke, inestimable Soulier—seven's the main!" And Jules continued playing for his own private pleasure.

"But won't you amuse yourself?" resumed Soulier, with his kind smile,—“join some of the full tables—or invite me to sit down—your oldest and fairest antagonist, out of luck too as I am, since I played with you last—for your revenge?"

"Look you again, Soulier, the interesting and the condescending, the precious Goddess of Spotted Paper and Square Bones has, as you may remember, been coquetting with me; now—always under your gracious permission—I will coquet a bit with her; and when I have piqued her, and when, as all ladies are wont to do, she thinks fit to smile me another smile, in the hope of getting me on my knees again, then, oldest and fairest, I may consider your kind proposal. Now leave me to my little flirtation—seven is the main!"

"Well," said Soulier, as he retired, "if I sit down again at all, it shall be with you."

"Thanks, mirror of condescension—seven!—and there again!—my chance now, every throw." And Jules laughed in seemingly very good humour.

Nannon here cautiously approached him, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Ah, *ma petite philosophe*!—kiss me a philosophical kiss now, thou *piquante* little secondary imp of this specious hell—a tangent—touch and off—come, nobody is looking."

"First read that," whispered Nannon, giving him his wife's letters, and she disappeared.

"My wife's hand?" queried Jules, as he looked at it—"my late wife's I mean; more magnificent scolding?"—and he began to read. "Come; no, no—sorry, very sorry—miserable, very miserable—penitent, very penitent. Ah, of course, Blanche, as I said now of all thy dear sex to my friend Soulier. Yet, in good truth, fairly worded, and half reminds one of home—prays me home, indeed;—home!—pshaw—home with nothing but my hands in my pockets!"

The lady of the house approached him; he folded up his letter.

"I sympathise with you, citizen," she said.

"In what, specially charming Emélie? I hang my head, and fold my arms, and shrug a shoulder when spoken with, do I? And have no old smiles as good as new, and no merry thoughts in merry words, for an old and merry friend, have I not?"

"Well, well; I can but feel sincerely, and caution you still; for a time I leave this salon—again I say, and say to the last, beware of Soulier—fear him."

"Fear him? Dog!—hang him." (He drew forth Blanche's letter again.) "Now, Blanche, for your crooked postscript. 'Two little kisses besides my own are waiting for yours in this corner.' Ha! ha! Well, Blanche, *those*, at least, I can repay—there, for your own kiss, and there—and there, there, there, there, for our beggared boy and girl." He glanced quickly and stealthily around him, and unwittingly kissed the corner of the letter twenty times.

At this moment, in the absence of Madame Duchesnois from the room in which he sat, Nannon spirited in Blanche, and his wife saw how he was occupied—saw too that tears were on his half-closed lids, and loved him better than ever.

"What's pencilled here, on the corner?" And he read, (they were words written by Blanche since she had entered the house,) "I hope soon to show you that I still care for you more than I fear danger."

"Danger!" thought Jules; "in her fit of repentance, just as red-hot as her grand fit, she is going to do something that will quite destroy her—that's almost as sure as fate; well then, for this reason, at least, I must see her immediately, though it be for the very last time indeed. O, why slumbers the magnificent convulsion some one has been promising us? A more generous fortune than presides here might then smile on me—but here—curses!"

He arose, and walked among the busy groups seated or standing at the other end of the salon.

Nannon had been hovering round Blanche, whose confused state of feeling indeed required her countenance; now she came close to her.

"It is a terrible place, girl," whispered Blanche; "those mean and ill-browed men—my blood chills when I look about me."

"Courage, citizeness," replied Nannon; "reason and philosophy now, at least; our police friend is watchful, and—prepare now—your husband and Soulier come back to play again at this table—let us mix

with the little crowd that attends them to look on, or bet upon their hands—follow me, citizeness, and only be cautious.”

Nannon placed Blanche to the best of her judgment, and according to her tactics glided away.

“A gazer ever since, as I have been, citizen?” asked Soulier, as they re-approached the little table.

“Ay, gracious Soulier,” replied Jules; “but that only makes us more worthy of each other for this renewed *tête-à-tête*—sit.”

“Command me.”

They confronted each other. Nannon was again at Blanche's side, and again whispering, “Move some steps nearer to Soulier's chair—creep through those people—I will not forsake you in your new position.”

The girl once more disappeared, and Blanche courageously, though most repugnantly, stood in the spot which had been pointed out to her.

“Come, I have fair-lady promises against you, nice Soulier—so let us tilt.”

“The hand is yours as usual,” said Soulier, pushing the box to him.

“Thanks, *gentil chevalier*.”

“What stake?” demanded his antagonist.

“Our old one—fear not—lo, 'tis down.”

Blanche saw Jules tell a sum of money on the table.

“And covered,” continued Soulier, also producing his money.

“And won—seven is the main—nick! won it is.”

And to her surprise Blanche now saw Jules draw towards himself the two stakes.

“Very well—covered again,” resumed Soulier.

“And won again—seven!”

“'Tis so, indeed. You beggar me now. I borrow for the next.”

And Soulier got up and turned away.

“Quick, then, while the tide stays with me.”

And Jules, rattling his dice, laughed more heartily than ever.

“Why, girl, he is winning, is he not?” whispered Blanche to Nannon, who had quietly stolen to her according to promise.

“Judge again, when Soulier's hand is in.”

“What does that mean? And how am I to know when it happens?”

“From me—and look close now; here is our man.”

“Haste, gentle friend, haste!” cried Jules.

“With you—there!”

And Soulier was reseated, and his new stake down.

“And here!—seven!”

“Out,” said Soulier, quietly.

“Out so soon?”

“Yes;—your hand.”

Soulier took the box.

“Use your eyes now, citizeness,” counselled Nannon. “See, see—does he not steal something from his bosom?”

“I think he does,” assented Blanche.

“At every throw of *his*, now, the *dice*—as I have told you would be the case—are loaded,” was Nannon's hissing whisper.

"Play!" exclaimed Jules.

"My old five."

And Soulier threw, and in his turn had a nick, and gently drew his winnings.

"Observe, citizeness, the dice begin their work."

"Play again," exhorted Jules.

"As you wish."

Soulier now missed a nick, but threw again, had his chance, and again appropriated the money; "It only took its time," he remarked.

"Yes, yes," assented Jules. "I see. Very good."

"Do we go on?" demanded his opponent.

Jules remained silent, tapping the table.

"My husband has lost again?" asked Blanche of her promptress.

"He has, and will again. Are you quite prepared for your attempt?"

"I am. Do not fear me, girl—only tell me the very moment when it can be tried."

Soulier repeated his question to Jules—"Do we go on?"

"We do. There lies the stake. I add a word, which will afflict you and those good gentleman around us."

"What, citizen?" demanded the ever-smiling Soulier.

"This, ruffian!" answered Jules, in sudden fierceness—"Tis my last! Play!"

"Civil words, and I thank you for them; but no matter—for the present *hére* is good revenge. My old five! and five it is—is it not?" as he swept the table.

"Now, good girl?" whispered Blanche.

"Now or never, citizeness!" and Nannon whisked off from the coming storm.

Jules slowly arose from the table, folded his arms hard, and looking at Soulier, said, in a low tone, "*Canaille!* you have destroyed a gentleman."

"No, no!" screamed Blanche, as, panting and tottering, she darted through the crowd and snatched up the dice which Soulier had used; "no, no—false play! foul play! the citizen Edmond St. Roche is cheated! Make way! I hold my proof! Monsieur of the police, where are you? Make way."

Here, then, was a scene indeed. Soulier grasped Blanche's arm, and endeavoured to force the dice from her hand. Her half-mask fell off. Jules, recognising her, sprang forward and felled Soulier to her feet. All the people in the salon gathered round them, Soulier's immediate accomplices speaking and looking dangerously. The gamblers in the next room poured into this one—tables were pushed or thrown aside—and lights, dice, and cards, scattered about. There was stamping and shuffling of feet, and vociferation, and imprecating, and gesticulating. Jules threw one arm round Blanche, and with the other endeavoured to keep off the ruffians who pressed upon her and him. Madame Duchesnois clapped her hands and wept aloud, lamenting that the character of her house was compromised; and Blanche still cried out for her friend of the police.

"Quiet here, and keep the peace," said that person, making his

way through the throng: they knew him, and became a little orderly. "And give *me* those dice, madam," he continued, addressing Blanche. She broke from Jules, placed the dice in the officer's outstretched hand, then tottered back, and cast herself trembling, weeping profusely, and at last quite exhausted, into his arms.

"The money won by these dice," resumed the police authority, after he had examined them, "must—every sous of it, and no matter by whom won, whether by players or betters—be instantly returned." There was deep grumbling. "Must—I say *must*, citizen Soulier," he went on, nodding to that individual, "just to save you a more public investigation."

Jules accordingly received back on the spot, in specie and assignats, very nearly the whole of the considerable sums which he had lost under Madame Duchesnois' roof and the moment afterwards, protected by his police friend, led Blanche home; his truly penitent and truly admiring heart sinking within him, however, at the self-reproach of having exposed so noble a woman, in such a place, to the humiliation of even her present triumph.

But was it a triumph indeed? With respect to the future fortunes of Jules, was it? It had doubtless rescued from immediate beggary him and all belonging to him, and taught him a lesson he would very likely never forget; but had it not, at the same time, provoked the deadly vengeance of a dangerous enemy? So thought Blanche on her way home, though the idea did not much affect the exulting sensations of her heart. And so Blanche ought to have thought, and with fear and trembling too, had she known how circumstances were at that very moment conspiring against her and hers.

Let it be remembered that poor Dominique had been locked up by Nannon in a kind of little pantry in one of Madame Duchesnois' salons, and that his mistress had been foiled in her first attempt, at least, to restore him to his liberty. We must now add that, in two other subsequent attempts, she had also been unfortunate; in fact, that since about nine o'clock the previous evening, till now, past four in the morning, Dominique had been her prisoner. Often and often, during this long interval, had the anxious girl, as she entered or left the salon, dreaded to hear him utter, in reckless despair, some one terrific cry which must have sealed his own fate, as well as that of others—Nannon herself, perhaps, among the number. For, in common with Dominique's old master, indeed with all who knew him well, Nannon was certain that it needed but to bring him and Soulier face to face, to insure from him, in his terror, admissions which would send to the *guillotine* that master and all connected with him.

But, astonishing to say, Nannon was disappointed, during the whole night and morning, in her almost certain calculations of a sudden outcry from the pantry. Did it afford some private mode of escape to other parts of the house, unknown to her, but which her lover had discovered and taken advantage of? Or a horrible thought would come into Nannon's mind, to account for the unexpected, the almost unnatural self-command and silence of her old friend—was he dead!

dead of sheer fright at the sound of Soulier's voice, which he must have often heard very near him?

At all events, Nannon would now try. After the departure of Jules and Blanche, the salon soon became empty; so she stole, tip-toe, to the secret door, bent to it, tapped gently, and pronounced Dominique's name. To her great joy he answered her, although, indeed, his voice was very feeble, and she could hear the poor fellow shivering and shuddering.

"O Nannon, Nannon, Nannon!" he cried. "O cruel, treacherous Nannon!"

Now there was another person under the same roof who thought, just as he was about to wend home, that he, too, would take a new observation of the mysterious little door. Nannon's fuss at it, at the beginning of the previous night, coupled with Dominique's absence from home, when one had called on him a short time after, supplied to the mental habits of Soulier, particularly in his present not amiable mood, sufficient grounds for this curiosity; and, in a word, he was almost at the girl's back, unseen by her, at the moment we speak of.

"Base Nannon!" continued Dominique, "let me out! I've done with you! I break the engagement! Marry a *sans culotte*—you'll never get me! Let me out, I say!"

"You do me injustice, *cher* Dominique," she replied; "it was no fault of mine; but we can explain when I *do* let you out—be cautious a moment!"

She began to search her pockets for her key, and told him so. It was found, and Nannon was applying it gently to the lock, when Soulier's hand snatched it from hers.

"Lost! lost!" she shrieked, starting back.

"Lost!" repeated her lover inside, thinking she spoke of the key. "Lost! careless, abominable, false girl! how could you lose it? where? in Soulier's way, to be sure; and here I must wait till he chooses to find it, and then comes poking his bull-dog face—Ah! *diable!*"——

Dominique's interruption was caused by seeing the door suddenly flung open, and the very face he was prophesying upon, in close neighbourhood, the next instant, with his own.

"Aha, my little friend, a word with you—and all about one Jean Martel," smiled Soulier, as he forced him, on his knees, into the salon.

"Murder!" shrieked the overwhelmed wretch. "Murder! mercy, noble Soulier! my prince! my dauphin! my king, Soulier! mercy, mercy!"

Poor Dominique, his wits gone, forgot the kind of epithets of flattery he ought to have used to a hero of the "Reign of Reason."

"What words are those, my friend," demanded Soulier, "dauphin? king? I thought you were a good citizen."

"So I am!" and with only a confused notion of the mistake he had made—a consciousness which added, if possible, to the terrific jumble of his mind, Dominique hastened to correct his error—injudiciously, as we shall see. "So I am, mon ami Soulier! so I am!"

"So you are!—are *what*, pray?"

"What all honest folk now-a-days are, to be sure—what *you* are—and what Madame Duchesnois is—and what my master is—I'm a Terrorist!"

"A Terrorist!" repeated Soulier, making a sign to some friends at the door to come in, while, for the first time, he scowled.

"No, then," still amended Dominique; "no, then, since it vexes you, monseigneur, I forgot—I—we—we are true Vendéans, and *à bas* the Terrorists!"

Nannon, wringing her hands, thought to interrupt him—Soulier soon silenced her.

"Ay," continued Dominique, smiling idiot-like, and winking, "ay, she may think to deny it, with her philosophy and her nonsense, but it won't do. She hates the butchering, slovenly, unmarrying dogs, as she calls 'em, as heartily as you or I do!"

"To prison with them both," said Soulier, turning to his followers; and, amid a horrid uproar, his commands were proceeded in,—Dominique, among other useless appeals, calling hoarsely on "Jean Martel" to come to his assistance.

CHAPTER VII.

Jules, Blanche, and the old baron—relieved on guard as children's nurse—had a very happy meeting, as may be believed, at home in their humble apartment.

"Hurrah! hurrah, Blanche!" cried Jules, waving his hat.

"Down on your knees to her, *coquin*, without another word," cried the ecstatic old father-in-law.

"On twenty knees, if I had them!" Jules put himself into the required position.

"Hold, hold—Jules!" said Blanche; "no such attitude to me—if either of us ought to be found in it, I ought."

"Then," said Jules, "let the future evince my sorrow for the past—ay, and my present most sincere feelings too. In everything you shall find me changed, Blanche; in my tastes, in my habits, in my boyish gaiety."

"Hush, now, you, sir," interrupted his wife, generously striving at gaiety; "there I have to step up to you, instead of you stepping down to me, and see if I do not try; you *shall* have smiles, and songs, and dancing, and rattle, Jules, as well as your rival Eugénie."

"Oh, to be sure—please the child," said the old baron, endeavouring to look grave, while his face had to contest with a gleeish expression; "come, Blanche, let us keep our word with him sooner than he will begin to do with us—have the goodness to stand in the middle of the room, sir;" and while Edmond obeyed this command also, the old gentleman graciously extended his hand to her, and led her out to perform a minuet around her (to be) delighted husband, who tried to smile, and to applaud every tardy though graceful movement.

"Isn't that done to your satisfaction, sir?" inquired his father.

"Isn't it, to the very letter of your ——"

"Letter!—if you talk of letters," interrupted Blanche, breaking

up the last bowing and curtseying of the minuet, and approaching her hand to her bosom—"here is one left for you, Jules, by rather a mysterious person, some hours ago—though not quite a letter, either," she continued, handing to him the line or two of cipher which the stranger visiter had given her, before she left her home, to go, at Nannon's instance, to the house of Madame Duchesnois—"and I hope it contains no bad news again, Jules?"

Jules took it, and read it. He became very much excited—thought a moment—and then exclaimed, "No, Blanche—good news! good news!—only I am too late to *make* the best of it for you."

"Hark!" she cried, passing out to their little front room which gave into the street; "good news, Jules! and those monsters its bearers?" she continued, speaking in to them. "Oh, I feared it!"

"Who? What!" they asked, following her.

"Soulier leading armed men this way," she gasped, half glancing backward, from a window.

"Ay," said Edmond, posed.

"Ay," assented De Grainville, after having also looked out; "his own guard—the guillotine men!"

"Jules," sobbed Blanche, tottering to him, "I have destroyed you, though I thought to help you by daring that fiend's vengeance." She embraced him.

"Never say so, my dear Blanche;" and Jules gallantly and reassuringly returned her embrace; "though more than one life now vibrates, indeed, with the ticking of seconds." He looked at his watch, and again on the scroll she had handed him, as he muttered repeatedly, "What o'clock is it? What o'clock is it?"

His father and wife repeatedly inquired what was his meaning.

"Listen," he answered, impressively, in a low tone of voice, and with a vigorous, business-like, and very unexpected change of manner, "listen; for now, at least, without a breach of my solemn and long-kept oath, I am permitted, I trust, to speak confidentially to you both; for some months there has existed a well-laid conspiracy against ——"

"Madness!" interrupted his father. "Now, indeed, Jules, you shatter yourself and us!"

"Sir!" also interrupted Blanche, looking towards Jules as if, after all he had done, he were a Delphic oracle. "Sir—let Jules speak."

"Yes—well, by this note I was summoned to attend my friends' last councils, hours ago, and I ought this instant to fly to them, if indeed it be not too late——"

"It is too late," said his father; "Soulier stops before the street-door—we have nothing left to do but to submit to him—and to death!" hurrying back to the salon, whither they again followed.

"Submit?" repeated Blanche; "no, no, Jules—fly to your friends if you can!—escape from this house if you can!—hopeless as may be your plot, try it—take a chance! Die fighting for yourself and us, rather than——fly, fly, Jules!"

"A few moments may truly serve us," he answered, as Soulier's

loud knockings were heard through the house from below; "if indeed I shall be able to escape from the blood-hound; but if I *am* found here——"

"Ay, and here you must be found," said his father; "how *can* you escape? We live two pairs of stairs up, and even could you drop down into the street without breaking your bones, or killing yourself, Soulier would find you there—and——"

"But he would not find him in the back-yard, out of this back-window," muttered Blanche, hard at work at something which they had not previously noticed; but turning round to her, they now perceived that she was employed in tearing into slips, and knotting together, the thick white calico curtains of the salon; and in a few seconds she had completed her work; "and with these," said she, "he can descend into the back-yard, and then climb its walls, and so hasten from Soulier to his friends."

Her husband and her father-in-law, hurriedly approving her device, arranged in a trice the perilous machinery, and Jules was about to descend by it when Blanche called to him for his hat.

"I want to leave it," she said, "outside this second little door." She spoke of one which led from the salon into a very small room, or rather closet, scarce ever used by the family, and of which the window also opened into the back-yard.

"There," she continued, "let it lie there—what we want from them is a little time for our attempt, and so—stop an instant"—she ran into the little room, flung up its window, returned, locked its door, secreting the key; then made Jules descend from the window of the salon by his precarious ladder; then pulled up, and coiled and huddled together and put out of sight her excellent apparatus; and, last, closing also the salon window, awaited, or seemed to await, very coolly the entrance of Soulier and his myrmidons, who, even during the quick proceedings described, had been admitted at the general door of the house, and, after thundering at that of her apartment, necessarily introduced into the salon by her distracted though resigned father-in-law.

So soon as Soulier came in, he fixed his eyes upon the door, at which lay Jules's hat, and then upon the hat itself, with a self-satisfied expression which seemed to say, "so far so good;" and his first words, turning round, were, "Citizen St. Roche, and you, citizeness, I arrest you as traitors in the name of the republic."

"Ay, indeed, citizen?" said the old baron, assuming a would-be-easy tone of pleasantry, "and have you never a greeting to exchange with any one else belonging to us?"

"I have," answered Soulier, "with the citizen St. Roche the younger."

"O, we don't doubt it."

"Where is he?" demanded the man of power.

"Gone out on business, sir," answered Blanche, quietly.

"Yes; gone out sir; didn't you meet him?" abetted her father-in-law.

"Gone out?" questioned Soulier, "and without his hat?—and by this door?" He approached the hat and door as he spoke.

"Nay, friend," expostulated Blanche, "you would not surely scare the sleep of cradled infants—they, at least, are not traitors to any scheme of liberty—stand back, pray stand back." She placed herself before the disputed door.

"Break it open," smiled Soulier to his guards.

"Well then," temporised Blanche, as the men approached, "just let them have the key, sir,"—to De Grainville.

"With all my heart, child." He examined his pockets with seeming cheerfulness.

"Be quick, citizen," exhorted Soulier, as, at a signal from him, his soldiers stood still.

"Yes, yes, sir; let us have the key at once," she resumed; "it may help to save simple, unoffending, private property—doors and door-frames are no politicians."

"Despatch," said Soulier, beginning to scowl and growl.

"Give it, sir, if only for peace sake," still entreated Blanche.

"Give it?" repeated the baron, looking quite disappointed at not having secured the object of his zealous search; "Give it? that key? why, child, *you* must have it?"

"Your duty," commanded Soulier; and his men did not long leave an impediment between him and the little empty room. He entered it with them, first locking the salon-door on Blanche and De Grainville.

"Do you think he is out of view, sir?" she asked of her father-in-law, when they were thus left alone; and now her false courage began to forsake her, and she trembled.

The old man made no answer, but stood intently listening; she did the same thing.

"Not here; no one here," they heard Soulier say; "but see, the open window—look out."

"Now, powers of mercy!" cried poor Blanche.

"Hush!" whispered the baron, catching her arm, and bending sideways to the door of the inner room, his face pale, his teeth set, his eyes vaguely staring.

"Look! look, men!" rejoined Soulier, "he has been crouching at the wall under us, out of view, and now tries the opposite wall—cover him, two of you, and fire, if he does not surrender to my challenge—Citizen St. Roche!"

Jules's father and wife ran to the window of the salon, and saw him, indeed, make a desperate spring, although limping as if from the effects of a former failure, to catch the ridge of the wall.

"Yield!" Soulier continued to roar, "yield, citizen, in the name of the republic!—yield, or you die on the spot!"

The baron and Blanche also cried out to him, but only wildly pronouncing his name. Still he tried at the high wall by repeated springs, and at last, that is, in a few seconds more, was swinging himself up to its top.

"Fire!" commanded Soulier, and there were two musket-shots in quick succession. Jules tumbled into the yard, and almost along with the shots arose poor Blanche's shrill scream and his father's hoarse one, while both staggered back from the window. They were scarcely

conscious that at the same time, and indeed for some time previously, there had been, out of doors, sounds of hurry and confusion, near and at a distance—of people running through the street by their house, and talking vehemently, and of a deeper though more remote commotion, intermixed with short, quick shouts, and perhaps smothered explosions of fire-arms, and the irregular tolling of a bell and beating of drums.”

“ Ay, he came down to us at length,” smiled Soulier, re-entering the salon with his people.

“ Dead ?” asked Blanche, “ quite dead ?”

“ No, not quite dead, *ma belle*,” answered the scoundrel ; “ my lads know their duty too well, and are too well practised as marksmen, to cheat the republic of her vengeance according to form—go down, some of you, and usher him up stairs to us.”

Three of the men, not with great seeming alacrity, however, obeyed his orders, hesitating an instant, and exchanging glances as the noises before noticed, after having subsided a little, now struck their attention. It was strange that Soulier himself had not yet, with all his habitual observation, noticed those sounds. Some of them, however, his master Robespierre heard at that moment distinctly enough ; and indeed, about simultaneously with the musket-practice upon Jules, a ball from another musket, in a distant quarter of Paris, had broken his own ugly jaw-bone, and helped to make him too a prisoner.

“ They will lead my husband hither ?” asked Blanche, after the men went out, “ will they not, Soulier ?—cruel and horrible as you are, you will not part us—not, at least, till the very last moment ?—you know you are to butcher us together—father, wife, husband together—and will you not therefore leave us each other’s company until that very last moment ?”

“ Why, *you* know, citizeness,” he answered, “ there is no accommodation for more than one at a time in the Place de Grève ; therefore, what is to be the very last minute with one out of the three of you, cannot be the very last with the remaining two ; therefore again——”

The appearance of Jules with his guard at the salon-door interrupted the ruffian’s fiendish mockery. The prisoner looked very pale and exhausted, and his left arm hung at his side, bleeding and disabled. His wife and his father were hurrying to greet him. Soulier stopped them, and placed each in charge of a soldier.

“ His arm !” exclaimed Blanche, “ may I not at least bind his arm, to hinder him perhaps from bleeding to death, and so depriving you of a good half of your revenge ?”

“ Well, perhaps for that,” he simpered ; and Blanche, tearing off a handkerchief, quickly engaged in her task. “ But what’s all this ?” Soulier resumed, now fully catching a renewed and increased burst of the tumult without, and he left the salon to proceed to the little *salle à manger*. Nor did a single one of those who remained behind him continue indifferent to the swelling uproar.

“ Tush, never mind my arm, dear Blanche,” said Jules, “ the wound is very slight—but listen, listen !”—and he knit his brows in earnest and severe attention.

Blanche and the baron began to glance and gasp at each other in an

expression of wild hope; and the soldiers again studied each other's eyes, and showed doubt, uneasiness, and ill omen.

"Look well to your prisoners!" bellowed Soulier from the front room. "Prepare to lead them away instantly. Back, back!" he continued, his face now distorted with rage, as, yielding to curiosity and interest, wound to their highest pitch, his wavering adherents hurried our friends into his presence;—"back, traitors, stand back! On your lives do not approach those windows." He drew his straight, vulgar-looking sword. "Down stairs at once—and you leave the house by the back way. Come, I know it." He placed himself at their head. "Come."

"Soulier," pleaded Jules, temporising, and not deeming it prudent yet to give any utterance to his secret opinions of what was passing in the streets—"Soulier, an instant's rest to meet it like a man—I am faint—a little faint."

"You shall be supported, never fear;—one of you give him an arm."

"Our boy and girl, Blanche," resumed Jules, still hesitating.

"Ah!" screamed Blanche, pressing her temples with her hands, "Soulier, you cannot refuse us *that*—you *had* a mother—one look at our sleeping infants!"

"One look and one kiss, Soulier," added her husband.

"Pshaw! come on! hark!" the fearful alarm-bell now pealed clearly on their ears; and drums, shouts, tramping, loud speaking, and now and then the report of fire-arms, sounded quite near. "The tocsin!" he went on, as if talking with himself, "and why?"

"Ay, the tocsin!" answered Jules, breaking from his now unzealous guards, and running back to one of the prohibited windows. "Villain! I can answer you! *your* passing bell! the knell of your departing power and of your hideous existence—of yours, and of all your fellow demons! But the toll of joy and of triumph to us—to us, your grasped victims—to us, and to France—to us, and to mankind!"

"Drag him from the window!" said Soulier. "Ha! the traitors crowd to the windows themselves!—scoundrels! ha!"

He again uttered an exclamation, as a shot sent up directly from the street struck one of his over-curious soldiers, and stretched the man almost to his feet. Soulier hobbled on his patten, his face assuming the deep ghastliness of cowardice, to the space of wall between the two windows of the room: the dying soldier rolled still nearer to him.

"Drag me from the window!" repeated Jules. "Look there!" pointing to the wounded man. "They dare not! Tush—'tis not that merely—they *will* not—they never liked your commands, gentle Soulier—now they like them less and less. But fear nothing, lads! your conduct here—(no matter for my arm)—has not been so bad as it might be. Behave yourselves, now, as well as you can, and I will try to befriend you! Come, Soulier, come and look out yourself; but you'd rather not—well, I'll look out for you! Hearken, rascal! hearken! they call for you below, and the street is stuffed with them! Tremble, monster—though I need not tell you—tremble! Far and near swells the abhorring roar of humanity! Tremble at it—ay,

raving and blaspheming man, again we shall smile in our homes—again exchange free thoughts and our old urbanities—again assert a hope in heaven—again love our hearths and honour our altars—ay, shout, friends, shout!” waving his only available arm around his head, and speaking to the people in the street—“Shout! louder still!—But—in the name of all that is absurd!” he went on in a tone changed to his usual light and merry key—“Father, come here! come, Blanche! and you need not be afraid, either—no finger among them will pull a trigger upon you—come, come, and just look down to the door!”

“I am not afraid, Jules,” she said, taking her place at his side.

“Well, sir—well, Blanche—and whom do you see?”

“As I am a christian gentleman,” replied the baron, “Dominique and his little *philosophe*, arm in arm, dancing and capering before the crowd, and urging them to attack our home! What on earth brought them there?”

We answer the baron’s question. In one of the first prisons forced open that memorable morning, Dominique and his mistress had been found, and were quickly invited to leave it. Their anxiety for our other friends then urged them to turn some of the populace to the spot they had now gained; for well they knew that the revelations gained by Soulier from the secret pantry in Madame Duchesnois’ house, would soon send that person on a new visit to the detected royalists.

While de Grainville spoke, all in the *salle-à-manger* heard the crash of the street-door, which, by the way, Soulier had secured upon entering the premises. In an instant after, the faithful man-of-all-work, still arm in arm with Nannon, was continuing his dance round his old master. “Hurra!” he cried, “down with terror, we’re all free again!—the jails are all wide open, and we’re all free!—down with Soulier, for we’re all free!—down with his cap of liberty, for we’re all free!” He pulled off the nightcap which, the evening before, Nannon had made him assume, and hurled it on the floor. “Ha! old boy—and are you there?” addressing Soulier, whom he now first perceived; and at the mere sight of his old friend, Dominique’s spirits, as was visible in his changed voice and features, began to fail him, while his dancing ceased, and he retreated with Nannon towards a corner.

Soulier saw that he had no chance of support from his own guards. As the sound of many feet came up stairs after Dominique, he was slinking out of the room, perhaps with a hope of descending, as Jules had done, into the back-yard. De Grainville’s eye caught his movements, and he called out—“Seize him, Dominique!”

“Seize him, Nannon!” exclaimed Dominique, in his turn, leaving the door-way quite free for Soulier’s exit. But the old baron himself was now near enough to the rascal to lay hands upon him; and he did so effectively, with a nod of the head, and a—“Patience, good citizen, patience.”

“Well done, father,” said Jules, “though you need not hold the dirty fellow long.”

“Look!” cried Blanche, “your young friend, who left the note for you——”

"I see him, Blanche! Hurra, Henri! hurra! Here we are, waiting for you; step up, wont you? Another friend is also anxious to see you. There, Blanche, he enters!"

"Mercy, citizen!" faltered Soulier, kneeling to his stout old captor.

"O yes—'tis a-coming up stairs to you, citizen," said the baron.

Jules' friend, Henri, ran in, followed by a crowd of—(but every one knows this)—the bravest and most determined populace in the world. He as well as they were stripped to their shirts, and carried muskets, fowling-pieces, pistols, or some kind of fire-arms; a few had cross-belts and cartouch-boxes; but the greater number held their ammunition in their bosoms, secured by a handkerchief round their waists. The mouths and faces of all were blackened, and in some instances singed with powder.

"This, Henri, is my wife, whom you did not personally know on your first visit," said Jules, advancing with Blanche; "now she wants to be presented to you."

"And to thank you, sir," said Blanche, smiling and weeping, while she curtsied low: her next action was to embrace her husband.

"And Soulier, Jules?" demanded Henri.

"Here *he* is," answered the baron.

"And we may see our children now, Blanche," added Jules.

MAŞANIELLO'S CALL TO THE NEAPOLITANS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

To my light-toned guitar, 'neath the sweet orange tree,
 I sang when my labour was done,
 Till the voice of my country call'd loudly on me—
 "Awake from thy slumber, my son!"
 There's a spirit that lies, in the meanest disguise,
 That will burst into glory and power,
 When the time is at hand for that spirit to rise—
 And now, brothers, now is the hour!
 Not for joys of ambition, or lust of vile gold,
 Do I quit my rude home by the sea;
 But to win back the *charter* they gave us of old,
 When *the wild horse** was curbless and free:
 We have borne with our wrongs† till forbearance is vain,
 Till our tyrants have strengthened in power;
 But the arm of a peasant shall burst through the chain,
 And now, brothers, now is the hour!
 While the bountiful heavens drop fatness around,
 Shall the fruits of the earth be denied
 To the sons of those heroes that baptized the ground
 With the red stream that glory supplied?
 To my light-toned guitar, 'neath the sweet orange tree,
 No more when the night-shadows lower,
 Will I sing my wild lay till my country is *free*—
 And now, brothers, now is the hour!

* "*Cavallo indomito*," the arms of Naples.

† "Of all the revolutions that history records there never was one so *glorious* as that of Naples, under Masaniello. The people were starving, a gabel had been put upon the fruits, the bread was only twenty-four ounces, yet not *one thing*, of all the vast riches the mob took, did they appropriate to themselves, but burnt them all in the market-place, crying out—'Let the *king* live, but let the *ill government* die!'"

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.¹

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

“ Chi vu lontan dalla sua patria, vede
Cose da quel che gia credea, lontane.”

No. V.

Segesta—Antiquities—Thoughts on a Theory of Beauty—A Sicilian Freetbinker—
How to make a Capuchin—Castel Vetrano—Selinuntum—The “ Land of Fleas.”

OUR party in the goatherd's hut at Segesta was quite a scene. In one corner of the smoky hovel, our landlord, a weather-beaten old man with long white hair, was busily engaged in the manufacture of cheese. In another Domenico superintended the cookery of the macaroni. Scattered on the earthen floor was all our apparatus of pots, and pans, and pipkins, and there lay a dying lamb, and beside it sat a chubby-cheeked little rogue, letting the long strings of macaroni down his throat, *a la lazzarone*. Two or three long-haired fawn-coloured dogs were looking wistfully in at the door, while one more favoured than the rest joined the cat in begging for a morsel from our party, grouped on rustic stools round the rough deal table. It was a perfect Wilkie, rendered not a whit the less piquant by the very different associations which the sight of the massive edifice on the eminence above recalled to our minds. It looked, I could almost imagine, the more lonely for not being quite alone. Looking at it out of our little domestic foreground up the bare hill over which the cold wind was sweeping, the contrast between the time when a rich and warlike people thronged this spot, and now when we were its sole population, was stronger by far than if we had beheld it through a more desolate medium. Seen alone, with nothing to remind one of human life, it would have looked rather like some trick of gramarye—some wizard's frolic—a labour of Michael Scott. Our little party was the stepping-stone between everyday life and the wondrous days of old. The great city was to us even as an old Sarum or a Gatton. We were the representatives of Segesta.

“ Well, after all,” said the doctor, helping himself to the macaroni that Domenico placed upon the board, and digging a huge slice out of the pipkin of butter—“after all, antiquity is a very unsatisfactory study. Nothing but guess, guess, guess—puzzle, puzzle, puzzle. There's that temple—one can almost imagine it saying, ‘ Riddle me, riddle me ree,’ to generation after generation of mystified commentators.”

“ D'ye give it up, doctor?” said Dawson.

“ Be asy now, Dick, as you would express it in your Hibernian vernacular; one would think the sight of yon old building sufficient to inspire you for five minutes at least with a soul above balderdash; you blundering, bog-trotting, cork-red, devouring——”

“ Caro mio, Ben!” interrupted Dawson; “ don't now, doctor, don't put yourself in a passion. It's dangerous, very, for a man with so red a face and so short a neck—I'm uneasy about you.”

¹ Continued from page 205.

“ Well, I won't then, Dicky ; I believe there's no use in it ; but tell me truth now, Dick, does that old temple yonder not make you feel queer a little as you look at it ? ”

“ Do you ask seriously, doctor ? ”

“ Seriously, Dick. ”

“ Well then, I'll tell you what, if there were such a thing as a sentimentometer, I'll be tested by it against you for a thousand pounds. The fact is, you antiquarians, when you look at such a thing, are so busy with your calculations that you have no room for sentiment at all. You are deep in eras and epochs, old styles and new styles, migrations and transmigrations. And then you come back muzzy and muddled from your ramble through this classical labyrinth, grumbling and dissatisfied because you cannot tell the architect who planned, and the mason who built, and the tiler who roofed it. Now I don't bother my head with any such trifles. Yon temple is to me as if it had risen out of the green sod, ‘ like an exhalation. ’ Looming through the mists around it, I see the shadows of new, of warmer hearts, and nobler feeling and mightier stature than ourselves, in times when, as Schiller says, in his half-pagan poem ‘ Die Götter Griechenlands, ’

‘ If our gods were more like men,
Our men were more like gods. ’

It is enough, so far as feeling is concerned, to know that this city was associated with the names of Athens, and Carthage, and Rome, and that this massive structure, with its dusky pillars, marks where it stood. I don't care a fig who built it, or when it was built. What are half-a-dozen centuries in such a case ? *Segesta* did it ; what do you want more ? I wouldn't give a brass button to know every man who had a finger in the building of it, down to the bricklayers' labourers. ”

“ Who were Milesians, I have no doubt, ” said the doctor.

“ Well, I dare say they were. Ask Vallancey or Moore, and you'll find we have had our to-do in all that has been done worth knowing since the world began ; we have—— ”

“ Carried mortar at the building of Babel, I shouldn't wonder. ”

“ Doctor, you're an old savage, ” said Dawson, gloomily resuming his studies at the macaroni.

“ Why, Dick, to tell you the truth, I had no idea you relished old temples half so much, and I am half sulky to think you are nearly in the right—‘ Almost, not quite. ’ Would it not, for instance, give a piquancy to our present prospect to know that within the space enclosed by those massive pillars stood the shrine of Diana ? That there was worshipped the famous statue carried off by the Carthaginians, won back by Scipio, and restored to a grateful people who sought to immortalise their benefactor by inscribing his name upon the pedestal—part of the plunder taken by Varres, and the subject of one of Cicero's most eloquent denunciations ? ”

“ Doctor, you're getting warm, and your macaroni is getting cold. This would be all very fine if one could make out its truth. But such a speculation is like that of Banquo's ghost, that Macbeth talks of as

* “ Da die Götter menschlicher noch waren
Waren menschen Göttlicher. ”

'in his eye.' We have no certainty that this temple ever held the statue of Diana, more than the statue at King's Cross. When you antiquarians have fairly made out that it ever did, you can tell me, and I will become enthusiastic immediately; but, in the mean time, I have no inclination to spoil the poetry of antiquity by any such purblind researches."

"It seems never to have been finished," said I.

"No," said the doctor, "*semble*, as they say in your profession, it never was. Mind your macaroni, Dick. This is a speculation, as you call it, and of course out of your line. I see the knobs on some of the stones, left there probably to facilitate the transport, still remain."

"And the spaces between the bases of the pillars are filled up on one side, and not on the other."

"Yes, it was probably intended to have them all standing on the same level, without bases, like the massive Doric of Pæstum. From what we see on one side of this temple, where each pillar at present stands upon a separate square block, we can see how inferior this would be in effect to the plain column shooting up at once, as if it had grown out of the level stone. But the most curious thing about these pillars is the two broad deep grooves running round each, immediately below the capital and immediately above the base. Was it intended that the pillars should be fluted when complete, or was the diminished diameter at these places intended to mark the scale to which the whole was to be reduced; or was the grotesque massiveness thus given, making each look as if it were in an outer case, part of the system of Segestan architecture?"

"There you go again," said Dick, "puzzle, puzzle; every sentence beginning with a *perhaps*, and ending with a *sed quære*. Domenico!"

"'Ccellenza?"

"Perhaps you can tell us who built this temple?"

"Satanasso, 'ccellenza."

"The devil!" said Dick. "There now, doctor, what do you think of Domenico's theory?"

"Why he knows as much about it as Dick Dawson. When shall we be ready to start, Domenico?"

"In about an hour, 'ccellenza."

"Now, then, for a nip of brandy. The morning's raw, and a dram is as good Latin for macaroni as it is for fish. We shall have another ramble over Segesta before we go."

After a second visit to the Temple, we walked across to the opposite hill, where stood the ruins of a small theatre.

Its form could be distinctly traced, at least in its principal features, though almost entirely overgrown with bushes. It was composed of large oblong blocks of dark grey stone, in the crevices of which lurked snakes and lizards innumerable. The most perfect part was the low wall forming the chord of the semicircle, though there were also perceptible various rows of seats, and two flights of steps running across them from the centre to the circumference.

"Here's another architectural frolic," said the doctor, "the reason of which I should like very much to know."

"What is it, doctor?" said Dick. "You had better ask Domenico."

"Why, we moderns, in erecting such a building, should have felt ourselves constrained by all the laws of symmetry to have placed those two rows of steps at equal distances from the chord of the semicircle. At present, you see the one forms a much larger angle than the other, giving, in our eyes, a *lopsided* appearance to the whole. I observed an irregularity of the same kind, though not to the same extent, in the temple itself. The pillars are not all placed at the same intervals; but the differences are so slight in proportion to their bulk as not to distract the eye. Here, however, the irregularity, it is obvious, is expressly made a principal feature of the building.

"Why, doctor," said Dawson, "the only reason for it must have been that they liked it. We don't; but you might as well ask why we don't like *garum*, or wine flavoured with pitch, or any of the other abominations of an old Roman banquet. I have no idea there is only one model of beauty in architecture, or that the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian, and the Composite, exhaust all the styles that a good taste might admire. I have often thought how strange might have been the result of two nations equally gifted with the ancestors of the Greeks, setting out in parallel paths in the road to civilisation, but without any communication with one another. We can imagine them progressing to the utmost perfection of art. Each might have had an architecture, a poetry, a painting, a sculpture of its own, perfect of its kind, but differing widely from that of the other. Each, no doubt, would have had its legends of gods and demigods; for it is in human nature to dwell upon and magnify the mysteries of the past, but how inconceivably different they would have been in their details! And as to their architecture, it is as impossible to form any idea of what their styles and orders might have been, (unless we had some partial Lethe to wash away the memory of the Greeks,) as it would be to form an idea of a sixth sense. Our tastes are so modelled upon theirs, that we almost imagine there is some type in nature, some ideal architecture, some Apollo Belvidere of a building, and that all others are beautiful only according to the degree in which they approach to it. Now that I don't believe. I don't see why there might not be a hundred styles of architecture all radically different from one another, and all beautiful notwithstanding. If trees now had been a human invention, and fancy had succeeded in striking out an oak, and a willow, and a beech, and an elm, we should, with the assistance of an early education in this belief, think no doubt that all the forms of beauty in the article of foliage had been exhausted. A palm, with its waving crown, would seem to us a monster. Just so, in architecture, what types of beauty may be slumbering in the unknown, after which we do not care to seek! Our minds have got the classic bias, and we can but build up in various forms the fragments with which antiquity supplies us."

"I wonder who's speculating now, Dick," said the doctor.

"My dear boy, there's a wonderful difference between speculating as an antiquarian, and speculating as a philosopher. You are always muddling after the *has been*; I like to ramble through the boundless regions of the *might, could, should, or would have been*. Your goal is

a *fact*—my aim is a *fancy*. My researches are often the more pleasing the more they wander from the truth—yours are worth nothing unless you hit it. And then when you *do*, it is some dry name or date that was not worth the trouble; you are, in short, eternally cracking hard nuts with no kernels.”

Our conversation was interrupted by a shrill whistle from Domenico, who had once more reloaded the baggage-horses, and was busy saddling the mules, who had been picketed at the gable of the hovel below us.

It was getting near midday when we remounted to leave Segesta, casting many a look, as we wound along our bleak and dreary road, at the old temple behind us. There was but a slight trace of a mule track across the wide and in many places uncultivated plains, over which were scattered a few sheep. Patches of the palmetta, or dwarf palm, flourishing luxuriantly among the natural herbage, showed that they had been long uncultivated. The soil, however, had every appearance of being exceedingly rich, and now and then a small patch of barley, of a most brilliant green, bore token to the innate fertility of what was once the granary of Rome.

As we lounged across these plains the merry jingle of a mule's bells came ringing behind us.

“E Giuseppe!” said Domenico, after contemplating our pursuer for a few seconds from the shade of his horny hand.

“And who is Giuseppe?” said I.

“Eh! 'ccellenza,” replied Domenico, commencing his speech as usual with a shrug. “He's a guide of Syracuse. He's going home now, and has, I suppose, been with some forestieri round by Trapani to Palermo.”

“I should say he was no friend of your's, Domenico, from the way you speak of him.”

“Oh! he's a buon giovane,” said Domenico. “Ma——”

“But what, Domenico?”

Domenico only shrugged his shoulders, and Giuseppe came rattling up, mounted on one splendid mule, and leading another. He was a small spare figure, with dark but laughing eyes, and a Roman nose. He wore very short stirrups, and his legs, cased in a pair of strong leathern gaiters, seemed by long habit hollowed out to fit the ribs of his mule. On he came, shouting, as he dashed along the rough path, “San Domenico! San Domenico! Buon giorno, San Domenico!”

“Buon giorno, signori,” said he to ourselves, as he drew up alongside; “glad of your company to Castel Vetrano. It is dull work travelling alone, and a couple of mules are poor company. I have whistled myself black in the face in my endeavour to keep my spirits up, but it is all of no use. Ha! Domenico, how are ye? How are Madame la Rosa and all the little rosebuds—eh, bricone?”

Domenico replied but drily to the compliments of his friend Giuseppe, who continued, however, rattling away with the most amazing volubility of tongue—questioning and answering all in a breath—telling us of Trapani, and asking us how we liked Segesta—and then turning to rally Domenico, who looked more sulky than ever, and took the

earliest opportunity of pushing on a little in advance, leaving us to enjoy the ceaseless but amusing clatter of Giuseppe.

"To-morrow, signori, you get into the land of fleas—Terra dei Pulici, as they call Selinuntum. Why they call it, beyond all others, the land of fleas, I can't tell, I'm sure. We have enough of them everywhere. They are as plenty as capuchins."

"Well, there are certainly enough of the latter," said the doctor, seriously, "but then you have the benefit of their prayers."

Giuseppe looked very earnestly in the doctor's face, and observing a twinkle in his eye, which he could not well repress, said, rubbing his forefingers together, and winking till he almost sprained his eyelid, "Ah! you forestieri, I know, don't believe in priests. Fat Domenico there believes in them with all his might—*povero bambino!*—goes regularly to mass—wears a relic—says his prayers—and (here Giuseppe winked harder than ever) sends his wife to confession."

"You don't speak with much respect of the cloth," said Dawson.

"Bricconacci!" said Giuseppe bitterly. "How do they get so fat, if they do nothing but fast and pray? When did you ever see one of them as thin as I am? (Flinging out his scraggy bow-leg.) Were I a capuchin, with these hollow cheeks of mine, I could hold up my three fingers with a *benedicite filii miei*, as piously as the best of them."

"Why did you not become one then, Giuseppe?" said the doctor.

"Ugh! I a capuchin? Oh no; I hate the sight of them—the lazy, hypocritical, begging, sneaking, lazy, guttling rogues! I can say this to you, as you are forestieri. Domenico there would think me the devil himself, if I were to blab a single word against a single hair of a capuchin's chin."

"How do they make a capuchin, then, Giuseppe?"

"Would your excellency wish to become one? You would look well in a cowl—the very figure for a capuchin. Your excellency is *grasso*—one good quality. Your excellency has a red face—another good quality. Your excellency has a merry eye, you love good eating, you love good drinking, you love — via! you're the very thing for a capuchin."

"Very complimentary indeed," said the doctor; "but how am I to set about it?"

"Why, in the first place, you must have a serious call to a life of begging and piety—well and good. In the next place, you must have about thirty *colonnati*—well and good."

"What am I to do with them?"

"Why, you want an iron bedstead, a chair, and a table for your cell, a brown robe and cowl, a knotted rope, and a wallet. That would be your stock in trade, and then there would be a small balance to the good of the convent. In consideration of this small outlay you would have nothing to do but eat, drink, beg, and pray for the remainder of your days, and go post-paid to heaven."

"Giuseppe, I am afraid you are little better than an unbeliever."

"I believe in God," said Giuseppe, seriously; "but I don't believe in the priests."

Giuseppe continued rattling away in this style the whole way to Castel Vetrano. The road began to improve, and leaving behind us the uncultivated plains that had wearied our eyes during the morning, we sauntered along through rich and narrow valleys, the very picture of luxuriant spring. We passed Salerni, curiously impending over the valley on a singular conical hill. These Sicilian villages, perched in mid air, have a very remarkable appearance. It has, no doubt, been for security against robbers and freebooters, especially on the southern coasts, that such strange situations have been selected, but, in the greater number of cases they are perched on the apex of some pointed crag, commanding a very extensive view, and protected from the possibility of surprise. Some, indeed, are almost natural fortifications, presenting a series of steep escarpments, up the sides of which, as seen from a distance, one would think a goat could scarcely clamber.

Passing across an extensive tract of flat corn, we rose towards Castel Vetrano. The little inn here could boast of a coffee-room, on entering which, leaving our mules in care of Domenico, we found it crowded with a large party of German pedestrians, in blouses of blue and white, and grey and buff. No fewer than fifteen travellers were assembled in an inn, which never before probably had pretended to provide accommodation for more than half a dozen. Several, indeed, of those already arrived were under the necessity of bivouacking for the night in the coffee-room, and our case was still more deplorably hopeless. There was no other inn in the town, and the inquiries which we made both personally and through the intervention of Domenico, as to the possibility of our being accommodated in a private house, seemed to be received with great disfavour. We got, however, a corner in which to deposit our luggage, and the anticipation of a bivouac in a vacant stall of the large stable gave a relish to the supper, which the active zeal of Domenico succeeded after a long scramble in procuring for us.

After a refreshing slumber among the fresh hay, lulled to sleep by the snoring of weary muleteers, we were early afoot for our journey to Selinuntum. The road lies across a large plain, which from the heights of Castel Vetrano presents a very rich appearance, but the favourable impression is much diminished on a near approach. On its further margin next the sea stand the Pillars of the Giants, and the land of fleas, the *Terra dei Pulici*, a grotesque metamorphosis, as some suppose, of the name of Pollux. We had got close to the ruins before we discovered them to be such. At a distance they had much the appearance of one of the modern Sicilian towns, and, on our descent from Castel Vetrano, our whole party, I believe, as we glanced our eyes carelessly over the prospect, looked upon them in this light. The single remaining column, without a capital, rising high above the prostrate fragments of its compeers, looked like a massive tower.

These ruins, though upon a much larger scale than those of Segesta, are far from deficient in interest. Segesta can hardly be called a ruin. Selinuntum presents merely the fragments of what once were temples. Of the principal edifice but one column remains, and that is without

a capital. Portions of the bases of two more stand beside it, but the rest is a heap of blocks of stone, fragments of pillars, cornices and capitals, "confusedly hurled." The whole edifice, however, must have been immense. Even Dr. Danks' shoulders, broad as they were, could nearly be contained in the flutings of one of the remaining pillars.

Of the second temple all that remains standing is a square buttress, which had formed some part of the interior of the building, and which rises out of the confused ruins of what had once been the cella. It too is tottering to its fall. Standing beside it, we had a bird's eye view of the ground-plan of the temple, and could see that the pillars, on the northern side at least, had evidently been prostrated by one powerful impulse. They lay parallel to one another, each row of joints surmounted by the capital that had belonged to them, and had been no doubt subjected to some shock from the south sufficient to overthrow the whole edifice at once.

There is but one small hut beside the principal temple, and in this we managed to boil our kettle. Our breakfast-table was a massive piece of cornice in the centre of the ruins, and in the scramble thither we routed a number of snakes and swarms of lizards, the largest and brightest I had ever seen. The stones in our neighbourhood were quite alive with them. An English breakfast was evidently a phenomenon to which they were quite unaccustomed, and, ensconced in the crevices around, they peered at us on all sides with the most intense curiosity, vanishing at the slightest motion, but re-appearing the next instant at some other spot.

The doctor was in the greatest delight. Ensconced in a kind of arm-chair formed by two pieces of shattered cornice, he enjoyed his breakfast in the pastoral simplicity of tea and bread and butter, chatting in the interval of Carthage, whose captive children had probably toiled in the erection of these trophies of their conqueror, and who afterwards took her revenge by reducing them to ruins.

His audience, however, was incredulous on the latter point. Learned, and long, and loud were the arguments urged to prove that an earthquake alone could have produced such effects. Dawson insisted that nothing but that or gunpowder would have sufficed to overthrow, in one mass, such buildings as that amid the ruins of which we were seated. The doctor replied that in that case all the temples would have fallen the same way. Dawson rejoined, that we knew too little of the nature of the motion produced by an earthquake, and the mode of its operation, to found any argument upon it. The doctor put in a long argumentative rebutter, in which, however, he became mathematical, and was, in consequence, frequently interrupted by cries of "Question!" "order!" "chair!" from Igins. The question was finally put to the vote, and decided by a majority of two in favour of the earthquake.

Our journey to Sciacca after breakfast presented little interesting, except the melancholy evidence of the total absence of all the usual means by which the resources of a country are developed. The way lay along a rough mule-track, which was a curious piece of zig-zaggy — now winding down to the sea for the purpose of finding a river on

the bank of sand formed at its mouth ; now stretching up to the hills to turn a steep bank. Not a bridge—not a symptom of a highway—no means of communication between different parts of the country, but a mule-track, which in winter must be utterly impassable. Nothing can seem more singular in the eyes of Englishmen than these mule-tracks, running up to the very gates of a large city containing many thousand inhabitants ; nothing can illustrate more strongly the state of utter barbarism (so far as political economy is concerned) in which Sicily is sunk, and in which, under her present rulers, she is likely to remain.

FLOW ON, THOU SEA.

Flow on, thou Sea!
 Unchanged by all destroying Time,
 Alike in every age and clime,
 Vast mirror of Eternity!
 Vainly man tries thy fury to withstand,
 Thou tосsest him in sport upon thy waves ;
 Mockest to scorn the fabric of his hand,
 And fillest with his spoil thy ocean caves.
 Thou'st borne upon thy breast
 The mightiest of men :
 Long have *they* been at rest,
 Thou art as thou wast then !
 The loftiest and the humblest,
 Ocean ! within thy graves,
 Sleep, e'en when th' howling tempest,
 Above their dark bed raves !
 But, oh ! hast thou never abused thy power ?
 Alas ! thou hast oft in thy rage
 Destroyed as fair and beauteous a flower
 As ever graced chivalry's page—
 Thou hast torn the fond girl from her lover's embrace,
 Mock'd the parent's endeavours to save
 His darling, his child—thou, relentless, all trace
 Swallow'st up in thy watery grave.
 But, Ocean, with all thy power,
 Not uncontrolled thy will ;
 One, e'en in thy wildest hour
 Can say to thy waves, " Be still."
 And oh ! when time shall be no more,
 What wonders will thy depths disclose,
 Then shall thy waves' affrighted roar
 Awake thy dead ones from their last repose ;
 Then shall they meet who never met before,
 Kings, princes, heroes, beggars, friends, and foes !
 Roll on, thou Sea !
 Alike in every age and clime,
 Unchanged, until decaying Time
 Sleeps in Eternity.

THE COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.¹

BY MRS. C. GORE.

CHAPTER VII.

So glowing was the atmosphere of that fierce September day, that even the poor paralytic man, whose existence was scarcely more than a prolonged lethargy, could endure to have the casements thrown open; and as his ghastly cheek rested against the scarcely-whiter cushions of his easy chair, the spicy scent of the lavender and rosemary hedges came wafting into the room, till a vacant smile overspread his wasted features on recognition of their recollected fragrance. Vaguely conscious of some agreeable sensation, the imbecile man sat passing his fingers through the button-holes of his vest, as he inhaled the musky breeze and gazed upon the graceful form of his daughter.

But while in *his* mind all was a blank, in *hers* all was emotion and activity. For she did but *seem* to work. Inclining her head over the seam she was sewing, the tears kept dropping fast over her hands, while the foldings of her dress vibrated with the quickened respiration of her bosom. Lady Lovell's thoughts were far away. The struggle of the battle lay before her. She seemed to look upon the dying moments of that noble being who, ten days before, had tendered her, in that very chamber, his fatherly protection, and who was now trampled into the gory clay of a dishonoured field! Yet even *his* was not the plight that moved her tenderest compassion. *He*, at least, was at rest. "Nothing could touch him further." The troubles of his afflicted country,—the injuries of his young king,—would never again disturb the tranquillity of his impenetrable sleep. Her pity was more deeply moved towards the fugitive prince and his followers—the hunted of the law—the proscribed—on whose heads a price was set, that, like the first murderer, whatsoever man should find them, it was lawful to kill and slay!

Oh! how little (when for a moment, as she sat beside her newly-wedded husband at the wedding-feast, she had prayed within her soul that the cruelty with which he was entreating her might be revenged upon his head,) how little had she imagined that the pride of Arthur was about to be so quickly levelled with the dust!—that he would be thus speedily exposed to ignominy—persecution—danger—despair! Though nothing had transpired of his deportment in the fatal field, she felt assured, as if instructed by an eye-witness, that he had done honour to his name. That he had been at hand to watch over the safety of his sovereign, was attested by the information obtained by Elias Wright. But, alas! what availed the deeds of that disastrous day? What chance was there even of escape for Charles and his handful of followers? Already, perhaps, they had been sacrificed by some obscure hand. At any hour, at any moment, the news might reach *her* that she was a widow. "I could wish," mused Anne

¹ Continued from p. 279.

Lovell, through her tears, "that we had parted in charity! Would that I had found courage to acquaint him, ere he quitted the house, that the marriage was as little of my desiring as his own—that I had no mind to thwart him by persisting in the alliance—that I was content to aid its dissolution, and renounce all claim upon his hand! He might then, perhaps, have quitted me without bitterness—have bid me adieu as a friend,—as an old playmate—perhaps have asked my good wishes for him during his absence—my prayers for his safety in the day of battle!"

And, in spite of her efforts, her work dropped upon her knee at the thought, and covering her face with her hands, she wept long and unrestrainedly.

The old man looked wistfully on her proceedings. He had a vague surmise that something was amiss. But while his daughter still wept unquestioned, a loud clanging was heard at the door-bell, a tramping of many horses in the court-yard; and before Lady Lovell had time to inquire into the cause of disturbance, she was startled by a wrangling at her father's very chamber-door, when she distinguished the voice of Gervas, striving to interdict the entrance of a stranger. For a single hasty moment she fancied that peradventure the fugitive king and his followers might be seeking refuge at Dalesdene; but the entrance of a portly old gentleman in a buff coat, and steel cap sitting most incongruously upon his rubicund face, destroyed the illusion.

"This obstinate major-domo of yours, Miss Anne," said the intruder, trundling his rotund person towards Lady Lovell, with an attempt at obeisance at every alternate step, "hath the ill-grace to oppose the authority of the laws of the realm, represented unworthily in the person of your humble servant."

"The state of my father's health being such as to prevent our receiving guests at Dalesdene, must be Gervas's excuse, sir, for any seeming want of courtesy," replied the young lady, reddening with terror at the sudden inbreak; for though the worshipful Hosea Shum, town major of the borough of Oakham, was a neighbour with whom the timid squire had scrupulously maintained terms of amity, yet his present warlike array, and the escort of men-at-arms, whose steps were distinctly heard in the corridor, forbade all hope that his visit on the present occasion was one of mere civility.

"The name of guests, young lady, is a title which squareth not with my present mission," replied the pursy major, striving to impart to his nasal twang, broken by the breathless palpitations incident upon his exertions, the dignified tone of a man in office. "Upon the warrant of the worshipful town council of the town of Oakham have I made ingress into this mansion, with authority to examine and search for concealed arms or other implements of war."

"God forbid that any member of my father's household should oppose your investigations, sir," replied Lady Lovell, somewhat reassured. "You must be well aware, Major Shum, that the poor armoury of the Grange, insignificant as it is, was put under requisition two years since by the magistrates of your town council; since which time (as you will find on examination) it has been used by our housekeeper for drying flax, or some household purpose."

"That remains to be seen, Miss Anne—that remains to be seen!" replied the major, who, having unbuckled his cap in deference to the young lady's presence, was deliberately wiping his streaming brows.

"Permit me, then, to lead the way thither," replied Lady Lovell, apprehensive that so strange an intrusion might seriously agitate the frame of her father. But on glancing towards Mr. Heneage, in explanation of her impatience of the presence of the town major, it was clear, from the almost idiotic smile playing over the old man's features, that his eyes, like those of an infant, were dazzled and gratified by the glittering accoutrements of the individual whose person he was not sufficiently himself to recognise at that moment.

"It were, as I conjecture, useless," resumed Hosea, "to expound unto the good gentleman, your parent, the extent of my commission regarding him. For verily I do perceive that the account rendered by my kinsman Wright to the town council, of his client's bodily condition, is a true saying; and that Mister Heneage, is at this present speaking, incapable, by reason of defect of mind and body, of the malefactions against the government of the realm imputed to him by certain denunciators."

"Malefactions?" interrupted Lady Lovell, with a look of amazement.

"It hath been deposed by credible witnesses to the magistrates of Oakham, of whom I am the unworthy coadjutor," resumed the pompous Hosea, "that on a certain night of the past month a troop of armed horsemen did issue at dead of night out of the gates of the demesne of Dalesdene; being, as it is surmised, no other than subcours making towards the quarters of the malignant Charles Stuart, now by the grace of the Lord a fugitive before the face of this people."

"We will talk of this on our way to the armoury, or whatever portion of the house you may see fit to visit," said Anne, changing colour, in the apprehension that some casual word might reach the ear and rouse the dormant intelligence of her father, so as to induce an imprudent rejoinder. Leading the way, therefore, out of the chamber, she observed, as she accompanied the hobbling hero along the corridor, "Even were this deposition just, I need not suggest to the wisdom of Major Shum that my father's lands might afford traverse for a squadron of horse, more especially under cover of the night; without so much as the knowledge of a person so infirm as the unfortunate gentleman, whose miserable condition has just now been per force exhibited to your notice."

"The very observation I had myself the satisfaction of making, Miss Anne, to my honourable colleagues! Miles Heneage, of Dalesdene Grange," said I, to the assembled council, "is an individual of peaceful habits and demeanor, ungiven to broils or plots; a just man—a payer of dues to the state—a submissive son of the church; ergo, it is most unlikely that he would thrust his old age into the perils of a cause now, by the blessing of Providence, levelled with the earth, when his cautious youth refrained evermore from political demonstrations."

"I pray you let the key of this chamber be sought for of Daniel Aubrey," said Lady Lovell, turning towards old Gervas, as they reached the door of the armoury.

And as the old man departed, grumbling at being compelled to leave his young lady unattended in company of the major and his sour-visaged troop, Hosea Shum added, in a lower voice, as if not caring to be overheard by his men, "Verily, there was another count in the charge against my worthy neighbour, Miles Heneage; *videlicet*, that, within four days of the battle of Worcester, (for the event of which render we evermore thanks to the Lord!) he entertained under his roof, with honour and feasting, the malignant Arthur, commonly called Lord Lovell; a stumbling-block whom it hath pleased Heaven to remove, by the strong arm of his saints, out of the way of His people."

"And if it were so," cried the young lady, recovering her presence of mind, "my father is, as you see, in no condition to play the host. Lord Lovell was deeply my father's debtor for monies lent and other obligations; and Mister Elias Wright, your kinsman, may have seen fit, amid the hazards of the times, to bring him personally to account with his creditor. On such an occasion, Major Shum, I, a weak and inexperienced representative of my infirm parent, was scarcely likely to deny the hospitality of a meal to a gentleman of estate, of whatever party, a sojourn within our gates, for purposes wholly unconnected with parties or politics."

"It was even in this light, Miss Anne, that I had the satisfaction of placing the transaction before the eyes of my worshipful colleagues," rejoined Hosea, admonished by this allusion to his kinsman's name, of Elias Wright's involvement in the affair. "But what have we here?" cried he, as the door of the dismantled armoury being thrown open, a long table piled with a service of antique plate was discovered within.

"There hath been no leisure to replace the silver in its appropriated chests since the night of the banquet," observed old Gervas, in an audible whisper to his young mistress, whose countenance evinced surprise and displeasure at the display. "My good master's seizure followed so closely upon the visit of my Lord Lovell."

A sign from the embarrassed Anne put a period to the old man's garrulity; while Hosea and his companions, though the denuded state of the chamber afforded no pretext for the extension of their investigations, paraded leisurely round the tables, examining with covetous glances the embossed flagons and platters recently barnished up to grace the ill-omened wedding-banquet of the heiress of Dalesdene.

"A sore sight to the eyes, and a reproach to the soul of the faithful, this graceful mastery of gear!" ejaculated a grim-visaged gentleman, the lieutenant of the troop, apostrophising Major Hosea Shum. "Wherefore, while the saints of the Lord lack meat and suffer hunger, and the soldiers of the common weal need raiment, should these vessels of silver and vessels of gold lie tarnishing in bootless amassment?"

"As much might be urged, good Master Gathergrace, against

thing own apportionment of fertile territory to the raising of unprofitable tulips and other painted weeds, wherein corn could be sown and grown, and reaped, for profit of the troops of the Lord General," replied Hosea, drily, "But even as it is writ, 'Remove not thy neighbour's landmark,' it is also commanded, 'Covet not thy neighbour's goods.' Wherefore, instead of wasting our minutes in admiration of these gaudy vanities, it were fitting that we pursued our search for arms into the cellars and outhouses, according to the ordering of our instructions."

Thus twitted by the centurion in authority over him, the abashed lieutenant followed the guidance of his major; and the whole company were now recommended to the care and guidance of old Gervas by Lady Lovell, who hastened to give orders for their entertainment, and to take precautions that no further token of their intrusion might disturb the tranquillity of the invalid.

It was not the first time that the intelligent daughter of Mr. Heneage had noticed how much her family stood indebted for its civic impunity to the protection of Master Elias Wright. In other instances, as well as this, the mouse had contrived to secure the safety of the lion. Of humble origin and avocation, Master Wright boasted extensive connexions among the burgesses of Oldham; and was so far a dutiful adherent to the existing government that he was never known to raise his hand or voice in favour of any other. "Whatever king might reign," he was a loyal subject; not that he might remain "Vicar of Bray," for neither office nor profit did he hold at the hands of government; but because a quiet life was his desire, and he knew that while his submission or recusancy was too unimportant to be profitable to either cause or faction, his intermeddling with politics might open the vial of wrath upon the heads of his peaceful household. No child remained to himself and his good woman, (the pious sister of Major Hosea Shum,) but they had adopted the orphan offspring of their only son; and Hope and Rachel Wright were too tender of years and fair of person not to make their welfare a thoughtful charge to their kind-hearted old grandsire. He became more cautious than ever, on the reflection that were mischance to befall him, no protector would be forthcoming for the two friendless girls.

Till the accidental alliance of his old friend farmer Hovenden's daughter with the great man of the neighbourhood, the esquire of Dalesdene Grange, had brought him into contact with a gentleman of high estate, an hereditary upholder of the abuses of government, Elias Wright's convictions and prejudices naturally inclined him towards the daily increasing body of the disaffected. But though personally and professionally disgusted by the lawless innovations of the late misjudging monarch, Elias was too reasonable to include an inoffensive retainer, such as his client at Dalesdene, in his enmities towards the mal-advisers of the unfortunate Charles, and he consequently made it his business to stand, when occasion warranted, betwixt the timid country gentleman and the blustering magistrates in authority in the neighbourhood; suggesting to the former such little sacrifices as might preserve his household unmolested; and to the latter, the utter harmlessness of the squire.

"The poor gentleman complies cheerfully with all prescribed forms," argued the attorney with Major Hosea and his colleagues. "Nature never cut him out for patriot or hero. Leave him to dwindle away his inoffensive days in quiet; and whenever necessity presents itself to increase the fine upon his lands, or otherwise lay him under contribution, let the demand be made through myself. So shall *your* trouble and *his* vexation be alike diminished."

To old Heneage his advice was of an equally pacific tendency; and whereas the infirmities of the father and the tender years of the daughter forbade all exercise of hospitality at the Grange, many were the sides of venison despatched in Heneage's name to the corporation of Oakham, and many the baskets of game and choice fruit from Dalesdene, which tickled the palate of the rotund Hosea Shum, as peace-offerings from the dormant cavalier.

But old Elias had lately overstepped, or suffered his client to overstep, the modesty of his former prudence. That hasty alliance with Lord Lovell, propounded for the first time to the wary guardian at the witching time of night, and without a minute's space allowed for deliberation, had been sanctioned in an incautious moment, as affording to the grandchild of his earliest friend, and the daughter of his most liberal client, an establishment in life beyond his hopes or her pretensions. Lord Lovell was a gentleman of unblemished honour and reputation, free from all blame in the misadventures of the late king, and all suspicion of interested motives in his devotion to the present. He had even forsaken his home, family, and peaceful vocation, to attach himself to the person of a throneless and wandering prince; and there was something in the noble frankness of his address, which, on occasion of former visits to the Grange, had engaged the regard of the old notary, and which now, in his lordship's need and despair, appealed forcibly to his sympathy. Elias had not, in short, felt himself justified in opposing a match so gratifying to the feelings of Mister Heneage; nor was it till four-and-twenty hours had elapsed after the flurry of the event, that he sobered down into perfect consciousness of the unauthorised indiscretion of his proceedings.

All that remained to be done in extenuation of his fault was to confide himself in kinsmanly counsel to his brother-in-law Hosea, imploring that, should any hint or denunciation reach the corporation of Oakham, he would take upon himself, as far as possible, the investigation of the matter; so as to watch over the safety of Heneage and his daughter, for whom the fat major's organs of digestion entertained almost as deep-seated a regard as the grateful soul of Elias Wright.

Such was the cause which had determined Hosea to suggest, as of his own absolute wisdom, a domiciliary visit to the Grange, purporting to anticipate and defeat the measures likely to arise from the rumours afloat concerning the mysterious entertainment of the squire—a visit which seemed to end to the satisfaction of all parties; for so absorbed was the portly major in the discussion of a venison party, washed down, at old Gervas's suggestion, with copious draughts of Rhenish, that he noted not when his fair young hostess rose abruptly

from table, and quitted the room, leaving the honours to be done by Mistress Corbet to himself and his comrades. Still less did he conjecture that her sudden emotion was caused by the recollection that the last time she had presided at that board, Arthur Lovell was seated by her side, while the chair occupied by Hosea Shum was filled by their good and noble father. Where—where were they now? Lord Lovell in an unhallowed grave! Arthur—but, no! she dared not even surmise the destinies of Arthur.

CHAPTER VIII.

It were a painful and thriftless task to describe the hours of suspense and anxiety endured during the ensuing month by the patient daughter of Miles Heneage. Relieved by the favourable issue of Hosea's visitation from all uneasiness on her father's account, every day brought harassing tidings as regarded the fate of him with whose her own was irrevocably united. During the seclusion of King Charles at Boscobel and his wanderings on the coast of Dorset, endless rumours of discovery and mischance were spread, with a view of provoking the indiscretion of those really cognisant of his retreat; and the anxious girl, believing young Lovell to be the companion of the fugitive prince, was now distracted with intelligence that Charles and his companions were lodged in the Tower of London, thence to be transported, without trial, to the common gibbet; now, with news that Charles Stuart, having hired a fishing-smack on the coast of Devon, had gone down in a storm at sea, with fifteen of his youthful followers.

Her ear was ever on the watch for the slightest whisper involving the name of the king,—her eye directed in eager interrogation to the countenance of every creature that approached her. Her food remained untasted, and her pillow sleepless; till her fair round cheek, hitherto tinged with the bloom of youth and health, grew pale, and wan, and wasted. It was in vain that old Elias remonstrated, or Mistress Corbet reproved. It was in vain they assured her that her unconcealed grief, attributed, by all who were not in her secret, to zeal for the royal cause, might involve her father and herself in irrevocable ruin.

"All will have a right to conclude," observed the venerable notary, "that the grief of Miss Heneage is for the malignant Charles Stuart, seeing that none are privileged to attribute your ladyship's tears to the danger incurred by your wedded lord."

"Yet what more natural cause for grief," pleaded the sorrowing girl, "than the loss of my father's dearest and earliest friend?"

"It is more natural, at least," retorted Elias, "than sympathy in the fate of a young gentleman, an all but stranger; and, in the little known of him, a worse than stranger,—an insolent and scornful ingrate."

But Lady Lovell, detecting his drift, was not to be taunted out of her imprudent self-betrayal. Her nature was too candid to admit of the assumption of indifference, when her whole soul was tortured with anguish.

Disappointed in his hopes of stimulating her pride, the notary next attempted to divert her attention by details of his measure of worldly thrift. He chose her little ladyship to listen while he narrated the

injurious treatment he had received at the hands of the Dowager Lady Lovell, on serving upon her the necessary process of ejectment. The haughty woman having insisted that, as *locum tenens* for her son, she had a right to retain possession, Elias Wright had been compelled to prove to her, per exhibition of the warranty of the law, that her son himself had no longer a claim upon the property; and backed by the authority of the local magistracy, which a judicious distribution of royalist gold speedily secured to a citizen of the Commonwealth possessing influence in parliament and kinsmen high of account in borough corporations—he at length succeeded in persuading the haughty woman that the widow of a rebel lord could not do better than retreat decently to her Shropshire estates; lest, drawing down upon herself the interposition of the law, she should be condemned to penalties securing the ruin of herself and son. Sir Richard Lovell, the only brother of her late husband, was already in prison, awaiting his trial among those taken in arms for the royal cause; and Elias Wright mildly suggested to the infuriated dowager, that instead of wasting her time and breath in execrations that recoiled only upon the head of her who uttered them, she would do well to prepare herself for the amercements with which the backslidings of the Lovell family were likely to be visited by government.

“The widow, then, has been already driven forth from beneath her husband’s roof?” demanded Anne, with an air of undissembled indignation.

“The Lady Lovell, madam, is installed under her late husband’s roof, Duke’s Court, the Shropshire seat of the Lovells—Lovell House being, as I have already suggested, the absolute property of your ladyship’s father.”

“How know ye that she has chosen to retire thither?” persisted Anne; “she may be, at this moment, homeless and friendless as her son!”

“Nay, madam, for your satisfaction sake, I have made it my duty to inquire. The dowager is in actual possession of her dower-house, and lacketh no means of decent entertainment. The agent of the late lamented peer is my trusty aforetime yokefellow of the law, Master Polhill of Thrapstone; with whom, by conference and adjustment, I have come to a good understanding, touching the real object of our investiture; he, in the interest of the young lord, admitting our tenure in fee to be the only mode of securing the property for his future benefit.”

“A benefit which it may be even now he surviveth not to enjoy!” murmured Anne, with a despairing countenance; “in which contingency I shall, upon attainment of control over my worldly estate, make over to his mother my portion in Lovell House.”

“I thank Heaven, sweet lady, that mine and your good father’s providence will evermore prevent so wanton a sacrifice,” cried the notary. “The estate must remain in trust for your benefit and the benefit of such children as may be hereafter born to you. And should mischance befall the young lord, your husband, his unfortunate uncle, Sir Richard Lovell, who succeeds to his title and estates, were the only person justified in disputing your possession.”

"He would find me no tenacious antagonist," replied the young Lady Lovell. "Meanwhile let all possible heed and care be taken of the mansion and estate which it appears I hold in pledge."

"Fear not that they will be looked to," replied the notary, "in your good father's name and behalf I have retained all the ancient servitors of the place, appointing over them in chief a pious kinsman of my own, Enoch, the son of Hosea Shum, (a Templar, learned in the law, and of fair repute with our men in authority,) as respondent to all claims and inquiries touching our right of appropriation."

"Let me be no further troubled, then, concerning a tenure in which I am not suffered to act according to my own good pleasure," replied Anne. "I have anxieties enough, God wot, without taking such ready thought of the things of this world."

Accepting this remark as a token of dismissal, the old man took his leave, while his youthful ward returned to her dreary task of filial duty—dreary, because the worse than solitude to which it consigned her was saddened with cheerless thoughts and thronging fears. It was not till towards evening, when, after her father's slender meal, he was apt to sink into slumber, enabling the faithful Gervas to supply her place, that she stole out for refreshment into the garden, to pace that monotonous gravel terrace, scarcely less disheartening than the chamber of sickness. Yet it was a relief. *There* she could give free course to her tears. *There* it was tacitly understood between herself and Mistress Corbet that her movements were to be free. *There* none was to molest her with consolations. She might be all in all to her musing—all in all to her grief!

Yet, as she was bending her pensive steps towards an arbour of lilacs and Gueldres roses which sheltered the wall at the furthest extremity of the terrace, a hand was suddenly laid upon her arm; and pausing with a start, the maiden drew up almost with hauteur on perceiving that her meditations were again interrupted by Master Wright. She did not care that the old man should detect, in her disordered countenance and streaming eyes, manifestations of an affliction of which she had striven to make light.

"Methought, sir, I had given orders that I was to be unmolested?" said she, with unwonted harshness.

"I received them, my dear young lady—I received them," replied the good old man; "but the occasion justifies my disregard. I have happy news for you."

"For me?" demanded Anne, blushing for her previous ungraciousness.

"The king's majesty is in safety, in the kingdom of his maternal ancestors. On the twentieth day of the month Charles Stuart landed at Bécamp in Normandy, after privations and escapes which render his preservation little short of miraculous."

"Heaven's mercy be praised!" faltered Anne, penetrated with joy.

From the field of Worcester, as it appears, his majesty proceeded into hiding at a lone mansion belonging to the Gifford family, on the borders of Staffordshire, alone, and at the absolute mercy of certain peasants to whose loyalty he entrusted himself."

"Alone!" reiterated Anne, in unconcealed dismay. "His faithful

followers, then, are still at the mercy of the murderous Round-heads?"

Old Elias shrugged his shoulders. He was desirous, perhaps, of retaliating on the young lady's recent perversity, or of probing the secrets of that guileless heart.

"My Lord Lovell is still missing?" persisted Anne, scarcely able to support herself; "or tidings may have already reached you that death has removed him from the hands of his enemies?"

"I should scarcely presume, madam, to style *that* happy news," he replied; "howbeit, your ladyship's interests in life might be advantaged by such an issue. But, on the contrary, my young lord's safety is as assured as that of his royal master. Compelled by his majesty's change of route to miss a rendezvous they had appointed together in London, Lord Lovell sailed from the river in a Scheveling schooner, and is now in safety at the Hague. Ten days ago his lordship's escape transpired in the city; but, as a matter of less general interest, the news reached not Oakham till this morning by the same express, advising the town council that all further vigilance of search for the person of the fugitive king might be dispensed with."

Old Elias was surprised that no word of exultation broke from the lips of the young wife; and scarcely less so, when, after a minute's pause, she suddenly placed her arm within his, as if craving his support toward the house. Before they reached the threshold, however, she had recovered herself, and, willing to mislead his observation as regarded her unavowed weakness, was no sooner at the home-end of the terrace, than she proposed prolonging her walk by a turn or two. Not another allusion, however, to the escape of either the king or his adherents! She began in a hurried voice to talk of business—to explain that, her father's mind being now irrecoverably gone, she desired daily interviews with her good friend and guardian Master Wright, to consult for the better ordering of their affairs; till at last, as the evening shades fell darker on her cheek, she adventured on the exposition of the real object of her promenade, begging him to cause it to be written and fairly engrossed by his clerks, on what grounds the estates of Lovell had been seized in her father's name.

"I would have it made your earliest business, my good sir," said she, in a voice yet agitated with joyous emotion, "to seek out a sure hand by which succours might be forthwith transmitted to Holland to the son of my father's late noble friend, who may be in plight of need ill becoming the honours of his name, with which this deed of instruction shall be conveyed, that no mal-interpretations may be placed on our proceedings."

It was in vain that the good notary pleaded in reply the danger of intermeddling, at such a crisis, with the affairs of an outlawed man, so obnoxious to the existing government as the son of the late Lord Lovell. He assured her that her own safety and her father's might be fatally involved in the discovery of their intercourse.

"At the court of the Princess of Orange, madam," said he, "the name of Lovell will be a sufficient warrant of welfare. The young lord, moreover, is doubtless already on his way to Paris to rejoin the king and queen-mother, to whom his recent exploits must have signally recommended him. Be patient. There will come a time here—

after for these explanations. Lord Lovell's thoughts are less likely to be of forfeitures and mortgages, than of the safety of his worthy uncle, sole representative beside himself of their ancient line. While the sword of justice still hangs suspended over the head of Sir Richard Lovell, let us not wrong this wayward youth by supposing that his mind is directed towards his farms and messuages in the shire of Northampton."

Unwilling to prolong the argument, Lady Lovell directed her steps towards the house, as if subdued to acquiescence. It did not appear necessary to acquaint her attorney-at-law that it was at least as likely the young exile should pass in review the conduct of his new wife and father-in-law, as that he should restrict his cares to the fate of a war-and-weather-beaten uncle, from whom the haughty prejudices of his Roman Catholic mother had been careful to estrange his affections.

From that memorable evening, the spirits of poor Anne seemed to alternate between glee at the unlooked-for escape of Charles and his followers, and grief for the fate of the royal cause, and the one revered victim whose memory she honoured with sable weeds, befitting the reverence of a daughter. There was no fear that her mourning garb would excite the notice of her now imbecile parent; and when Elias Wright remonstrated that it might be reported of her as indicative of too dear a sympathy in the fate of the cavaliers, she replied by a look of silent and dignified reproach, which announced her determination to be immutable.

"To rock the cradle of declining age," now became her exclusive and pious task. Abandoning to her trustworthy agent the guard and conduct of her worldly affairs, she devoted herself wholly to retirement; and if subdued in spirit by the constant spectacle of the life-in-death that was endured rather than enjoyed by Mr. Heneage, she was somewhat reconciled to his state, on finding that it spared him the terrors of examination by the commissioners of sequestration employed to investigate the nature of his tenure of the Lovell estates, and the spectacle of the harsh administration of the law under the auspices of the new government. While Elias Wright, through his party alliances and professional adroitness, managed by a cautious distribution of bribery to secure the rights which his principals, sooner than stoop to such means, would have abandoned to the encroachments of their rulers, he excused his mode of administration in the eyes of his young charge, by exercising similar mal-practices in behalf of Sir Richard Lovell; who, while his fellow-prisoners, the Earl of Derby, Sir Timothy Featherstone, and others, were put to death by authority of a court-martial, was remanded to prison, his sentence being commuted to a heavy fine and two years' imprisonment in Newgate jail.

It was a weary winter at Dalesdene. Even the ensuing summer found Lady Lovell (now on the eve of her seventeenth birth-day, and exhibiting a developement of womanly beauty which, could he have been sensible to the charm, must have enraptured the doating eyes of her poor old father) still a mourner, and still a sedulous recluse. Mistress Corbet, who in her time had "sat at good men's feasts" and basked in the sunshine of worldly pleasures, began to

lament that the lovely youth of her pupil should be fated to blush unseen in the unincidental wilderness of the Grange ; for which murmurs the good woman was duly rebuked by the wiser Elias.

"Rather rejoice," said he, "that the tenour of her defenceless days is thus secured from the persecution which, under other circumstances, would, I doubt not, await her from the vindictive spirit of her husband. In these times, when even the daughters of kings are abased—when the royal sister of Charles Stuart keepeth her bed, lacking fuel to preserve her shivering limbs against the winter's frost—when Hyde, and Ormond, and other noble counsellors of his Majesty, are known to be shoeless and shirtless,* subsisting upon the charity of strangers—let not those who abide in peace and prosperity indulge in discontents most sinful in the eyes of a protecting Providence. Better days may be in store ; or if not, be thankful, both for yourself and her, that worse be not dispensed us. Our gentle one walketh in the path of duty. She could do no more were her steps appointed to the purlieus of the courts of kings, wherein—as our experience shows—is neither profit nor salvation."†

* Vide the Letters of Clarendon from the Hague.

† To be continued.

SPANGLETS OF HEAVEN.

BY THOMAS RAGO.

SPANGLETS of Heaven ! ye seem to me
The alphabet of immensity,
By which I read in dazzling light
The lofty name of the Infinite.
Shine on ! shine on ! in your depths of blue,
Till every heart can read it too,
And every raptured eye that's bent
Up to the studded firmament,
Catches the glow of your ceaseless rays,
And glistens in th' Eternal's praise.
Beautiful stars ! 'neath your rich beams,
As down from heaven their glory streams,
When silence has sealed up the lips of earth,
And thought more wild than the winds has birth,
I wander ! I wander with untold joy,
To feast my soul on the orb-lit sky ;
And never did Chaldee, when taught to kneel
At the shrines of your splendour, more wildly feel
The torrent of bliss through his bosom flow,
As he upward gazed from the dust below.
Eyes of the universe ! gems divine !
Suns that bask in your own pure shine !
Countless guides of the awe-struck soul,
As inquiring it rushes from pole to pole !
I drink ! I drink at your fountain deep,
While others are lock'd in the arms of sleep ;
Till, filled with the Pythonic draught of light,
My intoxicate spirit deems all things bright,
And earth and its deeds are lost to me,
Eclipsed by your dazzling radiancy.

Nottingham.

VENICE AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.¹

THE hall, which so long served for the council chamber of the Venetian nobles, contains, in the present day, the rare volumes and precious manuscripts which composed the library formerly denominated St. Mark's. They are numerous, and fill a great number of shelves. This library has ever been a celebrated one from its own literary riches; scarcely less so for the names of its illustrious founders, Petrarch and Bessarione. The first may be considered its originator, because the numerous manuscripts, of which he made a gift to the republic in his last moments, were, so to speak, the nucleus of this inestimable collection.

Bessarione, equally celebrated for the sanctity of his manners and the depth of his learning, escaped from Constantinople when that ill-fated city was taken by the Turks. He took refuge in Venice, and found there the most generous reception. The name of the venerable pontiff of the Eastern church was inscribed in the book of the nobles of Venice, and covered with honours and distinctions: he passed the last years of his life in this, his second country, in the sweet idleness of philosophy, in peace and security.

Being desirous of giving to the republic, which had sheltered him, a splendid testimony of his gratitude, he wrote, on the 31st of May, in the year 1468, a letter to the doge, which, full of noble sentiments, merits being recorded.

It was conceived in these terms.

“ To the most illustrious and potent prince, Christoforo Moro, Doge of Venice, and the most excellent senate, from Bessarione, cardinal and patriarch of Constantinople—Health !

“ From my most tender infancy upwards, I have devoted all my study and utmost diligence to the collecting of books in which useful doctrines are treated of. Many I have transcribed with my own hand, others I have bought with my close economy to as great an extent as my limited fortune would permit, inasmuch as I have ever considered these to be the most useful furniture—the most precious treasure; and, in truth, books, in which we find preserved the oracles of the wise—the examples of antiquity—the customs—the laws—the religion of all periods of time—live with us, so to speak; they converse with us, console us; they bring near things most remote, and place all those matters, which distance of time and country have removed far from us, immediately under our eyes.

“ Their utility is so obvious and so various, that if books were wanting to us, our knowledge would be meagre indeed. We should know nothing of the past—we should have very imperfect ideas of things human and divine—and the names of great men would remain sepulchred in the tombs to which we consign their ashes.

“ It is principally since the irreparable disasters of Greece, and the tremendous catastrophe which caused Constantinople to fall

¹ Continued from vol. xxi. p. 448.

beneath the yoke of the Turks, that I have chiefly laboured in collecting Greek books, because I feared that these fruits of the toils and vigils of so many sublime minds would perish, even to the last remnant.

“ I have applied myself, not so much to gather together a vast number of books, as to seek out good ones. Content with possession of a single copy of each work, I have succeeded in collecting all those of the wise men of Greece, and those in particular most difficult to be obtained.

“ But my vows would not be completely fulfilled, were I only to succeed in perfecting this collection—I wish yet more than this, to dispose of it during my lifetime, in such a manner that it shall not be scattered after my death; and I seek to place it in a situation at once secure in itself, and convenient by its position for the use of the learned in Greek and Latin.

“ Amidst all the cities of Italy, Venice seems to me that most fitted for my purpose. It appears to me, that in no other country can I possibly find so much security as in yours, in which equity reigns, where the laws alone govern, integrity finds an asylum, and moderation, gravity, justice, and good faith preside over all; where absolute authority does not obstruct the course of wise and just decisions; where the good have preference over the bad, and the interests of individuals ever give way to the public weal. All this it is, which makes me hope that your republic will increase from day to day in glory and power.

“ I know also, that I cannot select a place more convenient for my compatriots, because Venice, besides being the most celebrated port in the world, and the most frequented by all the nations of the universe, is that to which the Greeks resort in greater numbers than any other people, and here they are welcomed and beloved. Venice is for them a new Byzantium.

“ Can I then, finally, better place the gift I propose to make you, than in a city which has been to me as my own country ever since the ruin of that in which I was born, in which I have received the most cordial, the most honourable reception?

“ Knowing that I am mortal, and sure that my end must be near approaching, from the years and many infirmities which weigh upon my frame, desirous of preventing any accident, I make now a donation of all my books to the library of St. Mark, in order that you and all your descendants may derive all advantage from them, and to place you in a position, so to arrange them, that all those who love letters, and have taste for learning, may participate in their benefit.

“ At the same time I send to your excellencies the catalogue, and with it the bull of the sovereign pontiff, which confirms my gift unto you; and I beseech our Lord God, that he will heap blessing and prosperity upon you, and preserve peace and concord ever among you.”

Most noble are the sentiments expressed by the Cardinal Bessarione in this epistle—most noble his project of marking his sense of the benefits he had received from the Venetians, by this gift of inestimable price—inestimable for the influence it would have on their

improvement, and their progress in the useful sciences, and the truest knowledge and wisdom. Who can say whether the Bembi, the Navagori, the Sarpi, the Manuzzii, and the many other rare minds of which Venice can boast, would have ever attained such a height of reputation and elegance, erudition or science, if first the immortal Petrarch, and after him the generous cardinal, had not bestowed on her the means of ascending to the well-springs of wisdom? Would she, by means of the presses of the Aldi, have published indefatigably for more than a century the master-pieces of the Greeks and Latins, had the treasures of the library of St. Mark been scattered abroad, or laid aside, and remained unknown or forgotten?

Praise be then to these generous men for having conferred this benefit upon Venice—praise be also to Venice for having given light to men capable of improving the blessing, and of throwing lustre around themselves and their country. When we recal our thoughts from the epoch of Venetian splendour to the present time, it is a painful consideration, that she seems to have lost, almost at the same period, all which constituted her glory. And truly it was not the least part of this, that hers were, in the fifteenth and sixteenth century, the best printers in Europe. The books printed by the Aldi, the Gioliti, and so many other distinguished typographers, shed lustre over the city, and formed besides no inconsiderable branch of her commerce. If but a single copy of each of the works which issued from the presses of Venice were to be found in the library of St. Mark, they would form a collection unique in the world. This reflection convinces me of the wisdom of the modern European regulation, which commands the deposition of a certain number of copies of all books which see the light, in the public institutions.

Venice, in the present day, takes rank the lowest among the cities of Italy in the art of typography. Her impressions are most incorrect, and her presses are unhappily devoted almost wholly to the reproduction of works most valuable in themselves, to the serious injury of good literature and the interests of authors. The benefits conferred by Bessarione seem destroyed by the modern printers of Venice, and the name of Aldi is forgotten.*

The “Hall of Scrutiny” is grand and magnificent, and, like the library, adorned with pictures by the best Venetian artists. We will mention one by Liberi, which represents a disembarkation, and a combat in the East. It is striking for the energetic expression of a naked Christian, who, having broken his chain, grasps a dagger, and surprises and wounds the infidels who surround him: he is beckoning to his compatriots, who are fighting at a little distance, and amidst whom he hopes to regain his liberty.

The object of all others most worthy of attention here, is the monument raised to the memory of Francesco Morosini, towards the end of the eighteenth century. This general, surnamed the “Pelo-

* The judgment here passed by the author is too severe; it is at least open to some exceptions. The printing-office, called that of Alvisopoli, over which one of the most illustrious bibliopoles of Europe presides, is alone sufficient to prove that the ancient glories of Venice, as regards the art of typography, is not yet totally extinct.—*Note by the Italian Editor.*

ponnesian," for his victories in that quarter, was the last great man of Venice.

Here, as is my custom, I will record his deeds ; and they will have the more interest, that these were to the republic as the last brilliant blaze of the expiring torch.

War now burnt fiercely between Venice and the Porte. Candia, the capital of the island of the same name, was besieged by the best strength of the Ottoman army ; and the defence made by Morosini and the Venetians is perhaps the most marvellous recorded by modern history. That this sentence may not seem too bold, I must remind you that this siege lasted thirty months, during which they made twenty sorties, four hundred mines were sprung, and the lives of thirty thousand Christians and one hundred and twenty thousand infidels were sacrificed. The Venetian general capitulated at last, yielding up, on the most honourable terms, what was become nothing but a mass of smoking ashes, constrained to this step by the shameful abandonment of the French and German troops which formed part of the garrison. It was a day of mourning, indeed, in which these cowardly auxiliaries, in defiance of the most earnest prayers, weighed anchor from Candia.

When Morosini had resolved to surrender, the miserable inhabitants collected themselves together, and with one voice implored his pity.

"We have ever," said they, "loved the republic—forbid it, Heaven ! that we should remain on this spot, now that it is become the abode of barbarians. The land of servitude is no longer our country—transport us, we pray thee, to whatsoever shore thou wilt, provided only that it be thine, and be it conceded to us to live still beneath the paternal banner of St. Mark."

Morosini granted the honourable request, and a hundred ships of transport took off from the shore the fugitive population of Candia, for which adverse fate had reserved the extremest evils. The convoy was scattered by a furious storm, and the greater part of the vessels swallowed up by the waves. The few which escaped found an asylum in Istria, where all was done which was possible to sweeten for them the bitterness of exile.

The war of Candia had been one of incalculable expense, and the treasury of the republic was exhausted ; to replenish their empty coffers, the senate had recourse to the expedient, humiliating to the aristocracy, of selling titles of nobility ; and thirty-six families of the citizens saw the doors of the gran consiglio open to them at the enormous price, to each, of a hundred thousand ducats.

The peace concluded on the fall of Candia was not of long duration. The Morea was soon the theatre of new wars, and again were the valiant deeds of Morosini conspicuous. He found himself master of Napoli di Romania, of Patras, and Corone. He defeated repeatedly the Turkish forces, and Greece once more, under the humane sway of the Venetians, hoped for less adverse fortune. But with the death of the "Peloponnesian" the fruit of his victories was destroyed, and, in consequence of a shameful treaty, the Ottoman scimitar was again covered with blood in the cradle of the fine arts.

The ducal palace is the sanctuary of the glories of the nation. One of its chambers is embellished with the portraits of Venetian navigators. The image of Marco Polo, the first and most famous of them, claimed my particular attention. I will detail some of his adventures, not so much for any love I have of weaving a narrative, as that I shall in this way be best able to give an idea of the daring boldness of the merchants of Venice, and we shall understand how, as a consequence, they were enabled, by the monopoly of Oriental traffic, to accumulate such enormous riches.

Niccolò and Matteo Polo left Constantinople in 1250, and passed into Tartary on commercial speculation. Impeded in their return by the war which had broken out among the barbarous tribes of Asia, they imagined, and carried into effect, the bold design of penetrating farther into the unknown regions which spread towards the east; and, after a year of fatiguing travel, arrived at the court of Kublaï, the heir of the empire, and of the conquests of Gengis Khan. Here they were honourably received, having acquired the language of the country.

This prince, when he dismissed them, loaded them with presents, and appointed them his ambassadors to the Roman pontiff, to the end that he might send missionaries who should preach the doctrines of the evangelists in his dominions. The brothers arrived safely in Italy, and found the papal chair vacant. After remaining two years, they associated the youth Marco, son of Niccolò, with them, and departed on their return to Kublaï. It required forty months to reach his court, and Marco met with a reception, if possible, still more favourable than his father and uncle. Of a gentle character, of easy, graceful manners, of ready and happy wit, he was soon inscribed by the celebrated emperor in the list of his most intimate favourites.

When the Poli again revisited Venice, after twenty-four years of absence, there were none there who were willing to recognise them. They had long been considered dead, and their habitation was occupied by relations; but the scene was soon changed. Inviting their friends to a magnificent feast, they appeared dressed in rich robes in the fashion of the East, and cutting open their travelling-dresses, took from them so many gems of such rare value that the beholders were overwhelmed with astonishment. The fame of this spread rapidly, and they were soon not only recognised by all, but distinguished by every mark of esteem and honour.

Marco enjoyed but a short time the pleasures of home. Being in command of a galley, he came to conflict with the Genoese, and, burning with love of his country, exposed himself to be wounded and taken prisoner. Well was it for him then that the fame of his voyages had created a strong desire to hear him recount them, and procured for him every possible care and attention. It was to satisfy these incessant demands, and escape the *ennui* of repetition, that he determined to have some memorials he had drawn up brought from Venice, and arranging them in the best manner he could, he wrote from them the history of his travels. These were in very few years translated into many languages, and published in various forms, more or less compendious—so great was the eagerness of the world to learn things

so new and surprising. The favour they won him from the Genoese was not exhausted in softening the bitterness of imprisonment, but shortened for him also the duration of exile.

When we reflect a little on the rudeness of those times, on the perils, the fatigues, the difficulties, to which the travellers exposed themselves, the immense distances and complete novelty of the countries, nations, and manners, they passed through and encountered, we shall readily admit the daring boldness of their enterprise, and give them all the tribute of our admiration. The books of Marco Polo are truly valuable works, full of various knowledge, such as no others can equal; whether we consider the vast extent of the countries which he was the first among the Europeans to visit, or the diversity and value of the ideas they communicate, we see with surprise that nothing has escaped his observation. These books not only enrich geography with many new important regions, but enter into minute descriptions of countries, and give us much information on the different natural productions of each. He treats also of the political history of these unknown nations, describes their character, arts, religion, husbandry, and commerce, and may be considered the founder of statistical science, which has been brought in our day to such perfection. Marco Polo is one of those rare intellects which have gone before their age, and Venice prides herself on him, as Genoa does on Columbus.

The Arsenal of Venice, for many ages the richest and best furnished in the world, was an important element in the power of the republic. It resembles a small city, and is surrounded by walls and towers, on which strict watch is maintained by a numerous band of sentinels—a precaution which past experience has shown to be not superfluous. On opening those books which relate to Venice, I find many curious matters in them concerning the Arsenal. Here are many suites of rooms, furnished with a prodigious quantity of arms for men, horses, and ships. One of these chambers contained enough to equip ten thousand soldiers, another twenty thousand, a third fifty thousand. In one magazine was stored all that was necessary for arming a galley at all points. The republic feasted Henry III. in one of these apartments, and during the banquet gave him the striking spectacle of the equipment and launch of a ship of war. The masts, the sail-yards, the cordage, the canvass, the iron-work, the cannons, the ammunition—all the materials of war, were prepared here, and stored in different magazines.

Three large quadrangles of deep water, communicating with the lagunes by means of a canal, were surrounded by spacious buildings, under whose roofs the ships remained until the moment of launching them.

The greatest pride of the Venetian Arsenal was the double galleys—they were, in fact, swimming fortresses, low in the sides, large, and able to contain a crew of more than one thousand men. They were moved by oars in calm weather; and none but a noble could be captain of these galleys of Venice, which they swore to defend against twenty of an enemy. Everything fabricated in the Arsenal was held sacred; the ropes, the canvass, the very nails, were stamped with the

arms of St. Mark, and woe to him who was found in too close connexion with anything so consecrated.

The Venetian ships were renowned for their strength and swiftness. Two circumstances were mainly instrumental in the perfection they attained. The first was, that the excellent artisans of the Arsenal, protected and munificently rewarded by the republic, remained steadily in one branch of manufacture, which was transmitted from father to son; the second was the great care used in the selection of ripe and mature woods in the forests of Istria and Dalmatia; this was immersed for ten years in salt water, and acquired, on subsequent exposure to the air, great hardness and solidity.

The Arsenal had its own government, as though it were a small state. The operations under the superintendence of their *capi*, or heads, manufactured everything required for the complete equipment of the vessels, under the government of their nobles, who resided within its walls. Their office lasted three years, contrary to the customary policy of Venice, which was not to leave a noble in any situation of authority more than a few months. The only other exceptions were the doge and the procurators of St. Mark. Frequent change of directors was found embarrassing among works which required habit, time, and diligence, to understand their arrangement aright. All the artisans were under the inspection of a chief, the "*admiral*" of the Arsenal, whose most splendid prerogative it was to act as pilot to the Bucentaur in the ceremony of the espousal of the sea. The Bucentaur, of which in the present day we see only the model, was a sumptuous vessel, larger than a galley, which raised its lofty sides high above the water. The rowers were placed beneath a deck, which was sculptured and gilded, and ran from one end to the other of the vessel. It was arched and supported by numerous statues, also resplendent with the precious metal. A third row of these figures sustained, in the centre of the deck, a sort of interior gallery, in which were seated the magistrates and illustrious strangers present at the ceremony. Over this was stretched a canopy of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, and curtains of the same fell down between the statues. The stem of the vessel was semicircular, and the grand banner of St. Mark was planted on the poop. Here, in a species of pulpit or throne, was seated the doge; the nuncio and the French ambassadors on his right hand, and his counsellors on his left.

The caution of the Venetian aristocracy did not permit senators to be present at this ceremony; none but the youths of the nobility were there—those who were admitted in the senate only as auditors. The reason of this was, that all the fathers of the country might not be risked together in a vessel open to danger from misfortune or treachery.

The Bucentaur was confided, as I have said, to the admiral of the Arsenal, and he was by ancient custom required to make oath that there would be no storm during the ceremony. To be able to do this with good faith, he was obliged to a most diligent observation and study of the weather, and it was an enchanting spectacle that offered itself to the multitudes which crowded the magnificent amphitheatre of the Schiavoni, when the heavens, perfectly serene, left him no doubt.

Innumerable gondolas covered the lagunes, shooting past each other with the utmost rapidity, without confusion or accident. On the report of the artillery, and the loud music of instruments, the towering structure moved majestically from the shore of St. Mark, and even in the last times of decay the imaginations of the Venetians were carried back, on beholding it, to those ages of glory, in which the espousal of the sea was no empty pageant, but the symbol of true and powerful dominion over that element. To form exclusively the crew of the Bucentaur was the privilege of the operatives of the Arsenal, and during the navigation they sang a ballad in chorus, in the antique dialect of Venice;—even when this was no longer understood, it was transmitted from generation to generation without the change of a note or word, and added something strange and pleasing to the splendid pageant.

When the Bucentaur arrived in face of the Adriatic, the doge stood up, and receiving from the patriarch the consecrated ring, cast it into the sea, pronouncing the words which I have recorded in the description of the picture of its origin. Flowers and fragrant herbs were then showered on the water, as if to crown the bride—bride at last inconstant, after a long-kept faith.

The doge still continued thus to assert the dominion of Venice over the seas, and those seas belonged to the flags of England and Holland! The pageant was vapid, which was only made up of traditions. Amsterdam and Portsmouth have become the Venice of these latter days.

The imposing scene which I have described once saved Venice from impending ruin by the emotions it aroused in the mind of one of the spectators—I speak of the conspiracy of Bedmar, the most surprising of all such attempts. The Marquis of Bedmar had been, in the year 1618, for six years ambassador in Venice, and the court of Spain valued him as her most accomplished diplomatist. After the conclusion of the celebrated controversy between Paul VIII. and the republic, by the mediation of France, this court obtained great influence in Venice, while the credit of Spain was almost extinguished. Since Philip III. would do nothing to maintain in Italy the honour of a throne which had been so long the first in the world, Bedmar resolved to take under his own particular care the charge of punishing Venice for the little deference she showed to the Spanish monarch, and at the same time increase his power in the Peninsula by the ruin of the republic. He began by sounding the ministry of his own court, and gathered from their ambiguous reply that approbation or disapprobation would depend on the result. He then communicated his project to the Duke of Ossuna, viceroy of Naples, and to Don Pedro di Toledo, governor of Lombardy, who both promised to assist him to the utmost of their power. He sought next to corrupt the captains of the foreign bands in pay of the republic, and for this end made use of the services of Nicholas Renault, a French gentleman, in order that his own name might not be compromised. This man was of small fortune, but immense ambition; he despised riches, and cared not for life, but was most greedy of fame. Of more than mature years, but still full of energy and vigour, he hated the idea of dying without having distinguished himself by some great deed. He entered with ardour into the conspiracy, and found it an easy matter to buy over the mer-

cenary troops with his gold. To win the fleet was more difficult. The greater part of the sailors, with their captain, were affectionate subjects of the republic, and the artifice adopted to place the navy in the power of the conspirators was one of prodigious talent.

The captain, Giacomo Pietro, a Norman by birth, and a famous corsair, was in the pay of the viceroy of Naples. He suddenly abandoned his patron, and took refuge in Venice, declaring himself unjustly persecuted. His narrative, which was most injurious to the Duke of Ossuna, obtained credence, and the command of a ship was bestowed on him, in which he served the republic with good fortune and bravery. Confidence in him became so great, that he was soon made commandant of a squadron of twelve galleys.

The time was now come when Bedmar judged it necessary that the two individuals, to whom alone he had opened his mind, should understand each other, and great was not only his surprise, but his alarm, when he saw Renault and Pietro embrace with every demonstration of former friendship. At first he believed himself betrayed, but soon perceived it was but the effect of accident. He now concerted with them the final steps, and despatched a courier to Philip's prime minister, informing him of everything which had been done, and requesting immediate advice. He was answered, that if there appeared danger in delay, he must act at once, but that it would have been desirable to have had a circumstantial detail of the condition of the republic before the final decision.

Bedmar, while he hastened the explosion of the conspiracy, found time to draw up this report, which is considered by the Spaniards a masterpiece in politics and philosophy. The ambassador commences by praising the Venetian government, but these praises have reference only to the early periods of the republic. He points out the law which excluded the people from all share in the government, as the origin of the aristocratic tyranny, and asserts that the subordination of the ecclesiastical to the civil power augments the licentiousness of the people. He describes the wealth, the honour, the blood of the multitude as all in the power of the nobles, wondering that men, not under the power of religion, could submit in peace to such oppressions. He examines the state of the provinces and of the armaments, and pronounces everything to be in the most deplorable condition. He concludes by saying, that "the republic is become decrepit, and her diseases are incurable, excepting by a total change of constitution."

This report of Bedmar's dispelled the remaining doubts of the court of Spain, and he was fully authorised to do whatever appeared best. His palace was full of the materials of incendiarism; and when the fête of the Ascension, and the approaching pageant of the marriage of the Adriatic, brought multitudes across from the continent, many hundreds of disguised soldiers introduced themselves into the city.

The captain of the galleys, Giacomo, sent to the officers in command under him fireworks so powerful that they could not fail of destroying the ships, and requested them to distribute them among the fleet. The transports sent by the Duke of Ossuna, with six thousand soldiers on board, anchored a few miles from Venice. Renault and Giacomo assembled the principal conspirators, and the first laid before them, in

a clear and simple statement, the preparations already made and the certainty of success. Having described in lively colours the terrible fate which hung over Venice, and the horrors of the approaching night, "Remember, my friends," said he, in conclusion, "that there is nothing pure among men—that the greatest actions have their difficulties, and that there is but one way left, by which virtue and peace may again reign in this city—the extermination of all its oppressors!"

One of the conspirators turned pale at these words—his name was Jaffier. Giacomo, the captain, who was close by him, hesitated for a moment whether he should bury his poniard in his heart. For his own misfortune he restrained himself, and, after interrogating Jaffier, believed himself secure of his good faith; and the conspirators applied themselves to accelerate the catastrophe of the great tragedy.

It was the morning of the day in which the doge ascended the Buc-centaur to wed the Adriatic, and Jaffier was a spectator of the imposing magnificence. Compunction and remorse so mastered him at the sight of the general tranquillity, the universal joy, that he sought out the secretary of the Council of Ten, and denounced the conspiracy, making it a condition that the lives of a certain number of the conspirators should be spared to him.

The matter appeared almost too horrible to be worthy of belief. The houses of the French and Spanish ambassadors were searched, and Renault seized in the first; and the officers and soldiers discovered in the eating-houses and other places of public resort were placed in chains. Bedmar demanded audience of the senate at daybreak, and complained in lofty terms of the insult which had been offered to him. Uttering fierce menaces against the republic, he left many in doubt, at his departure, whether he had any part in the conspiracy.

In consequence of an order sent to the commander of the fleet, the captain, Pietro, and his associates, were arrested and put in fetters. Renault, after enduring with stoical firmness the most atrocious tortures, died unmoved, and Jaffier, desperate at beholding his friends fall victims to his betrayal of them, went into Brescia, then in a state of revolt; and joined the rebels;—taken prisoner, and reconducted to Venice, he died the death of a traitor. Bedmar was sent prime minister into Flanders, and afterwards decorated with the Roman purple!

The entrance to the Arsenal retains its ancient grandeur. The huge lions of granite are still there which once reposed on the extremity of the Piræus, and, following the mutable course of naval fortune, were brought here by the Peloponnesian. They would be more fitly placed, in the present day, on the shores of the Atlantic or the British Channel. The gate of the Arsenal resembles a triumphal arch.

I staid long in the suite of rooms in which are arranged, in beautiful order, not only new weapons of every description, but many others more or less ancient; the latter most excited my curiosity. Among them are many so heavy and cumbrous that it would seem our ancestors must have been much more robust than we are, for it would not be an easy thing in the present day to find the arm which could wield them with dexterity. But we must remember that the use of these swords—these massive breast-plates—these bent lances, which seem fitter to knock down walls than men—were the study and diligent ex-

ercise of him who was destined to a military life from early infancy ; and he thus became accustomed to wear and carry enormous weights. Soldiers were so encased in iron, when in battle, that when they were thrown from their horses, it was difficult to get on their feet without assistance, and they remained where they fell, in the power of those who become masters of the field. This will account for the small numbers which were killed in encounters between the numerous armies which were frequently opposed to each other.

Here is the armour of Henry IV. of France, presented by this generous prince to the republic, in token of the affection and gratitude he bore them for the pecuniary assistance he received from them in the war of the League. It is strong and simple in construction, and an interesting relic to those who honour the memory of this great king. Some of the walls are still hung with banners taken from the Turks : worn by years, they hang in tatters, the smallest remnants of which are gathered up, and jealously preserved as the memorials of ancient glory. We behold with horror a species of iron armour, which was destined to enclose the bodies and limbs of those who were to be destroyed by torture—enclosed by slow degrees, compressing at the same time all parts of the imprisoned body ! Here are poniards of different forms, and made of various materials. In some of them poison was concealed, which entered, on touching a spring, into the wound, and rendered it incurable. On the blades of others there were bands and numbers, which I was informed indicated the amount of payment, which depended upon the depth of the wound inflicted by the assassin. Some were of glass, which could be snapped off and left in the wound, thus rendering the blow mortal.

I lament that the name of Italy should have been associated, at any time, with such infamy. The stranger reproaches us with it, as though our hands had less repugnance than his in mixing the poisoned bowl, or dealing blows with the secret dagger. The Italians of latter days have proved that they can use with honour, and win glory with the noblest weapons, and in honourable warfare, and the ancient blot is washed out.

I have been told there is in this collection a key, which is a remarkable example of human perversity, and is concealed from public view with praiseworthy prudence. There are those who believe that it formerly belonged to the Carrari, Lords of Padua ; others tell a different tale, and I will relate the vulgar tradition about it.

About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamoured of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed, that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned, it discovered a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end

a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness, that it entered into the flesh, and buried itself there without leaving any external trace.

Tebaldo waited, in disguise, at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel, unperceived, into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but, seized with sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died.

Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days.

The alarm which these deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited to the utmost the vigilance of the magistrates; and when, on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal—every one feared for his own life.

The maiden, thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the grate. The face of the foreigner had been ever displeasing to her, but, since the death of all those most dear to her, it had become odious, (as though she had a presentiment of his guilt,) and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movement from being observed. On her return to her room the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased—the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady.

The state inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.*

* The translator has seen this key in the armoury of the Arsenal, but was told that it belonged to Carrara, tyrant of Padua.

PHILLIS LEYTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "IMPREGNABLE BACHELOR."

THE following diffuse pages were found in the escritoire of a gentleman, well known in the fashionable world some thirty years ago. In the latter period of his life, ill health, and a painful affection of the nerves, debarred him from society; but he was once its brightest ornament. He appears to have written them for his own amusement: it is to be seen whether they will amuse any one else.

W. W.

I am alone: but what of it?—the benefits of a single life far surpass the miseries of loneliness. True, we bachelors have none to care for us, no one to attend to our little comforts; and that our near relations wish us comfortably dead and buried, when we have once signed a testament in their favour. But then we drink claret—keep our horse—preserve our figure—and come home as late we please, without being rated by any woman on earth. All these are great blessings.

Still we yearn for a helpmate, and sigh that woman is so different from the angelic essence she is painted in romances, and that she has so little in common with the immaculate heroines of blank verse. As it is, I never find any woman completely to my fancy. I might have known I should die in single blessedness from what passed with Phillis Leyton, and even she I cared very little about.

It is true I am grieved at her death, but such feelings are natural—especially when the intelligence is unexpected. For I have only just learned from a country newspaper, that Miss Phillis Leyton died at the Parsonage, Mary Church, South Devon, in the fifty-sixth year of her age, esteemed and regretted by all who knew her.

It is thirty-seven long years ago since I first saw Phillis. At that time of life, and indeed ever since, I cherished an image of female perfection quite ideal in my mind. She did not come up to it. Tall, slender, fair, and stately, of lofty manners, of the most refined *ton*, was to be the lady of my choice, and the most exquisite beauty and inbred elegance were imperatively required. Phillis Leyton could boast neither blue eyes nor an aquiline nose; her figure, though tall, had little dignity, and her manners, I am afraid, very much resembled no manners at all. But large, soft, black eyes, a nose exquisitely Grecian, lips like cherries, and a blush that comes and goes three or four times in the minute, joined to a most frank expression of countenance and natural good breeding, are very bewitching things to the heart of a youngster of twenty-three, and I felt from the first I liked her.

Having been once jilted by a Mary, and soon afterwards dreadfully ill used by a Sarah, I vowed never to endure any name under three syllables; for women, creatures of circumstance, are influenced materially by their names. Most Isabellas are found haughty, the Agneses pensive, and some of them are Roman Catholics. Janes and Mar-

garets are commonly common-place, and as for Anns, Lucies, Fannies, and Ellens, what girls can keep up their dignity, when their godfathers and godmothers have been so much against it? When you are jilted by any Ann Smith, blame nobody but yourself for your want of discernment.

Quaint names I abhorred—Dorcas, Rachel, Bridget, the whole tribe of them. Yet Phillis, when bestowed on a beautiful romping young creature of nineteen, sounded charmingly pithy; it even heightened her beauty to hear her called by that name. You expect to see some one above the common grade when you hear people say, “Miss Phillis Leyton.”

My eldest daughter, I inwardly informed myself, shall be a Phillis, and my second a Bridget, provided they be as pretty as Phillis Leyton is. It is but customary to name the eldest daughter after her mother, I ran on. Surely I had jumped already to matrimony, but that was always my way of doing things.

To remember the evening I passed, the most exhilarating in my life, does away with years of dulness. I talked to Phillis, for I could not help it, though no one was more uncongenial to my temper. In the beginning I shrank from her free manners, and felt vexed and angry to see such a pretty creature violate so many of the canons of decorum; but by heaven she conquered and gained a complete victory over my fastidiousness at last. I laugh to recal what strange answers she made to my observations. Thinking to suit my conversation to the capacity of my partner, I alluded to the theatre. She conjured me to tell her what it was like, for she was burning with desire to go. The opera—a friend had promised to take her there for the first time next week. Mozart—she played his symphonies, but she preferred the airs from “Love in a Village,” which she had at home in the country. Almack’s and St. James’s, Phillis had little, very little conception of, but her head ran on country dances and county balls. Her favourite reading was the “Vicar of Wakefield,” but she knew some little, I found, of “Pamela,” having once borrowed an odd volume. In fine, she was a countryfied creature, and took no pains to conceal it. I left my singular, and to me unnatural partner, and inquired, I knew not wherefore, who and what she was.

It was no romantic tale. Her father was a country clergyman, and had of course brought up his daughter a hoyden. Yet at this time of life I can imagine there is a natural good breeding totally distinct from fashion, but superior to it. Phillis Leyton is the reason why I think so; she behaved the same in company as in private—open, lively, even boisterous—yet there was no vulgarity in all her freedom.

Worse grew worse, for after supper I detected myself playing forfeits in a quiet corner of the room, and even struggling with the girl for my own handkerchief, which she protested she must keep for the sake of the owner. This was no doubt a challenge to snatch some kisses; but, thank chance more than resolution, I did not betray myself into such a flagrant outrage of good manners, and Phillis bade me good night rather sullenly on that account.

Half the night I continued awake, and my thoughts ran upon her.

I suspect she had found me a ready auditor, and felt at home with me, for I listened with great eagerness, even ecstasy, to every word she uttered. Phillis had given me a description of the life she led in the country, and had run over all her amusements and occupations. Walks in the green lanes, reading in the hayfields in summer, gathering hazels in autumn, picking bilberries, journeys on horseback to the nearest market town, visiting the sick, and embroidering covers for chairs and tables in the long winter nights, filled up the sum of her innocent and happy existence. She read our elder poets, and had a keen relish for nature, listened to the skylarks and blackbirds in summer, watered her flowers daily, and watched over them like a parent—preferred, above all things, a solitary walk in a dark wood, and watched a thunder-storm with enthusiasm. She talked like Shakspeare, and made the country a forest of Arden. I was transported, and certainly did let some things fall which might have hinted how I admired her.

Morning came, and with the morn sundry reflections, not of philosophy, but of Phillis Leyton. “I will see her again,” I ejaculated; but I never did see her again.

Many may remark how unnatural to be pining thirty-seven years of your life after a girl, seen, talked with, but one evening, some few hours in all: indeed, I have railed against novels making their unnatural heroes take similar fancies. All I can say is, I never saw Phillis Leyton but once, and though I do not exactly love her, I have always thought upon her more tenderly than upon any other woman.

A very trifling thing determines a man's destiny. I was hindered by good breeding from calling upon the lady she was visiting until I had negotiated an introduction to the family. This took me some weeks; and when I did call upon them, fully expecting to see Phillis, I found my charmer had returned home, and was buried alive in Devonshire. I was so astounded, I forgot to ask in what part of the county, and rushed away in a paroxysm.

To be baffled is ridiculous. I will run down to Devonshire; but there were then no rail-roads, and a journey into Devonshire took months. Then, I could not prevail upon myself to fly from town in the height of the season, for I had been the most rigid observer of the seasons since I was a stripling, and some bets were depending on my punctuality.

At least I will write; and indeed people often write what they are ashamed to speak. I began a letter to her father with “Rev. Sir,” but, alas! had no knowledge where to address him. I waited to ask my new friends this question, but put it off from day to day.

Once I saw my own fastidious disposition, and the obstacles in my way rendered all thoughts of Phillis Leyton hopeless; and in despair I took a resolution to cut my throat without delay. But I was to tread the hallowed floor of Carlton House that very evening, and determined, if possible, to live and enjoy the éclat of appearing in the presence of royalty, after which I could contentedly die. I therefore dressed, but could not help imagining, as I looked in the mirror, the expression of my features very languid. But melancholy, I sur-

mise, became my cast of countenance; for a baroness in her own right, young, elegant, and unmarried, received my assiduities with such condescension that I aspired to a coronet, and, for the time, half forgot poor Phillis.

However, conscience reproached me, for I dreamed of her that night, but not entirely. Methought the baroness told me her name was Phillis, and then shifted for a time into the features of Phillis Leyton, who said her real name was the Baroness de C——. All day my thoughts ran upon black eyes and pouting lips, but I decided black eyes looked best half-veiled, and lips pleased most in an aristocratic curl. Nobility hath a charm independent of beauty, and to a man of refinement superior to it. The baroness steps like a Juno; her very condescension is stately. Why should I linger? I made a sacrifice all real gentlemen must make when put to the test, and gave up ingenuousness for artificial polish; and since conscience was still unquiet, and to convince myself I despised Phillis Leyton, I penned a sonnet on the baroness, and enclosed it to the leading magazine. It was printed, but much to my cost, for the poetry made some noise, and the baroness thanked me in public so warmly, that a colonel in the guards, who it afterwards was discovered had been secretly married to her upwards of three months, sent me a challenge, and I liked the notoriety of a duel; but he ran me through the body at the first lunge.

This affair brought all eyes upon me, and my physician, I confess not against my own inclination, forced me to go abroad. I made the grand tour, and fell in love as often as Phillis Leyton was forgotten; but I loved simplicity for her sake, and began to court a Tomboy I shall name Fanny. This is a painful subject to me, and I must hurry over it. There is an affectation of artlessness as well as of art. My hoyden had no mind, and, what was worse, less principle. On my hesitating to settle an estate on her she was determined to get, she pettishly broke off our courtship, no doubt hoping to see me concede every point to renew it; but I was disgusted, and would not forgive her. I went through several other amours, all of the same kind, with females methought it was an honour for me to ask in marriage; but I discovered the middle classes marry as much for money as our own.

Again I returned to higher life, determined to seek a wife in my own sphere, not rich nor beautiful, only frank and honest; but I was now past forty, and ill health made me some years older. The fair ones, perhaps, might have overlooked these deductions, but my fortune was likewise reduced to a mere competency, and the mothers all but told me not to persecute their daughters.

I began to hate the world, and brooded in solitude, which brought me little consolation. I discovered my heart had been vitiated by false education, and the fine sentiment wherein I had taken such pride was the fruitful source of most of my disappointments. In my notions of matrimony I had erred altogether, except once. Phillis Leyton was the only girl I had ever thought of, who could have made me happy. If she be alive, I ruminated, she can now no longer be a child, and the high-spirited romp will have tamed down into a kind

and cheerful woman. But she may be married. I felt jealousy, and if you ever feel jealous, you may be sure love is not absent. I determined to seek her out, and if she were single, to marry her. I had known her, as I told you before, but a few hours, but she had been for years familiar to my imagination.

It never occurred to me, so blind is love, that Phillis had seen me—had spoken with me—scarce one evening in all. No doubt she had done the same with hundreds—the next day—the next week—that I was a stranger—that I had been forgotten the next morning, or that very evening. All this never occurred to me, for I myself had never really forgotten Phillis Leyton for thirty years; but men brood over things more than women.

I set out then on this Quixotic search, determined to find her—in Devonshire; but I knew not in what part, for our mutual friends had long left England and were residing in Florence. It was May, but I cared not then for the fashionable season, and even trusted myself on the top of a coach. I began at Exeter, and went inquiring through the county for Dr. Leyton, but without success.

Sick at heart, I gave up the quest in despair, and turned my steps towards Torbay, where I meant to recover my disappointment in the midst of the beautiful scenery, and then return home. It was at Mary Church, three miles higher up the coast, that night overtook me, and I put up at the only alehouse nigh, and made my usual inquiries, but with little hope, of the landlady. To my great surprise she told me, "Poor Dr. Leyton had been their rector for years and years," and then began weeping; that he was dead; he had died broken-hearted, and Miss Phillis—remember her, ay, she could never forget her, no more could her husband when he was alive, but used to talk about her the whole night long! She was so pretty, and such a scholar too; but learning never made her proud to the last; she would talk to poor folk as if she had been one of themselves. Heaven forgive her, for she meant no wrong. She doubted not but it was a hard thing for a child to break her father's heart;—"Indeed, sir, it went nigh to break all our hearts at the time."

My good landlady made a long story of it, which can be told in a very few words. Phillis returned to Mary Church, kind and even more beautiful than ever, but not so contented. She had seen the gay world, and had been much admired by it; she had imbibed a keen relish for pleasure and could talk of nothing but London. She found the country dull and its amusements insipid; cared little to walk in the fields, and less to talk with her neighbours; but when she did address them her manner was sweeter than ever, being quite as affable, and somewhat sad and melancholy. She read much, but it was poison. She had brought from London novels, in three volumes, full of high life and immorality. At last it was observed she grew pale and languid, but she never breathed a complaint; and at times, when she received letters from London, which she frequently did, unknown to her father, she regained more even than the vivacity usual to her before she left home. After some months, these letters became more frequent, and assumed, to all appearance, a graver tone, for she would tremble to break the seal and weep when reading them. She now

confined herself closely to the house, and passed days together in her dressing-chamber, to the astonishment of her good father, who never dreamed his daughter might have fallen in love during her visit. If love it was, I fear she fixed her affections neither upon an innocent nor a worthy object, for she never breathed a syllable of it to her father, and at last could not even bear to look him in the face.

Ere many months, Phillis confined herself totally to her chamber. It was about the fall of the leaf, when a stranger one evening put up at the "Sun," and the good landlady says, she saw something very diabolical in his countenance. He was travelling in haste, for he came in a coach and four, which he ordered away that very night. The youth, for he was scarcely twenty years of age, was richly dressed, and had the air of a man of quality. At twelve o'clock that night the stranger left Mary Church, it was surmised, for London; and the next morning, Phillis, who had been heard the evening before weeping bitterly, was missing. Every inquiry was made, and the whole county searched, but she could not be found; and her father never held up his head afterwards. It is believed he heard what became of his daughter, but he told it to no one, and soon afterwards died.

This is the substance of what I gathered from the landlady.

That Phillis returned to Mary Church many years afterwards, I have learned in the manner I have stated in the commencement. To know even this is a great consolation; for, to those who have been troubled, mere tranquillity is a blessing, and I know not a bourn more grateful to the unhappy than their home. No doubt she could never forget her fault, but she had every opportunity—a thing so many desire in vain—of repenting it; and although she could at no place hold up her head as she had done, there was no place where she could bury herself in greater quiet. It is not every wanderer who is received into the bosom of an indulgent and forgiving home, as Phillis Leyton appears to have been.

A word in conclusion. These few pages are a mere scattered record of my feelings, but there is nothing in the events themselves that can warrant my inflicting upon myself the unhappiness I am lamenting. That I do feel unhappy my language will vouch for me, if what I tell in it does not. I began lightly, and would fain have run on in the same buoyant mood, for it was my intention to ridicule myself out of my melancholy, by showing how ridiculous it looked upon paper. Alas! alas! every word has grown more and more solemn—every period has become graver and more overflowing with anguish. I had better break off at once, for I find myself shedding tears, and feel I am miserable.

THE HUNTER OF THE GLEN.

In a lone glen from the white men
Afar, in forests brown,
From age to age stood peacefully
The pleasant Indian town.

Part hid in woods, with waters part
Brightly encircled round ;
A safest field, a silver shield
For freedom's hallowed ground.

Where grew up in the light of heaven
The pride of ancient men,
The love of Indian maidens fair,
The Hunter of the Glen.

One never slow the buffalo
Or stately elk to kill ;
But chiefly in the strife of men
Renowned for fatal skill.

By prowess known, for valour shown,
In many a conflict tried ;
The noblest chief his daughter gave—
Fair Leila was his bride.

Though old in deeds, too young in years
The counselling voice to raise ;
Yet early at the council-fire
His father heard his praise.

Beyond the wide Missouri tide
He caught his desert steed,
And the strong-pinioned prairie-hawk
Might scarce outfly his speed.

Red morning flames along the skies—
The Hunter is awake :
And far into the wilds he goes,
An early prey to take.

Broad in his path the river flows—
Slight barrier unto him :
He gives his noble steed free rein—
No pause—they plunge and swim.

He threads the woods, o'ertops the hills,
And like a vessel steers,
Where round him free, and like a sea,
The wide savanna clears.

And down he brings the noble game,
The fleet of foot and wing :
And rests him oft by shady creek,
And cooling forest spring.

The Hunter of the Glen.

The pines are sighing mournfully—
Throughout the woods around,
As the wind sways the branches high,
Comes a low dirge-like sound.

Along the vale the waters wail—
A motion and a breath
Are with the heavy silence blent,
That prophesies of death.

Return, O Hunter-chief! return—
Thy foes are in the brake:
The eagle of the tribe is there,
The panther and the snake.

Far off they saw thy coming; knew
The comer by instinctive hate:
And, like the things whose names they bear,
Thy presence grimly wait.

Their dead call unto them in dreams—
“When will our tribe awake?—
Our wounds are sore, our death-canoes
Are many on the lake.

“And still the Hunter-chief survives,
By whom your friends were slain:
And still upon the lake of death
We linger in our pain.

“And to and fro, and round we go
The melancholy bounds—
Nor ever, unavenged, may reach
The happy hunting-grounds.”

Thrice seized in war, the Hunter-chief
His doom eluded thrice;
But now, once more within their power,
His life must pay the price.

They know it were in vain to seize
The wise, the close, the still;
The chief who seldom speaks—but acts
With energetic will.

They know that were they now to meet
The hero face to face,
In desperate stand, and hand to hand,
Their blood must stain the place.

Their foreheads wrinkle hard with hate—
Their bloodless lips compress—
Their teeth like iron crunch—their eyes
Flash lightning merciless.

A rifle-shot—the wild-birds scream—
The Hunter bleeding lies,
And the loud war-whoop in his ear
Sounds faintly as he dies.

Off from his head the bleeding scalp
Exultingly they tore :
And left the corse to hungry wolves
And vultures hovering o'er.

Alas, for Leila ! his fair bride !
And will she pine away ?
No ! like a phoenix from his dust,
The deed will she repay.

Love's eye is quick—and she will track
Each savage to his den :
And, many deaths for one, avenge
Her hunter of the glen.

Whose hand unloosed him, when by night
Betwixt his foemen bound ;
And slew the watchers at his side,
And half the sleepers round ?

It was his tried, his faithful bride,
And now she comes, O grief !
To hear the fatal rifle sound,
And find her slaughtered chief.

With pleasant images her mind
She fed along the way,
To meet her home-returning lord,
Rich-laden with the prey,

But she will track the foemen back,
Will haunt them late and long ;
And prove, in secret blows of hate,
That woman's love is strong.

Joyfully rose the morning sun,
O'er the fair Indian town,
But on it settled saddest shades
Before the sun went down,

Since went exulting forth in joy,
Not to return again
To those who sent him forth in love—
The Hunter of the Glen.

WASHINGTON BROWNE.

New York, 1838.

THE PASTOR OF GRINDELWALD.

“ Que de fois j’ai tressailli, à la base même du redoutable Eiger, en voyant suspendus à quelques toises seulement au-dessus de ma tête d’énormes amas de neige, qu’on eût pris pour des lambeaux de sa robe déchirée par les orages ; plus bas, des forêts entières de pins moissonnées par les avalanches, et dont les troncs blanchis, véritables cadavres du règne végétal, reposent si tristement sur la terre, dépouillés de toute verdure ! Placé entre tant d’objets sinistres, au milieu du silence et du deuil de la nature, heureux le voyageur, si l’apparition subite du l’ammergeyer,* ou le bruit éloigné d’une cascade solitaire, peut faire quelque diversion à ses pensées, et quelque trêve à ses fatigues.”

M. RAOUL ROCHETTE.

IN no part of Switzerland do the sudden contrasts of climate, of smiling vegetation and frowning sterility, of pastoral beauty and savage wildness, strike the traveller more forcibly than in the Canton of Grindelwald. Entering it by the passage of the Scheideck, which joins two gigantic ranges of mountains, the *coup d’œil* is one of the most sublime that can well be imagined. One moment the soul is thrilled with delight at the view of earth’s sweetest loveliness, its fairest flowers, its brightest verdure, its luxuriant shades ; and the next, the imagination is overwhelmed and oppressed with the aspect of eternal desolation, of chaos, of destruction, of nature’s dreary sepulture in the ice-bound tomb of winter ! To the east and west lie the lovely valleys of Lanterbrunnen and Grindelwald, the latter, enclosed on all sides by towering mountains piercing through the snow-densed clouds to a height of twelve thousand feet. To the right rise, like three enormous giants clad in impenetrable armour of ice, the Eiger, the Mellenberg, and the Wellerhorn ; and descending, as it were, into the deep ravines which the hand of time or destruction have hollowed at their base, are seen the two celebrated glaciers which attract hither the crowds of English travellers, who, to use the words of M. Rochette, bring into this simple country all the parade of opulence which belongs to their *own*, exploring mountains, brilliant and bedecked as for a fête ! What innumerable caravans of men and lacqueys, of women and horses, exhibit in the midst of nature’s luxury, that of the toilette ! “ Trainent partout dans ce pays l’attirail de l’opulence du leur, parcourant les montagnes, parés et brillans comme à une fête, en nombreuses caravanes d’hommes et de laquais, de femmes et de chevaux, étalant en présence du luxe de la nature celui de leur toilette, et portant leurs pompons sur les glaciers ”—and display the poor pomp of wealth on the glaciers of Switzerland ! These poor folks, who come so far and at such great expense to admire nature, for the most part content themselves with beholding her through their *lorgnettes*, as they would a spectacle at the opera. In short, they strew the roads with guineas and absurdities ; and I must do the Swiss the justice to say, they make the most of their prodigality. “ Ces pauvres gens, qui viennent de si loin et à si grands frais admirer la nature, ne l’aperçoivent guère qu’à travers

* Grand Vautour des Alpes.

leurs lorgnettes, comme une decoration d'opéra. En un mot, ils sèment les routes de guinées et de ridicules ; et je dois rendre aux Suisses cette justice, qu'ils ne laissent rien perdre de ce que les Anglais leur prodiguent."

But leave we here M. Rochette and his strictures on our national foible—perhaps they are too severe, though assuredly not quite undeserved—and let us return to Grindelwald with its gigantic mountains—its singular glaciers, which look like two fierce torrents, whose impetuous courses have been suddenly arrested by the iron hand of winter—its verdant hills shaded by lofty trees—its picturesque little dwellings scattered here and there, or clustering together in peaceful harmony—its limpid streams and flower-decked meadows—its frowning precipices and fir-crowned heights, where idle youngsters scramble undismayed, plucking the sweet "*Rose des Alpes*," or the bright purple gentian within a yard or two of some terrible abyss, into which every passing breeze sweeps the fragments of the delicate flowers they wantonly destroy ; whilst, standing fearlessly at the very brink, the hardy rogues raise their tiny voices in idle shouts, and laugh to hear the deep prolonged echo they produce. Within twenty yards of these idle urchins, lo, another group may be seen feasting on the bright red strawberries which grow so plentifully around, or providently placing them in their little baskets, in the hope of earning a few pence, by selling them to the strangers who so eagerly flock from distant parts to behold the wonders on which their young eyes rest daily, with as little emotion as those of the citizen glance from one smoke-blackened building, one house-thronged street, to another. But here let us pause ; for we have grown so prosy, that we have quite lost sight of the worthy pastor whose tragic fate lured our pen on this excursive flight to Grindelwald.

Conspicuous amongst the picturesque wood-constructed habitations of the valley, stood forth the neat white-washed dwelling of M. Mouron. He was pastor, friend, father, physician, all and each in turn, to the simple-minded flock by whom he was revered and idolised. And did he not well deserve their love, that zealous labourer in his great Master's vineyard ? With what patient zeal he instructed the ignorant, with what holy ardour, with what affectionate earnestness reproved the sinner, and strove to win him from the evil of his ways, by drawing his heart towards the great Creator, whose hand was so visible, whose voice so audible in the wondrous magnificence, the awful sublimities, which nature everywhere presented to his view ! Simple in his attire as in his habits and appearance, mild, affectionate, and unassuming in his ordinary intercourse with his flock, his whole demeanour changed when addressing them in his vocation of a minister of God. His eloquence startling and severe, his manner grave almost to sternness, when condemnation was his duty, he awed by his impressiveness as much as by his words ; but when he spoke of hope—of heaven—his features lighted up with an enthusiasm which imparted to them a character of beauty, to which in their quietude they could lay no claim—his eloquence, no longer stern and severe, warmed into brilliant images and poetic fervour ; yet, simple and uneducated as were his hearers, he was never unintelligible to them, he

spoke but the language which nature had spoken to them from their very cradles ! Obtuse and grovelling as the mind of man is too often found to be amongst those classes of society whose perceptions and aspirations soar not beyond the attainment of that which is necessary to their animal wants, it is seldom the case amongst those who live surrounded by nature's grand sublimities ; they cannot constantly gaze on her magnificence, they cannot constantly hear her imposing voice, without imbibing a certain elevation of character which raises them above their sphere and above their fellows ! Yes, the hardy peasant of Grindelwald, with all his rude simplicity, is at heart a poet. As to M. Mouron, whom Heaven had gifted with a mind which in every place and under all circumstances would have elevated him above the herd, education had made him a scholar, and nature a philosopher. The hours which were not devoted to the duties of his calling were passed in the society of his only child, the pretty, affectionate Gertrude ; or in exploring the wild regions of the Alps, where he was able to pursue the researches which added daily to the stores of knowledge which his mind had from boyhood treasured up. He had made some curious meteorological observations, which, had they ever transpired beyond the limits of his journal, would have alone been sufficient to stamp him a scholar in the eyes of the world ; but the worthy pastor was not ambitious of fame ; he loved learning for learning's sake, and because it afforded him a refuge from the painful memories of the past ; for, alas ! grief had penetrated even into his quiet retreat, and not all his wisdom, his piety, his benevolence, could shield him from the bitter shafts which he had so often and so skilfully warded off from others. Early in life he married the chosen of his heart, the idol of his boyhood's dreams, and during four blissful years he owned, with gratitude to Heaven, that those dreams of happiness had been more than realised. Love and peace sat hand in hand at his humble hearth ; no wayward thoughts, no disapproving frowns, no envious feelings, ever crept in to mar the harmony of his domestic life. With this happy pair it seemed as though earth contained nothing to be desired beyond what Heaven had bestowed on them. But, alas ! though they certainly stood forth a proof, amongst many, that real happiness *may* be enjoyed on this "dark, troubled earth," it was not decreed that they should furnish a solitary instance that it *can* be lasting. Death, that envious foe to human bliss, looked on them with a jealous eye—here was a mark for his bitter shafts. The good—the young—the loving and the loved—such are the victims the grim tyrant earliest claims. It is a sickening thought when indulged with reference only to our temporal welfare, and one which might tempt the heart in its despair, to doubt the beneficence of the great Dispenser of good and ill ; but in moments of calm reflection we reason otherwise. The good are taken and the wicked left—the good are received to perfect bliss ere they have toiled through the earthly pilgrimage which is to prepare for, and lead them to, a haven of eternal joy or woe ; they are taken, that the wicked may, by their departure, be reminded of their own mortality, and feel that *they* are left, to repent them of the evil of their ways, ere they are in their turn "called hence, to be no more seen." And shall the Chris-

tian not divest his heart of worldly selfishness, and acknowledge that it is better the righteous should suffer for a brief, a very brief season, than that the sinner should be cut off in the evil of his ways, and doomed to eternal suffering? It was with such-like reasoning that the young pastor of Grindelwald subdued the bitter anguish of his spirit, when, on the fifth anniversary of his wedding day, he followed to the grave the good, the affectionate being, who had so devotedly fulfilled the vows she had, on that day five years, pronounced at the altar of their God! Spirit-bowed and heart-stricken, he returned from her grave, and in the first bitter agony of that dread moment wished he had never been born; he would have prayed—but he dared not even *then* arraign the will of Heaven—he would have prayed that his own span of life might be shortened. Religion repelled the promptings of despair, and Heaven sent consolation to his desolate bosom; his little Gertrude came tottering into the room, calling on the name of her mother, and when she found her not, and saw that her usually fond father did not, as wont, stretch out his arms to receive her, she softly climbed his knee, and nestling to his bosom, relieved her little overcharged heart with a flood of tears and sobs; she knew not that her sweet, gentle mother was laid in the cold grave; but there was a stillness, a solemnity, a gloom throughout the dwelling that appalled her infant mind! She had often asked with tears for her own dear mamma, but none had heart to tell her she had no mother now. Aroused from his deep despair, the young pastor checked his own burning tears, and then wiped them from the soft eyelids of his infant; he tried to smile in return for the innocent caress and happy look which his fondness called forth; but, no! he only wept anew—yet his tears fell now, like “the soft dew from heaven,” on a parched soil. He felt no longer alone on earth, now that his child’s soft warm cheek was pressed to his, that her little arms encircled his neck, and her tiny lisping voice whispered sweet words of fondness in his ear, obliterating the hollow grating sound which erst rang there, throbbing in his very brain, and jarring upon every fibre of his heart! Who has ever attended a beloved object to the grave, and not been haunted day after day, night after night, by that appalling sickening sound, that knell of agony, which announces the earth has received its senseless tenant, to return it back to mortal gaze no more?

The bereaved pastor pressed his child again and again to his breast; he gladly opened his heart to the sweet consolation which Heaven had sent, and in his solicitude for the helpless little being who clung to him for protection, he lost the keen sense of his own misery.

The seed of comfort thus early sown, was slow but sure of growth: the young pastor resumed his duties, not with his wonted energy at first, ’tis true, but soon with patient resignation. The tears, the benedictions of his little flock, greeted his reappearance amongst them, and disturbed the composure he had so earnestly prayed and struggled for. Alas! if they had cause to mourn her loss, how much more had he! Long and frequent were the pauses in his touching discourse; the sobs which burst from so many oppressed bosoms were too audible throughout the little sanctuary not to reach his ear. The feelings of the Christian and the minister

struggled hard with those of the man, and, humbled in spirit that they had not obtained the mastery, M. Mouron shortened his address, and returned to his desolate home, followed by the prayers and sympathy of all. But let us not linger on this dark page of his existence, and pass over the infancy of Gertrude. She is now, though but in her twelfth year, the companion of her father's studies, the cheerful superintendent of his unostentatious *ménage*, and even his counsellor in little matters where the heart of woman is best calculated to form a judgment. The pastor himself exhibits a change in personal appearance scarcely less striking than the transition from infancy to advanced girlhood in his beautiful child; the bloom of youth is gone, his lofty brow is furrowed, and his once dark hair is white as the snows which settle on the head of the lofty Eiger; a calm smile lights his benevolent countenance, yet it is so tempered with sadness that even the most common-place observer must feel convinced he has once, at least, drunk largely from the bitter cup which all mortals are doomed to taste. Gertrude, already rich in learned lore, with a mind modelled as it were upon his own, was the pride, the solace of his life, and she in return loved him with a devotion, a reverence, that almost amounted to idolatry: she could wish for no other indulgence than that of being constantly by his side; the pleasures and pursuits usual to girls of her age were seldom resorted to, and always proved distasteful, if her dear father were not near to share in or witness them; she was, in fact, seldom out of his presence, for even when the pastor was called upon to perform the holy offices of his ministry at the sick-bed of one of his flock, Gertrude accompanied him; her little hand would smooth the pillow of the sufferer, and her kind heart suggest some plan for affording ease or relief; then she would kneel by her father's side, and with the pure devotion of an angel, join in the prayers he so fervently offered to Heaven for the sick or the dying one. There was something so inexpressibly touching in the low musical tones of that young voice responding to the deep solemn accents of the minister, that even the hardest heart was subdued to repentance and tears. That these scenes of solemnity and sadness produced a strong effect upon the mind of Gertrude, cannot be denied, yet was it not such as might have been altogether anticipated; it neither unfitted her for the world, nor rendered her less susceptible of enjoyment; if I may use the term, it etherealised her feelings, and presented images of sublimity, of poetry, to her young imagination, which, with a judgment less matured, a mind less carefully trained, might, in the end, have given that fearful bias which so often ends in despondency or madness; but to her they only proved so many exhaustless stores of enjoyment, drawn from the rich mines of nature. She was, perhaps, never gay, but she was always cheerful and happy; her happiness was that which "the world can neither give nor take away." Whenever a feeling of sadness did steal to her young heart, it was produced by witnessing the suffering of others; perhaps, too, a sensation of loneliness occasionally obtruded, when her father, in pursuit of his favourite science, meteorology, set out on any of his long exploring expeditions, which generally led him to unfrequented regions, where Gertrude, with all her strength of nerve and

elasticity of limb, could not be permitted to accompany him; though in their botanical researches she had often climbed precipices, and passed over chasms, the mere description of which might make the head of a fair Londoner grow dizzy.

It was on the 13th of August, 18—, that some few of the neighbouring peasants respectfully saluted their beloved pastor, as, leaning on the arm of his pretty Gertrude, he passed them at an early hour on his return from a short exploring expedition in search of plants. Their eyes followed his venerable form till out of sight, and a blessing was at their hearts: he had never looked in such good health, nor seemed so cheerful. How little did they imagine that they had then gazed their last upon him!

On arriving at his humble dwelling, the pastor seated himself beneath the grape-crowned trellice-work of a long veranda in front of it. Gertrude threw off her bonnet, and shaking back the long dark curls, the profusion of which she fancied impeded her enjoyment of the cool air of morning, she unloaded her little basket of its contents, and arranged them on the rustic table before her. She was thus employed when a stout-made, hardy young peasant of pleasing exterior, presented himself with a respectful bow. He belonged to the intelligent class of men from whom travellers derive such able information and assistance in exploring the wild regions of Switzerland. Griernon, such was the young man's name, was considered one of the most expert and able guides of the canton; he had, by his exemplary conduct as a son, particularly attracted the notice of M. Mouron, who charged himself with his education, and now always employed him in the capacity of guide, when he had any uncertain expedition in view.

"May I not accompany thee, dear father?" asked Gertrude, as the pastor took down a long pole with an iron crook at the end, by which it hung suspended from a nail. Her father shook his head.

"Those little feet of thine are not much suited to the rough tracks Griernon and I have in view," he said; "we are bound for the glacier; I mean to pursue the meteorological observations I commenced there on Monday—they will occupy some time, and thou hast already had a long ramble this morning; so that, without considering the risk, it would, I think, be too much for thee."

"Oh! if that be all, I shall go!" said Gertrude, joyously seizing her bonnet.

The pastor looked doubtingly at the guide. "What sayest thou, Griernon?" he asked; "dost thou think she may venture?"

"Not if you mean to traverse the glacier farther than we did t' other day, so please your reverence."

"Nay, this is very churlish of thee, good Griernon," remonstrated Gertrude, half-poutingly; "indeed, dear father, I have no fear," she again entreated; "let me go this once, I do so long to traverse those frozen torrents."

"Thou must wait till thou art older and stronger, my Gertrude," said her father, kissing her pure white brow—"God bless thee till we meet again, my child."

Gertrude returned her father's kiss, replaced her bonnet on the

bench, and reseated herself without another entreaty ; but no sooner was the loved form of her parent out of sight, than the wayward tears of childhood sprang to her eyes. "He will be absent the whole day ! how long it will seem ;" she ejaculated ; "but for Griernon I should have gone !"

Poor little Gertrude ! there was but one being on whom her innocent heart centered its happiness—that one was her father ; and the devotion of her love for him can be little understood by those who, surrounded with playmates in youth, and friends in maturer years, have early made a division and subdivision of the "loving principle," if it may be called so, beneficially implanted in our nature, and are thus incapable of nourishing that exclusive feeling of affection, which may almost be said to amount to idolatry, as it did with Gertrude, who, now more sad at heart than she remembered ever to have felt, busied herself with examining and arranging the plants which her father had assisted her in gathering. She was scarcely a less skilful botanist than himself, and he had, with her aid, collected and classed *par famille* nearly all the rare and numerous plants of the Alps. She, however, soon wearied of her occupation, and whilst she enters to select a book from their well-stored library, we will follow the good pastor on his way. Having traversed the valley, he arrived at the foot of the glacier, where he gladly partook of some strawberries and milk, brought out to him by the wife of a chamois hunter, whose picturesque little wood-constructed dwelling has often been a most grateful object to the eye of the weary traveller. Refreshed by his cooling repast, he bestowed his benediction, and pursued his way up the rude steps formed in the solid ice, which seem at first to offer a tolerably easy access, but even these soon failed, and it was not till after toiling for full twenty minutes up the rugged ascent, that he stood on the surface of the lower or inferior glacier ; and here he paused to gain breath ere he again followed the athletic Griernon up a narrow zig-zag track, surrounded by the most delicious pasturage, and redolent with sweets from many a blooming flower ; but they soon again had to exchange the smiling aspect of nature, in her summer attire, to behold her clad in eternal snows, one vast image of chilling desolation. All vestige of a route was lost, save here and there a track of the light-footed chamois ; and he escaped only by clinging to the rugged sides of the mountain with the aid of his spike-pole, or supporting himself by grasping the branches of some hardy fir, whose tough, interlaced, and far-spreading roots seemed like so many rivets to hold together the crumbling soil, which threatened every moment to give way beneath his touch. At length, after having leapt over sundry crevices, and passed over many a yawning abyss, which demanded no small degree of courage and self-possession, the pastor, to his no small satisfaction, saw Griernon come to a halt.

"Here it is, your reverence !" he exclaimed, pointing to a cavity in form similar to a well, though somewhat larger in circumference. "To my mind," he continued, "it's one of the most curious things I've seen this many a day ; it must be some hundreds of feet deep, for I threw in three or four large stones, which took some seconds to reach the bottom."

M. Mouron examined this singular abyss with a curious eye ; its remarkable situation, not less than its exact circular form, awakened the busy speculations of the philosopher. Drawing his watch from his bosom, he placed it in the hands of Griernon, that he might mark the exact time each stone took in reaching the bottom of this singular gulf, and having, to the great admiration and wonder of the guide, computed the depth to be about seven hundred feet, he steadied himself by fixing the crook end of his pole on the opposite side, and leant over the abyss, to examine the interior more minutely ;—the soil on which the crook rested gave way with the pressure, the pole suddenly slipt some inches forward, the unhappy pastor lost his equilibrium, struggled for a moment, and then disappeared ! Griernon uttered one loud shrill cry, and then, like a maniac, still holding the watch in his hand, fled to the village, communicated the horrible tidings in the most incoherent manner, and sank senseless to the ground.

The dismal tidings instantly reached the authorities ; the fatal spot was visited, but all availed not ; there indeed was still to be seen the frightful abyss, but the good, the revered minister had disappeared for ever. The yawning gulf had swallowed up all traces of him, and echo, deep startling echo, from a hundred hollow caverns, alone answered to the oft-repeated calls on his name. The awe-struck group returned to the village to question the unhappy Griernon anew. Heart-stricken and bewildered with terror, he was still in no condition to answer, and the incoherency of his exclamations, joined to the circumstance of his having M. Mouron's watch in his possession, gave rise to suspicion. In proportion to the love they had borne their good pastor was the hatred and fury now manifested towards the poor guide, and though, on searching his person, no property was found save the watch of which he had never relaxed his grasp, he was placed under arrest, and with difficulty saved from the furious assaults of the excited peasants.

And Gertrude ! the poor little orphan Gertrude !—No : we cannot dwell on the picture of human suffering that young, gentle creature presented. Heaven was merciful—three days after she too slept the long sleep of death ! A lowly grave, over which sweet flowers daily shed their perfume, may still be seen at Grindelwald, beside a tomb of large dimensions, bearing the following inscription :—

AIMÉ MOURON,
Ministre du S. E. à l'église, par ses talens et sa piété,
Né à Charbonne, dans le Canton de Vaud,
Le 3 Octobre, 1788 ;
Admirant dans ces montagnes
Les œuvres magnifiques de Dieu,
Tombe dans un gouffre,
Ou la Mer de Glace,
Le 13 Aout, 1821 :
Ici repose son corps,
Retiré de l'abîme, après 12 jours,
par
Charles Burguenen de Grindelwald :
Ses parens et ses amis,
Pleurant sa mort prématurée,
Lui ont élevé ce monument.

We have but to add, that the unjust suspicions raised, against the unfortunate Griernon excited the indignation and concern of the whole corps of guides. So foul a crime, committed by one of their fraternity, they felt, cast obloquy upon all. They held a consultation on the subject, when one amongst them proposed that an attempt should be made to extricate the body of the pastor from the abyss, by which the guilt or innocence of Griernon might be proved. If he had, as accused, murdered M. Mouron, and, previous to throwing the corpse into the gulf, robbed him of his property, his purse and rings would be missing; if the fearful accident had occurred as the young man stated, and his brother guides firmly believed it to have occurred, these articles would be found still on his person. The proposition was received with general approbation; but as the undertaking was one of extreme peril, it was decreed that chance should decide by whom it was to be made. They then drew lots, and Burguenen, the ablest and most athletic of their number, was the one fixed on to make the perilous descent. The very next day, followed by nearly all the inhabitants of the village, the guides resorted *en masse* to the fatal spot.

Burguenen made his preparations with the calm demeanour of one who has long been accustomed to face danger; he adjusted the cord round his body, and coolly gave directions to four of his brother guides, by whom it was to be gradually loosened. He next suspended a lantern round his neck, took his spiked pole in one hand, to prevent his coming suddenly in contact with the sharp projections of ice, and a bell in the other, to give notice when he found it necessary to be raised to the surface. Thus equipped, he commended himself to the prayers of the by-standers and gave the signal. A deep silence followed, but when the head of the dauntless adventurer disappeared to view, one long, heavy, simultaneous breathing was heard, and then all was stillness again, save the creaking of the cable, as it glided through the sinewy palms of the guides. Not a word was spoken, not a finger was moved, till the dull tinkle of the bell produced a general exclamation of alarm, and a more rapid movement of the powerful arms which guided the rope. In a short time, Burguenen reappeared, his features convulsed and blackened, and consciousness nearly extinct. The terrified spectators crowded around him, and many earnestly entreated that he would give up the attempt; but Burguenen no sooner recovered from the feeling of suffocation which had assailed him, than he resolutely caused himself to be lowered again.

The same intense silence was observed—the same deep attention. A longer interval elapsed, and many hoped he had reached the bottom, when the tinkle of the bell was heard, far less distinctly than in the first instance; but no, poor Burguenen was again drawn up, without having attained his object, and in a far more deplorable condition; the pole and belt had fallen from his nerveless hands, and his features betrayed the frightful contortions of one who has endured the tortures of suffocation. All now looked upon the attempt as hopeless; even the stout-hearted guides thought it right to dissuade their companion from risking his life a third time. But Burguenen's courage returned. He provided himself with another bell and pole, and once more began the perilous descent. Second after second was now counted aloud,

the rope glided on, and no signal was heard, not even when, according to the computation already made, Burguenen should have reached the bottom. The suspense became terrible! For scarce a breathing space the rope remained stationary in the hands of the guides—they looked at each other in consternation, when lo! to the joy of all, the tinkle of the bell was heard, faint, dull, and mysterious, as though it came from the dark regions of the dead. Manfully did the guides now put forth their strength, as, with one joyous acclamation, they shouted—"He has succeeded!"

And so indeed he had, for now he reappeared, bearing the disfigured and mutilated remains of the pastor in his firm grasp. It was not around Burguenen the excited peasants now flocked with intense anxiety, but around the precious burthen which was released from his just-failing grasp! An audible shudder passed through their hardy frames, and with one simultaneous feeling of awe and respect they sank upon their knees, and blessed God that their reverend pastor had been restored to them even thus, that they might have the consolation of paying their last tribute of love and gratitude to his cherished memory. The guides allowed them full indulgence of their honest feelings, and then appealed to the public functionaries who were present on the occasion to make the search which they confidently believed would acquit one of their members of a most foul charge. The examination was made. A purse, with its contents, was found in one pocket, and a kerchief and silver snuff-box in the other; three rings, memorials of the dear partner of his early life, were also found on his fingers. These were undeniable proofs of the innocence of Griernon, and he was, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the honest guides, that very day set at liberty. A few days after, when the honoured remains of the pastor were committed to the tomb, bedewed with the tears of his devoted little flock, the unhappy Griernon was seen, pale, haggard, and abstracted, kneeling beside the grave long after every one else had quitted it.

THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND.

BY JOSEPH PRICE.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT the middle of the last century, in the city of Hamburg, there stood in the centre of the most populous quarter a house of most extraordinarily irregular construction, quite different from those which surrounded it, and which gave to that city so singular an appearance. The entrance was a low door, behind too huge pillars; it was supported by a double series of small pilasters, uniting in one arch over a door, almost hidden from the sight by the shadow of the building, which projected several feet into the street. The house was flanked by two turrets, presenting two distinct specimens of architecture; one was massive and bare, and only received the light by tall and narrow openings, more like loopholes than windows; the other, whose spire tapered, like a needle, to the sky, was of exquisite proportions, and richly ornamented with the elaborate sculpture and fantastic caprice of the gothic style. It stood with its graceful adornment of past ages, its niches for statues, its garlands of stone-work, which spread like ivy over the sides, a visible testimony of departed splendour, and as if to reproach the mechanics of modern times who had laid their clumsy and unskilful hands upon this relic of ancient magnificence. The same confusion was manifest throughout the entire edifice, in which reigned a wild and ill-assorted mixture of elegance and bad taste, of boldness and simplicity of design, of lightness and of heaviness. Here clustered sculptured rosettes in stone, while the monotony of straight lines was constantly interrupted by sharp angles, or rich trellice-work, delicate and minute as the finest lace; there nothing but flat and smooth stones was visible, of a dark and uniform colour, on which the dust and rain of centuries had left the marks of their effacing fingers in a rich crust of a greenish hue.

However strange might be the exterior aspect of this building, the interior was doubly so. Although it covered a large extent of ground, and had formerly supplied ample accommodation for a numerous family, two rooms only were now inhabited, and these were difficult of access, so buried were they in the many and complicated windings which led to them, like a nest in the centre of the foliage of a giant oak. The spacious halls and chambers had been subdivided into an infinity of small rooms and closets communicating with one another, so that having once entered the labyrinth, it was no easy matter to thread the devious course without an exact knowledge of the locality. No one knew whether the actual proprietor of the building had arranged it in this manner to hide his mode of life from observation, or whether the change had been wrought by those who preceded him in the occupancy. But, in its present condition, it was only

suitable for the purposes of a mysterious existence, which had emancipated itself from all ordinary observances. For ten years and upwards no one had ever crossed the threshold of the door, but the master of the house, and an old female domestic, whose age protected her from the busy tongue of scandal. Each morning a man left the building alone, and was daily seen walking through the most frequented streets of Hamburgh, receiving and returning the salutations of all, as if he was an acquaintance. The first houses in the city were open to him; and all, nobles and tradesmen, merchants and mechanics, rich and poor, had always some application to make to him; and if it so happened that his clients, when irritated by a refusal, or in moments of ill humour, launched out into invectives against him, the next day would be sure to see them profuse in explanation, and humble in apologies. In the evening, when his errands and occupations were finished, he returned home to a mean and slender repast, which was regularly served up at one unvaried hour by his antiquated domestic; after which he locked himself in his apartment, and devoted himself to study through a third part of the night. The two apartments of which we have spoken were situated at either extremity of the building; the one which served as a kitchen, and as a lodging-room for the housekeeper, was in the tower on the right; the other was in the centre of the Gothic turret. It was circular in shape, and about ten feet in diameter; while the furniture was as singular as the manners of the person who inhabited it.

A lamp suspended from the ceiling burned throughout the night, and threw an equal light upon every object in the apartment. Two large iron chests stood opposite one another, and were opened by means of a spring, the secret of which was only known to the occupant of the chamber. Between these were spread some large cushions covered with a rich Persian stuff, and this was the bed of the recluse, on which he stretched himself to enjoy that sound and serene repose with which he was blessed. A thick carpet, which deadened the sound of the footstep, covered the floor, and the walls were hung with arms of every country and of every age, from the short sword and buckler of the Roman legionary to the bows and poisoned arrows of the savage tribes; cabinets, the frame-work of whose glass fronts was of silver, were there, containing collections of precious stones, antique medals and cameos, and specimens of every coin in circulation throughout the world. All the curiosities of art, and rarities of *vertu*, seemed to have been brought together in this apartment, with the exception of the *chef d'œuvre* of literature. The library was composed of one single book, a magnificent manuscript of the Talmud, written upon the purest parchment. Each evening after his repast, and before beginning his work, this strange being read a page aloud; and the book, continuing open until the next day at the leaf where the reading had ceased, remained on a small table beneath the lamp, and opposite the door, or, to speak more correctly, the three doors by which the room was entered. The centre one opened upon the first step of a dark and almost perpendicular staircase; the two others, separated on the outside from the former by a passage, each gave access to a corridor, which led down stairs by a circuitous track, and

was lost in the various windings of the labyrinth. In case of attack, or surprise by night, such an arrangement would favour an escape from danger, by making use of the two doors which were detached from the main entrance.

One evening, after his accustomed reading, he emptied on the little table the contents of his pockets, consisting of gold and commercial documents; he weighed the former, and registered the latter in a small ledger. He smiled with complacency as he verified the weight of some golden ducats of Holland and Lubec, doubloons of Spain, and sequins and pistoles of Venice; and he rubbed his hands and chuckled with satisfaction as he found each piece true to his assay; an operation, however, which he had not failed to go through before, at the time he received them. His accustomed hour of repose had arrived, and he had risen to place in one of his cabinets a gold carlin of Savoy of 1755, in which his collection of coins was deficient, when a heavy sound, like suppressed and stifled groaning, reached his ear. He listened for some time, during which the noise continued; but its character was changed, and he distinguished the tones of voices that he could not identify. At times, all was silent; then, after an interval of quiet, he heard them afresh, without being able to distinguish the words. At the first alarm, he satisfied himself that his strong boxes were well secured, and he hurriedly thrust into his pockets the gold that he had spread upon the table. His practised and ever-watchful ear soon convinced him that steps were approaching his room by the staircase.

No longer doubting that some marauder had introduced himself into his habitation, and being but little disposed to offer a resistance which might cost him his life, to which he clung with more tenacity even than to his riches, Solomon the Jew extinguished the lamp, and moved stealthily towards one of the side doors, with the intention of seeking for assistance, while the robbers were busied in pillage, and so arresting them while they were in the act, or as they were making their exit. He had not an instant to lose, for he already perceived the rays of an approaching light beneath the centre door. At the same instant a deep and strong voice exclaimed—

“Open!”

Solomon placed his hand softly on the spring of the door on the left, but he heard the same mandate repeated there, in a voice as harsh and sonorous as the other.

But one means of safety was left him, and that was to escape by the third door; but there he heard a repetition of the same word which had twice before made his limbs tremble with terror:

“Open!”

Although all chance and opportunity of flight was thus removed, he still hesitated, when the piteous voice of his old and faithful domestic Martha was heard.

“If you do not wish to be the cause of my death, pray open the doors at once. I own my imprudence in giving admittance to the three men who are now here, and I will submit to any punishment you enjoin. For the first time these ten years I left the house for an instant, and on my return they seized me before I could close the

street-door, and holding a pistol to my throat, compelled me to show them the way to your room, threatening to kill me if I refused, or if you escaped their hands. I ask forgiveness for this; but if we survive, I will serve you for nothing for the rest of my life."

"That's enough, old woman," said one of the men. "And now, Jew, will you admit us without further parley, or must we break your doors open?"

Solomon heaved a deep sigh, as he thought of the wealth, so long and so laboriously amassed, now about to be ravished from him; and slowly and sadly he complied. There men in masks entered the room. One of them, who held Martha by the arm, addressed the Jew.

"You must count down before us immediately, in gold, thirty thousand ducats of Hamburgh."

"Thirty thousand ducats!" repeated Solomon; "why, that's more than three hundred thousand French francs! Where do you think I could raise such a sum?"

"There!" answered the stranger, pointing with his finger to one of the iron chests. "Come, despatch—no delay, for our time is short. Night hurries on, and by daylight we must be far away from hence."

"Is it thirty thousand ducats only that you require?" asked Solomon.

"I have already said so. But why that question?"

"Because in that chest there are, perhaps, some rix-dollars mixed with the large sum you speak of; and those, I trust, you will leave me. It is all I shall possess."

The stranger conversed with his companions for some time in a low tone, and in a foreign language. He then addressed the poor man, who shook in every limb.

"On consideration, and by way of precaution, you must count out the thirty thousand ducats, and five thousand more."

But seeing that Solomon changed colour at this new demand, and was on the point of fainting, he added—"Be of good courage. Do you think we come here to rob you? It is a loan we are in need of; and for it you shall receive good and substantial guarantees."

The Jew proceeded to count out the sum that was required, but not without frequently leaving off to propose drafts upon different cities of Europe, which he said would be more convenient than such a heavy load of specie; but his offers were steadily rejected, and solid and sterling money was rigorously demanded. If he had not been compelled to bring to a close an operation which of itself was sufficiently long, he would tenderly have kissed, and kissed over again, each of the coins as it passed through his fingers, for he had no confidence in the promise that was made him. As he counted over the money by thousands, and laid it on the table, it was deposited in a large oaken box which one of the strangers carried. When the last thousand was counted and put safely away, Solomon took courage, and faintly asked for the pledges they had alluded to; but the individual who had previously spoken answered in a tone which admitted of no reply.

"You must now assist us in carrying this box down stairs; a car-

riage is waiting for us close to your door, and you must accompany us."

"Where are you going to take me?" asked Solomon in faltering accents.

"I have already told you that this is no place for explanation. Move on, and be silent."

"My good and kind master," groaned out his old domestic; "I am sure I shall die of grief for having been the occasion of your misfortunes. I am sure they are going to kill you."

"Your master shall be returned to you safe and sound, in a fortnight or three weeks. We will bring him back in the same manner and plight as we have come for him. At the expiration of that time, when you shall hear four strokes of the door-knocker, open with confidence, for it will be he who returns. Proceed, old woman, and light us."

Solomon, having placed his copy of the Talmud under his arm, took hold of one of the handles of the box, and assisted in carrying it down stairs, as sorrowful and alarmed as if he had been compelled to carry the coffin of his father or his son.

At a few yards from his door, he took leave of old Martha; the box was then lifted into the carriage, into which he followed it; his travelling companions then entered, and took their seats, one at his side, and the two others in front. Four stout and spirited horses started off at full gallop. The night was so dark, and their progress so rapid, that the Jew could not distinguish by which of its gates they quitted Hamburgh.

They travelled all night without his being enabled to ascertain the object of the journey; not that he was compelled to observe silence, but his three companions deigned no reply to his inquiries, and conversed together in a language which Solomon did not understand. He had no reason, however, to complain of ill treatment, or a want of courtesy. When the dawn was about to appear, they very civilly requested him to allow his eyes to be bandaged, that he might not be able to recognise the road they travelled; a ceremony, they observed, they must be compelled to renew every morning the journey lasted. After two hours' longer progress, the carriage stopped, and he was assisted to alight; and being held by each arm, he was made to pass over a long plank, so narrow that it must have been extremely dangerous to cross, as his guides stepped but slowly and with great caution. It was with much difficulty, although every assistance was rendered him, that he could maintain his equilibrium on the unstable footing to which the weight of their bodies imparted an elasticity which made it spring up like a tight-rope.

The sharpness of the air, and the continued and monotonous murmur which he heard around, with the strong odour of sea-weeds, soon convinced him that they were in the act of embarking; and the vessel, lifted by the flowing tide, soon moved from the shore; but where bound was beyond his knowledge or conception. The passage was contrary and stormy, and lasted for three days and nights; and, on the evening of the fourth day, when, according to his calculation, the approaching darkness would allow him the free use of his eyes,

he was told that he would not have to proceed any further. He was left under the charge of one of the strangers for about an hour, while the others went away with the precious box ; at the end of that time they returned, and informed the others that they waited for them. Having advanced about a hundred paces, a door was closed behind them, and the bandage was removed from his eyes ; a dazzling light, to which he had not been accustomed, flashed upon his gaze, and had such an effect upon him that he was overpowered by dizziness, and fell upon the ground like a drunken man.

CHAPTER II.

While stunned by his fall, and not venturing to open his eyes, or to rise from the ground, the Jew heard an explosion of laughter all around him. The poor man, with his face to the ground, murmured his prayers, and recited such passages of the Talmud as occurred to his memory. For some time he was permitted to amuse the company with the comic effect of his terrors ; after which he was ordered to rise, and stand upon his feet.

The Jew obeyed, and looked to the right and left with wondering and dazzled eyes. By degrees the objects, at first vague and confused, resumed their natural form and colour. But whither had he been conducted ? or was he still the plaything of an inconsistent dream ? He stood in the centre of a saloon glittering with waxlights, and reflecting splendour from gilded furniture and innumerable mirrors of Venetian workmanship. At his feet was his box, which stood open, while the gold it had contained was spread upon a table close by. At the left of the chimney place, in which a stove was burning, sat a lady of a noble and haughty presence, whose features announced a firmness of character, and the habit of command. Near her, but on a lower seat, sat a younger lady of surpassing beauty ; in front of the females stood a gentleman of middle age, whose features indicated gentleness and benignity of disposition ; he was leaning against a massive arm-chair, and amusing himself by caressing a greyhound, which was anxiously soliciting his notice. The remaining personages, nine in number, were all standing ; and it was easy to see by their attitude that they felt it their duty to manifest more deference and respect to the master of the mansion, than men ordinarily show to those who are only their superiors by the gifts of fortune.

To complete the scene, we must add another to the individuals already noticed. This was a child about twelve years old, whose ugliness was quite portentous. The size of his head was altogether disproportioned to the rest of his body ; but the hideousness of his features was still more remarkable. The left side of his forehead was flattened in an extraordinary manner ; and the boy's colour was so heightened, that a casual spectator would have attributed it to hard labour or habitual debauchery : his teeth were frightful ; while his arms, which were long and clumsily fitted to his shoulders, and his thin and weak legs, gave him, when seated, a rather striking resemblance to a monkey. Altogether he was an ugly dwarf ; but, at the second glance, the disadvantages of his personal appearance were

redeemed by the expressive animation and intelligence of his features, and the extraordinary vivacity and brilliancy of his large eyes.

The personage who appeared to control the others, before nodding to Solomon to approach the fire-place, leaned towards one of the gentlemen who stood behind his chair, and, looking over a list, said in a low voice, "Twenty hats, are there not? How much will each cost?"

"Ten thousand livres."

"And the hunting-caps?"

"Nearly the same sum; but their number is more considerable."

"But are you sure of them at this price?"

"Quite sure."

"I should think so!" thought Solomon to himself. "What a sum of money for such articles! These people are certainly mad, unless they are speaking a conventional language before me, to keep me in the dark as to their meaning."

A casket was then presented to him, and he examined the diamonds it contained with the attention and sagacity of a man accustomed to similar transactions; after which scrutiny he stated that he was willing to take them as security for one-third of the loan required of him. The bargain being thus far adjusted, other jewels were successively submitted to his inspection, until the pledge was estimated to be equal in value to thirty-five thousand ducats. The interest was calculated for a year, with the condition that the gems might be redeemed in part, or the whole, before that period. The clauses of the loan were canvassed and concluded upon by the person whose position was in front of the two ladies. The same individual exacted an oath from the Jew that he would not disclose this adventure to anybody, and that he would never seek to know whither he had been conducted; threatening him, at the same time, with a sure, prompt, and terrible vengeance, if he broke his word in any of the conditions. The Jew swore upon the Talmud that he would be discreet and faithful, and begged that he might be led to a place where he could take some rest, until the hour when he should be permitted to set out on his return. This entreaty, however, was answered by an injunction to depart immediately on his homeward route, and by the same way he had come. In spite of his entreaties, his eyes were bandaged, and he was led away; and ten minutes afterwards the carriage which brought him set off with great rapidity at the command of a voice which he instantly recognised.

As soon as the Jew left the saloon, "Now," cried Adolphus Frederick, "I shall be indeed a king! This gold, which the poverty of Sweden denies me, will counterbalance the treasures expended by France to encourage the factious. To-morrow I will put a term to their insolence. Let us thank the queen, gentlemen, who has been willing to deprive herself of her ornaments, to aid me in recovering our natural authority." So saying, he stepped towards her, and tenderly and gallantly kissed her hand.

"Ah!" my brother-in-law of Prussia," continued he, "is more fortunate than I am; he commands, and is obeyed; he is not reduced to become the phantom of a king, without a will of his own, and with

no power to enforce it. But patience ! with the help of Providence, and your good counsels, gentlemen, I will soon burst asunder these unworthy fetters. Everything up to this point has turned out as we could have wished. To-morrow, at the opening of the session, the majority will be changed in the three orders of nobility, clergy, and burgesses. As for the peasants, I know that I have no occasion to be anxious how their feelings tend. It will be a thunderbolt for my enemies ; and so much the more impressive, as it will fall upon them suddenly, before any one can have suspected the possibility of such a project."

All present signified their assent to these observations of the king, except the boy, who shook his head with an incredulous air. Frederick perceived it, and said to him, smilingly, " You are not of my opinion, it seems, Gustavus ?"

" God grant," said the lad, " that your majesty does not deceive yourself, and that your secret may be faithfully kept !"

" But why," asked his father, " should you suppose it to be otherwise ?"

" Because it is only thoughts which cannot be spoken that run no risk of being repeated."

" What would you have done in my place, most prudent prince ?"

" Precisely what your majesty is doing ; but—alone, and without a confident."

" Only see, gentlemen," resumed the monarch, " how sagely and seriously this profound and experienced diplomatist utters his oracular wisdom ! Gustavus, you talk and reason like a child as you are. The time will come when you will know better how to appreciate fidelity and devotion ; and when you need them, my son, may Heaven send you such attached and sincere friends as he has surrounded me with this day ; you will do well to confide to them your sorrows, and take them to your heart. But, now, do not judge lightly of the conduct of those to whom age has given what you cannot possess—experience ! Comte de Tessin, be it your care to watch over your pupil, and remove from his heart this pernicious germ of pride and presumption."

" Sire," replied the comte, who perceived that the boy bore the reproof of his father with a forced resignation ; " sire, be not too severe ; doubtless his highness must be mistaken, if he supposes we can harbour a traitor among us. But the warning and the language he has uttered declare an intelligence and a reason beyond his years. I have already assured you, sire, that Heaven could not send you a worthier successor. At twelve years of age your son is already a man ; at twenty, Sweden will behold another Gustavus Adolphus in him."

The boy turned round to his governor ; and, fixing upon him a glance full of fire and audacity, said, " Perhaps, in only intending to flatter me, sir, you have by chance hit upon the truth."

" Come," said the monarch, completely disarmed by this repartee, " this hero in leading-strings has made up his mind to treat us as scholars to-day, and will not take any denial. Bear in mind," added he, while Gustavus received his mother's kisses, who was overjoyed

at discovering in her son the haughtiness and energy of his race ; “ bear in mind the engagement you have just contracted. But while we wait for the future, which can only be known to God, let us now busy ourselves with the present. Divide this gold among you, gentlemen, and distribute it this night among those consciences of which we have obtained the tariff. Stœkenstrom, you opened the negotiations with the orators of the diet ; my lord marshal, you are responsible for two members of the secret committee ; Strœmfeld has charged himself with the task of bringing to reason the noisiest and most turbulent of our opponents ; and Schlvezer will bring into the right path those whose opinions are not yet decided. As for you, Horn and Brahé, go and join your soldiers and sailors without delay, so that to-morrow, by the time that disorder and confusion reign in the assembly of the states, the mutiny may break out among the military. Go, gentlemen, success is certain ; you have promised it, and I count upon it.”

They all retired, and Frederick remained alone with his Queen Louisa, and her first lady of honour, Stephana Kœller, the confident of all her thoughts and secrets. The king seemed as extravagant in his joy as a young heir on the eve of his twenty-first birth-day, dreaming of his emancipation from all control, and walked up and down the saloon with hasty strides, laughing and rubbing his hands. All his precautions were admirably taken, and the intrigue had been planned and carried on in the completest mystery ; the rape of Solomon, and the contract entered into with him, could not possibly transpire ; the very name and profession of the Jew were unknown at Stockholm ; and the king calculated with reason, that the states-general could never discover from what source proceeded the overthrow of the majority, as they had refused him the most trifling supply, and knew that he had not five hundred ducats at his uncontrolled disposal. He was amusing himself with his flattering illusions, when the groom in waiting announced the presence of Count Charles de Gyllemborg, the chief of the opposition party, who was accompanied by three members of the states, and craved permission to be introduced to the queen, on business which admitted not of delay. At this unexpected news Frederick lost all his gaiety, and surprise and apprehension almost rendered him speechless. The queen recalled him to his self-possession, and she gave orders that the deputation should be ushered into the presence.

Before disclosing to the reader the object of the Comte de Gyllemborg's mission, it may not be inconvenient to cast a rapid glance over the circumstances of the political situation of Sweden at this epoch, and to explain the meaning of the strange terms which, but two hours previously, the Jew Solomon had heard without comprehending. In the diet of 1738, a powerful party had been organised, the keystone of whose policy was an alliance with France, and whose object it was to recover by force of arms from Russia what the latter had wrested from Sweden. The annihilation of the relics of the Swedish army, the loss of Finland, and an ignominious peace, had been the results of the policy of this faction, which was named the *hat* party, a denomination the origin of which cannot be traced. Their opponents rejoiced in the appellation of *caps* ; and those who were neutral

between the two factions, were designated by the name of *hunting-caps*. The preference of a national party towards France was as ancient as the time of Gustavus Vasa, when the Emperor Charles the Fifth having conceived the project of concentrating all the crowns of the north of Europe on the brow of the Elector Palatine Frederick, Gustavus Vasa formed a close alliance with Francis the First, the implacable enemy of the emperor. The *caps* maintained that this alliance (auspicious at the time of its origin, when Russia was a nonentity, and Sweden had become the most powerful instrument in the hands of France for checking the aggrandisement and usurpation of Austria) was most disadvantageous since the disasters of the wars of Charles the Twelfth, and the elevation of the Electorate of Brandenburg into the kingdom of Prussia. This opinion was justified by the event; but the cabinet of Versailles, aware of the secret intention of England to rival its influence, had neglected nothing which was of importance to preserve the preponderance in the deliberations of the diet, a majority of voices in which it had secured by gold and promises. The Swedish nobility, which was generally very poor, and too proud to enrich itself by commerce or agricultural industry, unblushingly lent itself to a foreign corruption. At the meeting of the States General in 1756, the *hats* still maintained their majority; and the court party, at the head of which were the Counts Arwed de Horn and De Brahé, and the other personages we have mentioned, had concerted together to rescue Frederick from the dependence and slavery to which the crown had been reduced since the constitution of 1723. The only means left them of acquiring partisans was by purchasing them, and this they had recourse to in the manner indicated in the foregoing passages of this narrative.

Comte Charles de Gyllemborg entered with the other deputies, and excused himself for his visit at so late an hour of the night by the urgent orders of the secret committee.

“What is your errand, gentlemen?” asked the king.

“Sire,” answered the count, “permit me to address myself to the personage to whom that errand relates. Her majesty the queen will condescend to hear me, when, in the name and on the behalf of the faithful Estates of this kingdom, I request her to permit us to examine the condition of the crown diamonds, and also of those which were presented to her at Berlin on the day of her marriage.”

Frederick was conscious that his cheeks were very pale, and internally congratulated himself that the demand had not been made directly to himself, for he could not have replied without betraying his emotion. Queen Louisa rose from her chair.

“Go to those from whom you came,” said she, “and tell them from me that such an assumption is offensive, and that I will never submit to it.”

“Your majesty will deign to recollect,” was the prompt reply, “that the thirteenth article of the constitution secures this privilege to the Estates at any time they may deem its exercise expedient. Such language, I am aware, would be disrespectful to your majesty, if it originated with me; but it is the law which speaks, madame, and the law is superior to us all. In the name of the law, madame, I

have to urge my request to be allowed to see the diamonds, and to make my report accordingly."

"No, sir," exclaimed the sister of Frederick the Great; "I repeat that I will not be the object of so odious an inquisition."

"It is my duty, then, to apprise your majesty, that in this refusal the Assembly of the Estates will read the proof that the jewels no longer remain in the royal treasury."

"I will give the lie to such an inference, sir, but at such time and place as comport with my pleasure. And first, I will separate the diamonds which belong to me from those which you demand. The latter you may retain, for I should consider myself degraded in ever wearing them again. Retire, sir; to-morrow, on your summons, I will do you the honour of receiving you on your errand of inquisitors and spies."

The count and his companions bowed low and respectfully, and withdrew.

The king fell back into his arm-chair, and murmured with an agitated voice, "What shall we do now?—what plan shall we adopt?"

"Write an order to Stauffer to return instantly with the Jew, and despatch a courier with it."

Nothing else could be done. But as a king, in all measures which it is necessary to keep secret, is generally the least independent person in his kingdom, more than an hour elapsed before they could decide upon a confidential person fit to entrust with so vital an errand. But, in spite of the delay and the start which, in consequence, Stauffer must have obtained, Frederick still hoped that the trustiest courier of the royal stables would succeed in overtaking the Jew and his companions before daybreak.

About nine leagues from Stockholm the carriage was stopped by six men, armed to the teeth, who, after an obstinate resistance, succeeded in binding the Jew and the three men who accompanied him.

As the conquerors were about turning back, they heard in the distance a noise similar to that of a horse galloping at full speed. The road was bounded on the right by a fir wood, into which they caused the carriage to be dragged, and allowed the traveller to pass on without interruption. He soon disappeared, like a phantom, in the darkness. In about five minutes afterwards they retraced their steps to Stockholm.

Who was it then, among all these participants of the same thought, who had so quickly justified the apprehensions and anticipations of the youthful prince royal?

CHAPTER III.

As soon as Charles de Gylleberg had withdrawn, the Countess Stephana Kœller requested the queen to dispense with her services for the rest of the night. The scene she had just witnessed had agitated her deeply, and rendered repose necessary. Louisa Ulrica consented to her wish, and the young and lovely countess retired to her own apartment.

Still the time rolled on, and the king's anxiety increased. His messenger, confident in the vigour and courage of his horse, had engaged

to bring Solomon back to Stockholm before four o'clock in the morning. The dawn was on the point of breaking, but the courier's return was not yet announced! In this critical emergency Frederick sent an order to his emissaries to join him at the palace. All were present, with the exception of Stœkenstrom, who, like the others, had fulfilled his mission, but whom it had been impossible to find since. The astonishment of the conspirators was intense when the king apprised them of the step taken by De Gylleberg, which coincided so strangely and fatally with the disappearance of the diamonds. Each protested with an oath that he had not disclosed the secret of the enterprise to any living being. Stœkenstrom's unaccountable absence caused the suspicions of all to rest for an instant upon him; but the frankness and loyalty of his character were so well known and appreciated, that such surmises were dismissed before they had time to be shaped into consistency. They all agreed that, as the money had been partitioned and the votes acquired, it was incumbent upon them to act promptly and energetically. By all calculations the queen would be reinstated in possession of the diamonds before the opening of the sitting of the Estates; and if, unfortunately, the courier should fail in overtaking the Jew and his escort, she was to discover some means of prolonging her refusal, on the pretext of personal dignity and feeling; and during the delay the blow would be struck. The plan being positively decided upon, the conspirators separated, looking with anxiety for the hour which was to shine upon their triumph or witness their downfall, after having received from the king a solemn assurance that, whatever peril might menace their project, he would not abandon them, nor separate his cause from theirs.

"My lovely Stephana, what has come over you, and what hidden chagrin, notwithstanding all your efforts to conceal it, disturbs your charming features?" asked Stœkenstrom of the young countess, in a remote apartment of the palace. "This moment I am compelled to quit you for the sake of your fair fame, lest any curious eye might notice us, and suspect our tie; and yet I have not been able to extract a kind word or a favouring smile. Or do you think it your duty to assume a sombre and reserved manner, because you have surrendered your heart to a conspirator? But imitate my tranquillity—not a drop of blood will be spilled."

"How can you know that, Frantz?" asked Stephana.

"With what an agitated air you ask that!—My gentle friend, however intense may be the anxiety which oppresses you, let your countenance resume its habitual sweetness, and your terrified eyes their tender glances. Oh, Stephana! let me live again in your smile—let me drink in the music of your words, and feed upon the substantial luxury of your caresses!—one kiss of love and rapture, to seal my forgiveness of your coldness and reserve!"

"What! do you quit me so soon, Frantz?"

"It must be so; I must return to my own house before daybreak."

"Of course," remarked she.

He drew her towards him in spite of her resistance, and clasping her to his heart, said, "Your paleness and agitation alarm me. Why should you be so terrified, Stephana? You must know that our design

is shrouded in the deepest mystery, and that secrecy only could guarantee its success. For my part, I never felt my spirit freer, or my heart more content."

"Do you believe in presentiments, Frantz?"

"Certainly; and mine will not deceive me, Stephana. They promise me success in love and policy. Mine seem more confident than yours, dearest; and yet you are their object."

"That we shall know to-morrow."

"To-morrow?—be it so. Then you will be as joyous and light-hearted as you are now melancholy. But, whether cheerful or sorrowful, I love you equally."

"Adieu, Frantz," said the countess, sadly.

As soon as she was alone, the constraint she had imposed upon her feelings gave way to the grief which she had with such difficulty suppressed, and copious and bitter tears ran down her cheeks. Conflicting passions combated within her, impelling her at one instant to hurry after her lover with outstretched arms, as if to draw from him an avowal she had hitherto forborne to require, or as if she repented not having opened her heart fully to him. Now strengthening herself in her original determination, she reproached herself with her weakness and irresolution; she blamed her imbecility for entertaining a doubt; her eyes were lit up with a lurid and sombre flame; an ominous smile contracted her compressed lips; and every look and gesture betrayed an inward emotion which overruled her, and a predominant thought which put every other one to flight.

Stœkenstrom retired, at a loss what to make of this sudden change in his mistress's demeanour, and thunderstruck by this inexplicable coldness in a woman whose only fault hitherto had been an excessive and jealous tenderness; but at this decisive moment he was too much absorbed by the important interests of party to analyse the causes of amorous caprice. He entered his own apartment as the sun rose.

During this interval, a carriage, escorted by six cavaliers, passed through the southern gate of Stockholm, and was driven straight to the mansion of Count Charles de Gylleberg, where a committee of the council of state was in session. One only of the four was unfettered, and that was the Jew, who was more dead than alive, and impressed with the idea that he had fallen into the hands of half a dozen brigands, as a wind-up to his adventure. In an hour after the arrival of the carriage, a proclamation was cried in the streets of Stockholm, by order and in the name of the secret committee, declaring the arrest for high treason of the Counts Arwed De Horn, De Brahé, De Stœkenstrom, the marshal of the court, Schlœzer, Strœmfeld, Stauffer, and his two companions of the journey.

This summary method of procedure, which laid the axe to the root of the plot, inspired a profound terror in the assembly of the states. The money which had been divided among the partisans of the king, who were so devoted to his interests while no danger menaced his cause and their adhesion was profitable, remained in their pockets as an advance on account, for future treasons, when a favourable opportunity should occur; and all these consciences, which belonged to the highest bidder, scrupled not to add the crime of petty larceny to so

many antecedent acts of scandal and corruption. The trial of the accused was commenced forthwith ; and, on the day when they were brought before their judges, the very same soldiers who were sworn to support and back their revolt, lined the street along which they passed, ready to turn their arms against whosoever should attempt to rescue them.

One only chance of safety remained ; and although they were already condemned in the opinion of their judges, yet the absence of any positive proof would prevent a capital sentence being pronounced upon them. The charge could be supported only by the evidence of the Jew Solomon. Would he destroy or save them ? There remained but one method of insuring his silence, since they were not rich enough to purchase it, and it was proposed to the king by the young Gustavus—it was, to assassinate the Jew before the trial. This advice, which might be rejected, but which was the only alternative to save his friends, was repulsed by King Frederick with horror.

The day of trial came, and it was a singular sight to witness the accused nobles take their places. Each of them had been confined in a separate dungeon, and they were all profoundly ignorant of what had transpired since their arrest. Count Arwed de Horn was the first that entered, the original deviser of the plot, and who had broken it to the king. The Count de Brahé and Stœkenstrom followed, and as they were led in and recognised each other, all the emotions of surprise were depicted on their visages. Each of the conspirators was seated in the box of the accused ;—there was no traitor among them, since the same doom awaited them all. Yet still the plot had been discovered. They exchanged a rapid and significant glance with each other ; and a single thought, prompt as the lightning-flash, rose to the mind of each, that their only safe defence was to preserve an entire silence, and allow the accusation to sustain itself by its own proofs.

One after the other was interrogated, but all indignantly refused any reply.

The Jew was then introduced, and was asked if he remembered having ever before seen the accused.

Solomon looked steadily at each, and replied, “ I recognise them all.”

An hour then elapsed ; and, after an appearance of deliberation, sentence of death was pronounced upon each, and its execution awarded for the evening of that same day.

“ Gentlemen,” said the Jew, turning to the judges, “ I have lent thirty-five thousand ducats ; to whom am I to look for my money, or the pledges on the faith of which I loaned it ?”

“ The diamonds belong to Sweden, and the parties who placed them in your hands had no right to dispose of them. As for your money, demand of them an account of how it has been expended.”

The Count de Horn rose and said, “ Jew, your silence might have preserved us all ; but you would not take the hint. There are fifty of us, and we ought all to be in this same place ; but we will keep sacred the names of those who failed in their engagement—who promised us their support, and who will abandon us to die. The sentence which condemns me to death only affects my life ; I impose upon the heirs of my estate the acquittal of the debt I have contracted towards you.”

"We do the same," exclaimed the prisoners unanimously.

Støkenstrom, before leaving the court, asked permission of the president to write a letter to a person whom he would mention afterwards. His request was acceded to.

The night came in cold and in utter darkness. The city of Stockholm was plunged in silence and consternation. In the morning there had been but one voice of condemnation for the accused—in the evening there was one sigh of regret and sympathy for them; and haply, had one of them been acquitted, he might have succeeded in exciting the whole city to mutiny. Strong detachments of troops were scarcely able to overawe the public feeling; and the crowd at the foot of the scaffold, in front of the palace, uttered loud and emphatic denunciations of the senate, and expressions of pity for the nobles whose hour was come. The utter ignorance in which all were as to the revealer of the conspiracy, increased the mystery of the business, and the impatience and irritation of the multitude. Strong suspicions fell upon the members of the royal family, who, being detected in the very act of plotting, had purchased immunity and oblivion by betraying their accomplices.

At the extremity of the square many men appeared carrying lighted torches; behind these followed the condemned. Count de Horn and his comrades slowly ascended the steps of the scaffold. The torches threw a vacillating, uncertain, and sinister gleam around, and exhibited, at intervals, to the view of the spectators of this fearful tragedy, the calm and resigned features of the victims; while the snow fell heavily and silently in large flakes, as if to hide the stains of blood about to be shed, and to serve as a winding-sheet to so many bodies. Twice had the dull and heavy sound of the axe, as it descended on the block, interrupted the fearful silence, when, suddenly, piercing shrieks were heard, and a female, with bared neck and shoulders and loosened hair, rushed upon the scaffold. "Frantz," she screamed, "dearest Frantz, I come to die with you!"

"Stephana," said Støkenstrom, "you will comply with what I have requested. Retire from this miserable scene, and reserve your strength to comfort my sister."

And as the executioner, whose horrid duty could not pause, made him a sign to take his place, he turned to Schløezer and the others, saying, "Brothers, take my turn—I have occasion to live a few minutes longer."

"Your sister?" repeated Stephana; "I did not know it until I received your letter. Why did you not tell me that the woman who came to you in secret, and for whom I thought you had deserted me—why did you not disclose to me that she was your sister? I was jealous, and my jealousy blinded my reason—I thought you faithless, and was determined on revenge! You loved me, and I destroyed you—I revealed your secret to the senate!—Oh, Frantz! forgive me—bless me, before you die!"

"If it be so," exclaimed Støkenstrom, "beg pardon of God—you cannot have it of me."

He turned away without another word. But two living beings stood on the scaffold—he and the executioner. Insensible to the cries

of Stephana, who implored but one kind look—one forgiving word, he bowed his head upon the bloody block; and the blow which severed his head cut the thread of two existences at once.—Stephana fell dead. Her right hand convulsively grasped a written paper, traced by her lover's hand, in these terms:—

“ My hours are counted, but my last thought is yours. The duty I have to ask of you will give you courage to survive me. My sister Matilda, of whom you have so often heard me speak, has just arrived at Stockholm from Upsal, to seek an asylum against disgrace; and, while concealing her from every eye, I waited impatiently for the time when I could force her betrayer to atone for the wrong he had done her. I must die, without having avenged her; but be to her a sister, Stephana; mingle your tears together; and may my memory, like your sorrow for me, be an heritage between you.”

The crowd dispersed by degrees, the torches were extinguished, and the square was gloomy and deserted. In the morning the body of Stephana was buried without pomp; and the Jew left Stockholm, well satisfied that the dying intentions of De Horn and his companions, with respect to him, would be disregarded by their friends. As to King Frederick, who was thus violently deprived of his most faithful adherents, and who was too weak to act for himself, he lost by this attempt at independence the slender portion of power with which the regal authority had been hitherto gratified. In this situation he lived an enslaved monarch upon his throne until 1771, when he was succeeded by his son, Gustavus III., one of the craftiest crowned foxes of whom history makes mention.

VINTAGE SONG.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

COME, the purple harvest-press,
 By Bacchus giv'n, life's hours to bless ;
 The fount whence flows the nectar spring,
 Which gods may quaff, and poets sing !
 Be Love's, the rose's crimson showers,
 Crown Friendship's brow with myrtle flowers,
 But sacred still to Bacchus twine
 Wreaths of the clust'ring purple vine !

Come ! the rich ripe berries glean,
 Half hidden 'neath their leafy screen ;
 And pour upon each festal shrine
 Libations deep, in floods of wine !
 The Orange blossom's perfum'd flowers,
 Yield we to Hymen's glowing bowers,
 But the rich gems that grace the vine
 For Bacchus' brow *alone* we twine !

Come ! the vintage feast prepare !
 Thither bid the cheek of Care ;
 And let the step of tott'ring Age
 In Youth's glad revelry engage !
 From Sorrow snatch the cypress wreath,
 And bind his brow with viny leaf ;
 Dance, shout, and sing, round Bacchus' shrine,
 And hymn the praise of Mighty Wine !

STANZAS.

THE earth is hushed in slumber sweet,
 And blissful dreams my fancy greet ;
 The balmy south, like fairy's sighs,
 Doth scarcely to a whisper rise ;
 The moon sheds forth a silv'ry ray,
 More witching than the brightest day ;
 The night-bird trills her strain of love,
 And glittering are the worlds above ;
 The peaceful ocean murmurs near,
 And falls like music on the ear—
 Music, such as spirits breathe
 At the holy hour of eve !
 A thrilling symphony of soul,
 O'er which cold art hath no control !
 A wildly floating melody
 Of Nature's own sweet harmony :
 And yet, upon mine ear it falls
 Like tones fond mem'ry oft recalls,—
 Like tones of one I love how well—
Hearts may conceive, but *lips* ne'er tell !

AMELIA W—.

THE METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Rufus ; or, the Red King. A Romance.

This is a powerful story, fixed at one of the very best periods. There is a fine obscurity and incompleteness in Odericus Vitalis, the Saxon chronicler, Simon of Durham, Eadmer, and the other few cotemporary historians of Rufus, which is singularly favourable to conjecture and romance writing ; while the events they give more in detail, are all full of dramatic interest, mixed with a mysterious horror, and are so quaintly and so well told by the old monks, that nothing can be more romantic. The exterminating struggle, the deadly hatred between the Saxons and their Norman conquerors, were in full vigour during the reign of Rufus, when every forest of old England—and the New Forest of Hampshire more particularly—was so peopled with desperate men, whose unseen bows dealt death on so many proud Normans, that the latter were induced to believe they were haunted by spectres and demons, and the arch-fiend in person, and when every Norman castle, in the words of the Saxon chronicler, was “ filled with devils and evil men.” This state of society has been admirably painted in the immortal tale of *Ivanhoe*, but Walter Scott was guilty of a grand anachronism in fixing the date of his story in the reign of Richard I., when the antagonist principles were almost destroyed, and the two races of Saxons and Normans much interfused or blended. Nearly all his pictures would be correct in the time of Rufus, but many of them are not borne out by history later than the reign of Stephen, which ended in A.D. 1154, or thirty-five years before the accession of Richard I. And that interval of thirty-five years was filled by the glorious, and for England wise and pacific, reign of Henry II., which did wonders in reconciling old animosities and in blending the two people, the conquerors and the conquered, into one. A great foreign historian has committed the same sort of mistake as Sir Walter Scott, in describing the Saxons and the Normans as distinctly separate and hostile classes, when they had certainly ceased to be such. Monsieur Thierry carries his theory too far, and what is correct as applied to the reign of Rufus, is overcoloured, or altogether incorrect, when applied even to the reign of Henry II.

The daring, profligate character of the Red King is admirably suited for a romance of the feudal times, and his favourite and prime minister Ralph, significantly called by his cotemporaries *Le Flambar*, or the devouring torch, is one of the most striking of the personages that figure in our early annals. Ralph was originally a poor and low-born priest of Normandy, who recommended himself to the stern old conqueror as a good spy and public informer, and to his son, as a witty *bon vivant*, and skilful caterer for lawless pleasures and dissipations. The genius of the monk, however, relieves him from the unmixed contempt we feel for court panderers, and the wit of the rogue saved him at last from the gallows which he had well merited. During the life of the Red King, he was

royal chaplain, treasurer, and justiciary, his real duties being to raise as much money as he could for his master's extravagant pleasures ; in doing which he is said to have exhausted the whole art of extortion. Both master and man are well drawn by the author of the tale before us, who has some of the requisites of a first-rate writer of historical romance ; though, fully to succeed, he must adhere more closely to his own theory, as laid down in his introductory chapter, and make his historical and antiquarian reading subservient to the action and conduct of his narratives. He informs us that Rufus is his first serious effort in composition. Considered as such, there is great promise in it.

It would be unfair to quit this subject without a mention of Mr. William Stewart Rose's splendid historical ballad of "The Red King,"—by far the finest thing we know, whether in prose or verse, connected with the final catastrophe of Rufus in the New Forest.

Peter King. Par MARS, auteur de "Blaise l'Eveillé," des "Cuisinières," de "Mes Caravanes," *Ex-Redacteur en Chef* du "Furet de Londres," &c. &c. Avec une Introduction par F. CHATELAIN.

Though this strange book has not been published here, the author of it is living among us, and efforts are making to circulate it among our novel readers. There are also other reasons which induce us to notice it—the tale is English, and is given to the French as a correct picture of our manners, by one who boasts a perfect familiarity with all our peculiarities, derived from a long residence *sur les bords de la Tamise*, or, as his Parisian friend, M. Chatelain, expresses it, *au milieu des brouillards de la Tamise*. But let us hear what this learned gentleman has to say on the subject. M. Chatelain's language is of that description which loses wonderfully by translation ; we therefore give the following eloquent passages in the original, presuming, *à l'heure qu'il est*, that nine-tenths of our readers can understand even M. Chatelain's French.

"Mais on désirera sans doute, avant de lire *Peter King*, savoir plus spécialement quel est le genre de l'ouvrage. A notre avis, il est du genre intéressant. Le long séjour de l'auteur en Angleterre explique la teinte singulière dont *Peter King* est empreint. Souvent la gaieté, aux prises avec le dramatique, cède le pas à ce dernier. En un mot, *Peter King*, conçu et écrit au milieu des brouillards de la Tamise, est jeté dans un moule particulier ; il ne ressemble en rien aux héros jadis créés par Mars, alors qu'il devisait gaiement sur les bords fleuris de la Seine, en compagnie de joyeux amis.

"Personne n'ignore que la différence des âges, des positions, des temps, et même des pays, exerce une grande influence sur les productions des hommes.

"Sans devenir tout à fait Anglais, Mars n'a pu résister à l'influence d'un assez long séjour dans la capitale des trois royaumes. Il a observé et beaucoup observé ; et quelle mine plus vaste pour l'esprit observateur que l'Angleterre ? Le peuple Anglais ne peut se juger à la première vue. Un Anglais sur le continent, par exemple, ne peut se comparer à un Anglais à Londres, et un Anglais à Londres est encore tout différent d'un Anglais en province. Pour ma part, je crois que, malgré tout ce qu'on a dit et écrit sur l'Angleterre, l'Angleterre est encore un pays inconnu ; bien des voyageurs en ont parlé, mais les uns avec trop de légèreté, les autres avec passion en mal ou en bien. Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'on juge un pays.

"L'auteur de *Peter King* ne mérite pas le reproche que nous adressons à ceux de nos compatriotes qui s'imaginent connaître la Grande-Bretagne, parce qu'ils ont passé huit jours de l'autre côté du détroit. Bien loin de là, tout ce qu'il a décrit sur les mœurs, les coutumes du pays de son héros, est territorial. La plupart de ses tableaux, et nous en pouvons juger, nous qui avons habité Londres, se rattachent à un fait. Il y a dans l'ouvrage de grandes étrangetés ; mais le plus grand nombre sont calquées sur des *excentriques* qui existent, ou qui naguère existaient. A cet égard, l'auteur n'avait que l'embarras du choix, car est-il au monde un pays où il

existe autant d'hommes remarquables par leur *excentricité*, d'hommes enfin dont les idées originales tranchent davantage avec les idées du commun des hommes ?”

We may now proceed to give a few specimens of the observations and facts collected by M. Mars, ex-editor-in-chief (we love the French language for its dignified expressions !) of the “*Furet de Londres*,” who is described as being such a keen observer, and who is almost *tout-à-fait Anglais*. The first thing we shall mention is rather startling in a physiological point of view, but no doubt this learned ex-editor-in-chief is quite up to the matter. He gives us to understand, that in London, when a woman is delivered of twins, there must necessarily have been two fathers engaged in the production—the one a lord, the other a watchman or policeman, as the case may be, and that this physical peculiarity is so well recognised in law, that the magistrates are always ready to permit the mother to swear one of the twins to one man, and the other to another—nay, the higher tribunals, proceeding upon this principle, make one father—the richer one—come down with the dust, and make the other father marry the fertile fair one. Peter King, the hero of the tale, is the son of Lord Relby ; but Charles Relby, his twin-brother, is the son of George King, a watchman of the parish of Marylebone. We cannot describe how this came about, because, though we are bound to believe it, we cannot quite understand the matter, and because the ex-editor-in-chief indulges in a lubricity which is not quite the thing—at least, *au milieu des brouillards de la Tamise*. But here we give the law in the very words of Mars.

“*Louisa n'avait plus d'argent, et force lui fut, par les conseils de l'accoucheur et des commères qui sont toujours en nombre à de pareilles scènes, de nommer le père.*

“*Louisa fit mieux, elle en nomma deux. Elle livra le nom de Lord Relby, et le numéro du watchman, qui fit reconnaître à l'instant George King.*

“*La loi Anglaise dit que le père, sur serment de la part de la mère comme quoi c'est bien lui qui, etc., etc.... sera obligé de venir au secours de la dite mère et de son enfant. Un texte aussi éloquent promettait quelques douceurs à la pauvre Louisa. La cause, assez singulière par suite du double délit, fut portée devant les tribunaux, et attira la foule. Lord Relby fut condamné à deux cents guinées de dommages et intérêts, et George King, si toute-fois c'était pour George King une condamnation, à épouser Louisa Scott, ce qui fit rire un peu aux dépens de mon père, lequel cependant ne se fâcha pas trop, en considération des deux cents guinées que Louisa Scott lui apportait en dot.*

“*Voilà, cher lecteur, mon origine, et celle de mon frère, dont j'aurai plus d'une fois occasion de te reparler. Ma naissance devenait scabreuse, mais le mariage advint pour tout purifier.*

“*‘ Ille pater est quem justæ nuptiæ demonstrant. ’*”

There is a good deal about politics in the story of the twin-brothers, and M. Mars shows his profound knowledge of human nature in making Charles King, the son of the watchman, a thorough-paced Radical, and Peter King, the son of the lord, a Tory or Conservative of the first water. After many adventures, particularly among servant maids, and a long separation from each other, the two brothers meet as rival candidates for a seat in Parliament in the city of Durham ; but they tenderly embrace upon the hustings, and the electors of Durham, touched by the scene, return them both, thus making a nice half-and-half of Whig and Tory.

“*Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory.*”

We have read that excellent account of an election at Nottingham, written by the late Giuseppe Pecchio, which, as we have heard good judges say, is a wonderfully spirited and correct thing to be written by a foreigner ; but our Frenchman beats the Italian out and out for effect and noise, and gives little touches which would never have suggested themselves to any other than a very imaginative and inventive mind.

Another discovery made by our ex-editor-in-chief is, that all pugilistic encounters in England terminate as soon as the claret is tapped. It was

certainly otherwise in our play-ground days, when a bloody nose was merely considered as a pretty beginning of a fight. That, however, was when George the Third was king, and we all know that since then, and particularly since the passing of the Reform Bill, men and boys are greatly degenerate.

"Les Anglais," says the ex-Mars, "*généralement* font cesser le combat au premier sang. Quand le sang paraît, ils disent que le *claret* coule." But let us give his description of a boxing-match which takes place between Peter King and Charles King, who have just been visiting the Siamese twins. Homer has done worse, nor will Fielding's fight in the church-yard stand a comparison with this.

"Eh bien ! Charles, que penses-tu des Siamois ? dis-je à mon frère en sortant de l'Egyptian Hall.*

"Je pense, me répond-il, que je ne voudrais pas, pour tout l'or du monde, être un de ces jumeaux, dont je trouve la position d'abord très-pénible, et qui doivent être encore bien plus à plaindre s'ils diffèrent de goûts et de manières de voir. Crois-tu, par exemple, Peter, ajoute-t-il, que si nous nous tenions ainsi, je serais bien aise d'être forcé de rire des bêtises qui te font rire toi seul, et courir comme tu le fais toute la journée, la badine à la main ?

"Eh ! mais, toi, Charles, penses-tu que ça m'amuserait beaucoup de tricoter quand il te plairait de tricoter, d'ourler des mouchoirs, ou de porter soir et matin la cruche à la pompe ?

"Tes goûts sont ceux d'un paresseux, Peter."

"Tes goûts sont ceux d'un original, Charles."

"Tu m'ennuies, Peter."

"A la fin, tu me pousseras à bout, Charles."

"Tant mieux ! c'est ce que je demande. Que cela finisse !" ...

"En nous querellant ainsi nous avons fait les trois quarts du chemin pour revenir à la maison. Nous ne pûmes aller plus loin, nos têtes s'étaient exaltées, les nuages s'étaient amoncelés.

"L'orage éclata.

"Va, je te défie, Peter Mylord, s'écria Charles en me donnant un léger coup de poing, précurseur de coups plus violents, j'attends ta réponse."

"Elle ne se fit pas attendre longtemps cette réponse, et déjà la foule s'accumulait. Deux garçons de notre âge s'offrirent comme témoins, s'engageant tant à nous relever au fur et à mesure des chutes qu'à faire cesser le combat dès que le *claret*† coulerait, c'est-à-dire au premier sang.

"Nous boxâmes.

"La lutte ne laissa pas que d'exciter la curiosité, à cause de notre ressemblance et de nos vêtements exactement pareils. Les mères soupçonnèrent la vérité, mais le cercle qui nous entourait s'opposa à ce que l'on nous séparât.

"Déjà nous avions échangé bon nombre de coups de poing, dont plusieurs avaient laissé trace, lorsqu'une fenêtre, s'ouvrant tout à coup, donna passage à trois ou quatre potées d'eau, si bien dirigées que champions et admirateurs de champions en furent plus ou moins aspergés, et sentirent leur feu s'éteindre aussi vite qu'il s'était allumé.

"La galerie leva la tête, mais il lui fut impossible de savoir d'où le liquide était venu. A mon frère et à moi appartenait la gloire de découvrir les auteurs de ce déluge, et la source de cette pluie qui venait de bien moins haut que le ciel.

"Après avoir essuyé sang et eau, et réparé tant bien que mal le désordre de notre toilette, nous fîmes comme la galerie qui avait mis nez au vent. Quel fut notre étonnement de nous reconnaître sous les croisées d'un vieil émigré Français qui nous rendait tour pour tour !"

A good deal of the story is laid in Scotland, the mountains of which unhappy country, we are told, were sadly infested by Burkers ; and the ex-editor-in-chief takes the opportunity of enlightening his countrymen on the subject of pitch plasters, and Burke, and Bishop, and Williams.

* "Salle d'exhibition dans Piccadilly."

† "Vin de Bordeaux. Généralement les Anglais font cesser le combat au premier sang. Quand le sang paraît, ils disent que le *claret* coule."

The *fin observateur* has evidently a great taste in this way, and we see that he announces a new novel on the subject of the body-snatchers, or "resurrection men," as they were jocosely called by the Londoners, before their occupation was gone.*

Peter Milord, while travelling in the mountains of Scotland, has an actual encounter with the Burkers, and sends a "plomb meurtrier"—*Anglicè* a bullet—at the head of Burke himself, who thereupon leaves off smothering an unfortunate victim, and rushes into *les plus ravineux de la montagne*.

We also learn from the ex-editor-in-chief, that the servant girls in Edinburgh make a common use of *eau sucrée*, and give glasses of it to their sweet-hearts when they are nervous.† We always thought that it was *toddy* they preferred, and that the prejudice entertained in England against cold water with a lump of sugar in it, and *nothing else*, extended to Scotland. And here we remember a little story. A certain Lancashire squire, who shall be nameless, for the nonce, on seeing a dandified countryman drinking a glass of *eau sucrée* in a Parisian coffee-house, was so horrified, that he exclaimed, "D— me, yon chap can be no true Englishman!"

We may remark, *en passant*, that the ex-Mars has none of those awkward translations which the French have been so much addicted to. His definitions also are amazingly neat and correct, betokening the perfect mastery of our language—ex. gr.

"Cottage—*Habitation avec jardin, qui n'est occupée que par un seul locataire.*"

"Esquire—*Titre que prennent les roturiers jouissant d'un revenu annuel de 500l. sterling, ou plus, bien entendu.*"

"Ponies—*Petits chevaux d'Ecosse, a longs crins.*"

"Auld lang syne?)—*En Ecossais auld lang syne veut dire old long song, c'est à dire, vieille longue chanson!*"

Now and then we have heard of such things as men advertising in the newspapers for wives; but the Ex., who has better ears than we have, and sharper eyes, tells his countrymen that nothing is more common than to see public advertisements for mistresses! He justifies his assertion in the text by the following note; for he is a conscientious writer, and sticks to proofs. We remark, however, one singular omission; he does not mention the name of the accommodating London newspaper wherein one may advertise for such conveniences.

"Souvent, et à notre connaissance, des propositions à peu de chose près semblables ont été faites par la voie des journaux Anglais. Pour justifier la vraisemblance de celle-ci, nous citerons une demande et une réponse, la première insérée dans un Journal de Londres, le 15 Janvier 1827, et la seconde quelques jours après.

"Un homme de caractère, naissance et fortune, qui a fait figure dans tous les cercles brillans, tant en Angleterre que sur le continent, dans la fleur de l'âge, et d'une figure qui ne lui a jamais attiré de disgrâces, se trouve en ce moment sans aucun attachement; et comme il pense que, sans une intrigue, la vie est d'un vide insipide et insupportable, il serait charmé d'en former une avec quelque dame qui fût pourvue de toutes les qualités et de tous les agrémens nécessaires pour rendre un attachement non-seulement agréable, mais permanent. Comme il a été sacrifié à un mariage de convenance, on ne pense pas qu'il puisse devenir amoureux de sa propre femme, quand même la mode le permettrait; mais il respecte assez le monde, sa dame et lui-même, pour chercher à conserver l'extérieur de la bonne intelligence. C'est pourquoi la liaison qu'il désirerait former devrait être un très-profond secret confié seulement à leurs deux cœurs, sans l'intervention d'amis ou de confidens qui,

* This announcement appears on the wrappers of the present volume. "Pour paraître incessamment du même auteur Warwick le Resurrectioniste."

† See vol. i. p. 165, and again, p. 166, for there are two glasses of sugar and water.

ordinairement, occasionnent et cherchent plutôt la désunion que l'union. Tout jeune dame qui se trouve dans les mêmes circonstances est priée d'envoyer une lettre à la taverne du Cygne dans Leadenhall, entre sept et neuf heures du soir, assignant en même temps un rendez-vous ; adresse : M.A.G.C."

"Voici quelle réponse fut faite encore par la voie des journaux :

"Assez jolie pour aimer quelquefois à consulter mon miroir ; pas assez cependant pour me fier entièrement à mes avantages physiques.

"Assez d'instruction pour charmer les momens de solitude, mais pas assez pour représenter le ridicule des femmes savantes.

"Assez aimante pour désirer un ami sincère ; assez douce pour le mériter.

"Assez de goût pour les plaisirs, mais beaucoup plus pour l'étude.

"Assez originale pour être séduite par votre annonce, assez étourdie pour y répondre, mais assez discrète pour m'en tenir à cet aperçu de mes imperfections.

"Je me tais sur ma dose de curiosité, ma démarche vous prouve assez si elle est digne de mon sexe, etc."

Intrigues, marriages, deaths, burials, and body-snatching, are our author's *chevaux de bataille*. The following passage seems preparatory of his great work, "Le Résurrectioniste."

"Le prospectus du nouveau cimetière, dit de toutes les âmes, sur la route de Harrow, informe le public, dans le but d'établir plus de confiance, que des patrouilles s'y font toutes les nuits pour prévenir le vol des corps.

"On lisait dernièrement dans un journal : 'Des soldats traversant, il y a quelque temps, un village pendant la nuit, surprirent deux résurrectionistes en train de dépouiller le cimetière. L'officier s'étant emparé de l'un d'eux lui demanda ce qu'il avait à dire pour sa défense.—'Ce que j'ai à dire,' répondit froidement cet homme, 'c'est que nous sommes venus ici pour enlever un corps, et non un régiment.'"

The ex-editor-in-chief is almost as well read in Joe Miller as in the penny-a-line part of our newspapers, and nothing is wanting save a little rhyme to make the following translation perfect.

"Or écoutez, petits et grands. Il était une fois, dans le bourg de Campberwell, que j'habitais alors avec mon père, un barbier nommé Warrington, le bonhomme le plus joyeux et le plus amusant qui fût à dix milles à la ronde. Le bonhomme Warrington, quoique à l'aise, et ayant toujours vécu de ses rentes, venait, par originalité sans doute, d'ouvrir à tous ceux qui avaient barbe longue une petite boutique, ou il rassait pour la bagatelle d'un sou, et sur sa porte se lisaient ces mots :

"Ici demeure James Warrington, rasant presque aussi bien que tout homme d'Angleterre . . . mais pas tout à fait !"

"Dans mes courses d'écolier, continua le vice-président, j'avais plus d'une fois remarqué la boutique du vieux barbier, qui ne comptait plus que deux ou trois vitres, mais dont il avait remplacé tous les carreaux cassés par des carreaux de papier. Inspiré du dieu de la farce, j'étais mon chapeau, qui, je crois, dans ce temps—là était une casquette, et prenant l'élan convenable, je fis passer ma tête à travers l'un des carreaux postiches en m'écriant : Le père Warrington est-il à la maison ? . . . Warrington, aussi farceur que tout bon farceur, trouvant la chose drôle, voulut la rendre plus drôle encore, et passant à son tour, avant que je me fusse retiré, par un autre carreau de papier, sa tête de la boutique dans la rue, il répondit : Non, monsieur, il vient de sortir !"

(On rit.)

There is no story or plot in the book.

Ordnance Survey of the County of Londonderry. By Colonel COLBY, R.E., F.R.S., etc. etc., Superintendent. Volume the First. Dublin. Published for her Majesty's Government.

A stately quarto volume, well printed, furnished with admirable maps and plans, together with some views of remarkable places, and engravings (some of them coloured) of remarkable natural productions, and abounding with the most varied and most minute information respecting

one of the most important, and, in all matters, most interesting parts of Ireland. This is the kind of work which only government can do, and one which government ought to have done long ago. But better late than never! And as the survey is well organised and supported, we may now hope for a succession of valuable volumes like the present. There was no right legislating for Ireland without a mass of statistical information—taking “statistics” in their widest range—which has hitherto been wholly wanting.

A completely new department has been organised under the present Whig government for this purpose; and this is one of the operations most likely to confer lasting honour on the administration. Officers and men from the corps of Royal Engineers formed the basis of the new Irish survey organisation; and many other persons, possessing various qualifications for different departments, have been gradually added to expedite this great and truly national work—which (be it said) would not have been undertaken at all, had it not been for the decision of the House of Commons, and the activity of the committee of the House, whose primary object, however, was only a survey and valuation of Ireland.

As Colonel Colby was charged with the general superintendence of the surveys as well in England as in Ireland, he wisely appointed Lieutenant Larcom, R.E., to take the local charge of the office at Dublin. In that situation every document relating to the survey of Ireland passed through the hands of the scientific and industrious lieutenant, who was led, by the elaborate search of books and records required to settle the orthography of names of places to be used in the maps, to compare the progressive states of the country. As a geological examination was also ordered by government, and as the organised office for carrying on the general survey afforded excellent means for collecting and methodising facts, Lieutenant Larcom conceived the idea, that, at a small additional cost, he could get up a work embracing every species of local information relating to Ireland. He submitted the idea to his superior, Colonel Colby, who obtained the sanction of government, and entrusted him with the execution; and the present volume is the first public result.

The volume embraces the researches and labours of many writers. Captain Portlock is charged with the geological branch of the survey, and he has also written the natural history and productive economy sections, being assisted in the botanical parts by Mr. David Moore. The descriptions of the natural features of the country, of the social economy, and of the buildings, ancient and modern, have been chiefly contributed by Captain Dawson and his assistants, Mr. Ligar, Mr. Stokes, and Mr. Williams. The history and antiquities have been drawn up by Mr. George Petrie, aided by Mr. John O Donovan; and there have been other contributors in minor departments, the whole work showing the advantages to be derived from a proper division of labour. Science and literature can scarcely be better employed, at the present moment, than in the production of such books; and we hope that no paltry “three-farthing” economy on the part of government will deprive them of their proper reward and encouragement. There are many *desiderata* which cannot possibly be expected from the booksellers and from private speculation. It behoves an enlightened government, which boasts of its desire to rule by the enlightening of the people, to step forward on all such occasions, and it ought to be the duty of the legislature to see that there be no *jobbing*—that curse of our country!—that inevitable consequence of nearly everything that is left in the patronage of the executive! The following passage ought to be read with the most serious attention.

“The direction in which an Irish rail-road or canal should be made might be indicated by the maps, (*which had to be made!*) but the necessity for making it must be sought in the objects to be attained by it when made. This required a knowledge of

the social and industrial state of the people, of the effects which had been produced by similar improvements under similar circumstances; and in order that the present condition of the country might be exhibited in every useful light, it was necessary to divest History of fable and error, and to hold up the past as a beacon and a guide to the future. The various questions which filled the public mind—the education of the Irish people, their employment, and the connexion of both with their general state—the interests of commerce, of agriculture, and manufactures, and the investment of capital; *all were pausing for knowledge, or opposing each other from prejudice, the want of knowledge.* A general survey might naturally be expected to furnish information useful for all these objects, but it soon appeared that the urgent demand for the maps, on which the attention of the county was fixed, would not suffer much abstraction of the time or labour employed upon them. . . . Pursuits, therefore, which would have been far more interesting, were inevitably laid aside or deferred; and, though material for *many* such volumes as the present is already collected, the disadvantages under which this has been compiled render it a very humble specimen of what a general and organised exertion may achieve.”

The Family Library. No. XLV. The Life of Gustavus Adolphus, surnamed the Great, King of Sweden. By J. F. HOLLINGS.

This is a fit companion to the Alexander, Napoleon, Nelson, and the other Lives, which have appeared in this excellent miscellany. Mr. Hollings has performed his task with much good sense and good feeling, and has not permitted his admiration of the “Lion of the North” to betray him into any undue enthusiasm, about wars, and victories, and conquests. We are not aware that he has elicited any new views as to the character and history of Gustavus Adolphus and his times, or that he has had recourse to any new sources of information; but he has condensed in an agreeable manner the old and voluminous matter of Harte, Archenholtz, Mauvillon, Schiller, and other writers. The passages from old Monro’s “Expeditions” (that story which was so well thumbed by poor Walter Scott) are truly delightful.

The following extract will convey a good moral lesson, and a favourable notion of the book.

“The town of Naumburg, delivered from the fear of destruction, at the hands of the Imperialists, by the advance of the army of Gustavus, received him with such transports of gratitude as might have been supposed to be excited by the presence of a tutelary divinity. The inhabitants flocked in crowds around him, eager to touch his stirrups, the scabbard of his sword, or the hem of his garment, and saluted him, wherever he appeared, with expressions of the most enthusiastic applause and veneration. But, with these marks of esteem, the incense by which an ordinary ambition would have been excited to a more vain-glorious estimate of its own powers, the more rational and less arrogant spirit of the King of Sweden was at once shocked and humiliated. His feelings upon the subject are recorded in a memorable discourse with his chaplain Fabricius.

“Alas!” he exclaimed, “have I not reason to believe that God, who has declared himself a jealous God, will punish me for the weakness of this people? Our affairs, I confess, are in a promising condition; but too much reliance is placed upon me, and all but divine honours are bestowed upon a feeble mortal, who exists to-day, and may be no more to-morrow.”

“Schiller, whose taste, essentially dramatic, was thoroughly awake to all the beauties scattered through the productions of the ancient tragedians, has compared the conduct of the King of Sweden, upon this occasion, to that of the Agamemnon of Æschylus, who is represented by the great founder of the Greek theatre as refusing to descend from his chariot upon the purple tapestry which the treacherous assiduity of Clytemnestra has spread before the vestibule of his palace. The same author has justly observed, that the character of Gustavus Adolphus appears more amiable as we are on the point of losing him for ever. Yet there was nothing of novelty in his unwillingness to receive the extravagant popular honours lavished upon him by the gratitude of the people of Naumburg, and a spirit precisely similar had been shown at Kemberg in 1631, while he was in his way to encounter the army

of Tilly. At this place, a crowd of children surrounding the house in which he was lodged, were clamorously saluting him by the names of the 'Great Gustavus,' when the king, who was conversing with a Protestant minister of the town, demanded the meaning of their acclamations. On being informed, he immediately descended into the street, and presented himself before them with the words, 'My dear children—you see before you nothing more than a great sinner from Sweden, whom your silly parents have taught you to call the Great King.*' If his example, however, is considered valuable in point of humility, the opinion which he is recorded to have expressed a short time previous to his death, respecting conquerors in general, is equally worthy of being perpetuated, since it shows that the scenes of destruction through which he had lately passed, had begun to open his eyes to the true nature of that glory to which so many have sacrificed the lives of thousands without a single feeling of compunction or moment of regret. On the occasion of some German officers expressing, at his table, a sentiment that he had been born as the express instrument of the delivery of their nation; and that the appearance of an individual endued with so much courage and conduct was a manifest sign of the favour of the Divine Being; 'Say, rather,' replied the king, 'that it is a token of his anger. If the war which I wage is a remedy, it is one less supportable than the disease itself. God never departs from his established law of moderation, to pass to extremes, without intending the chastisement of some one; and it is an evidence of his love towards nations when he confers but ordinary abilities upon their kings. He who is gifted with a soul unelevated above that of the generality of mankind, conceives only such designs as are upon a level with his abilities. His repose is untroubled by dreams of glory and ambition. If he applies himself to state affairs, the prosperity of his dominions is increased in consequence; if he relieves himself from the weight of government by committing part of his authority to another, the worst that can happen is, that his minister may enrich himself at the expense of the people, may lay additional imposts upon them for the increase of their own fortune, or that of his friends, or excite a feeling of hatred and indignation among his former equals, who are jealous of his elevation. But these evils are trifling, and utterly unworthy of comparison with such as are induced by the ambition of a great king. That insatiate thirst which he feels for glory, leaving him no wish for the enjoyment of rest, necessarily compels him to deprive his subjects of the same blessing. He holds as his enemies all who are unwilling to become his vassals. He is a raging torrent, which carries desolation wheresoever it turns; and carrying his arms as far as his hopes, he fills the whole world with terror, misery, and confusion.†'

Poems, for the most part Occasional. By JOHN KENYON, formerly of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

This is in all respects a choice volume—one to be kept and cherished, and frequently referred to, for pleasant thoughts and happy and most delicate turns of verse. The author has playfully chosen for his motto a passage from a recent number of the "Quarterly Review."

"A new poem is a new plague. There is a general avoidance instead of a tumultuous greeting, and our dearest friend becomes less dear to us by intrusion of a volume of verse, if he is so unreasonable as to expect it to be read."

The reviewer is quite right—every sensible man runs from him that has his pockets lined with new rhymes as he would from the explosion of *la machine infernale*; and since the death of poor old Sotheby, nobody is permitted to throw out grappling-irons, or to catch one by the button. Yet, in spite of this natural panic—this laudable prudence, we feel quite certain that Mr. Kenyon's volume will meet with anything rather than avoidance, and that it will immediately attract the, not tumultuous, but quiet, honest greeting of all persons of good taste and right feeling. Many of his little pieces are perfect gems, and in the longer poems there

* Mauvillon.

† Cailleres, *Fortunes des Gens de Qualité*; quoted by Archenholtz, *Mémoires de la Reine Christine*.

are indications of power equal to grand and sustained efforts. The gods know how tired we have been of book moon-lights! and yet we have read with exquisite pleasure the first poem in this volume, wherein the moon is treated of with admirable "workmanship of words," and with something more. We would willingly give the whole of this exquisite and original production, but must content ourselves with a few lines.

" Nor seldom did I win from thy sweet light
 A more creative and less pensive joy ;
 Such joy as kindly Fancy oft will weave
 For childhood ; kindlier still, if she desert not
 Our after-years. 'Twas when dim-floating clouds
 Were hung in the still west, and there had hung
 From hour of parted twilight. They had watched
 The sinking sun's last glory, and caught thence,
 Around his golden garment clustering,
 A passing radiance not their own ; but now,
 Though rayless, hueless, still they lingered here,
 As in persisting love (so spirits, they say,
 Will hover round loved spots) ; nor lingered here
 In vain ; for Thou didst bring a second day
 Less bright than his ; beautiful,
 Sun of the Midnight ! Then those pallid clouds,
 Each in its turn by thy soft light lit up,
 Grew to a living dream-land. Earth and sea,
 In all their shows, were there, with semblances
 Of man, or beast, or monster. Not an image
 Through childhood's brain had fitted, won, perchance,
 From tale of nurse or grandsire, or out-gleaned
 From story-books, thumb'd o'er and o'er again,
 But there found type or home. What mattered it,
 In that free hour, of tyrant pedagogue,
 Or brute school-comrade, tyrant more than he ;
 Or grammar rule, perplexing easy speech ;
 Or cramp obdurate sum, tried ten times o'er
 On the smear'd slate ! I recked not of them then—
 I thought not of them ! No discoverer
 By land or sea, to cape or central range
 Tacking his own proud name, to dream thenceforth
 Of immortality ;—no conqueror—
 No ! not the Norman, broadly parcelling
 Among his mailed knights and barons bold
 New territory—was more lord than I
 In that my flaky kingdom ; free to give,
 Make or unmake, at pleasure ! Yon far cloud,
 Floating like island in its sea of sky,
 Should be the spot for Crusoe ! There Saint George
 Was fighting with the dragon, while below
 Paced slowly Bunyan's Pilgrim with his staff !
 There stood the magic steed, which whirled away
 Young Calmaralzaman ; there drove the bark,
 Rapt fiercely by invisible force along,
 To split, with Sinbad, on the loadstone shore !

" But when came classic lessons, and all fresh
 From love of Tooke's Pantheon—a new world
 Peopled with deity—I knew how thine,
 In the far days of famed Antiquity,
 Had been no slighted worship ; glorious then
 Of my new knowledge, and fantastical
 As innocent childhood is, I longed to have been
 The shepherd youth, of whom then first I read,
 Endymion ; Endymion, loved in Latmus !
 (Ah ! me, quaint shepherd, not of crook, but satchel,

And guessing, at that age, how much, of love!)
 And, in my foolishness, almost I craved
 Those Pagan days again. Then would recur
 The holy teachings of the primal book,
 'The Sun to rule the day, and Thou the night,'
 And wake to wiser musings. Mixture strange
 Of sacred and profane! Yet each in turn
 Struck its own chord, and made Thee dearer still.

And Queen thou art in this thy realm of midnight,
 And lovely as queen-like; yet not lovely less
 When thou art lapsing on through either twilight,
 Companion of the evening or the dawn.
 For ever to the heart, which feeds on beauty,
 The evening and the morning make the day;
 Meridian suns are mate-fellows of earth,
 But morn and musing eve consort with Heaven.

"And ne'er did dawn behold thee lovelier yet,
 Than when we saw thee, one remembered day,
 Thee and that brightest of all morning-stars,
 Hang o'er the Adrian; not in thy full lustre,
 But graceful with slim crescent; *such as, erst,*
Some Arab chief beheld in his own sky,
Of purest deepest azure; and so loved it,
So loved it, that he chose it for his symbol;
A peaceful symbol in a warlike banner!
And oft, I ween, in many a distant camp,
'Mid the sharp neigh of steeds, and clash of cymbals,
And jingle of the nodding Moorish bells,
When he hath caught that image o'er the tents,
Hath he bethought him of the placid hours
When thou wert whitening his night-feeding flocks
On Yemen's happy hills; and then, perchance,
Hath sighed to think of war!

"We too beheld thee,
 With untired eye fixed upward; scarce regarding
 (So deep the charm which thou hadst wrapped around us)
 Where reddening hues along the eastward sea
 Spoke of the sun's uprising. Up he rose,
 From o'er the regions of the near Illyria,
 Glorious, how glorious!—if less gladly hailed
 As warning thy departure. Yet, some time,
 Ye shone together; and we then might feel
 How they, the ancient masters of that land,
 The dwellers on the banks of Rubicon,
 Who saw what we were seeing, uninstru't
 Of wiser faith, had, in no feigned devotion,
 Bowed down to thee, their Dian, and to him,
 Bright-haired Apollo! We too bowed our hearts,
 But in a purer worship, to the One,
 Who made, alone, the hills, and seas, and skies,
 And thee, fair Moon, the hallower of them all!"

The lines which we have marked in italics are perfect!—the most poetical allusion we remember to the most poetic of symbols.

In "Pretence, a Satire," the longest piece in the volume we are reminded of the honest, amiable earnestness of Cowper, and of the point, condensation, and high finishing of Pope. If *Pretence* be not, what Mr. Kenyon calls it, "the peculiar vice of the present age," it is, at least, the predominant vice of the age and country. There is as much of truth as of first-rate poetry in the following passage.

"When shall I see the country once again?"
 Thus sighed the Latian bard his ancient strain;
 But we—his sylvan longings should we share—
 Must ask, not when we shall behold, but where.

For now, as travels on mid wigwamed hills,
 The civilising power, that taints or kills,
 Along each British valley's sweet approach
 Whirls in the city with the whirling coach;
 Cigars and waltzes, latest caps, last news,
 Of Crockford's—Almack's—justice-rooms, and stews,
 And controversial preachers, and French shoes. }
 Its vices roused, its roughness ill smoothed down,
 Each village now would ape the lordly town;
 'Rustic,' mere term for what no longer is,
 And all the land one vast metropolis.

Thou best companion of the wise and good,
 For so the wise have named thee, Solitude!
 If wise and good but co-exist with thee,
 Like Indian tribes, they soon must cease to be.

For, lo! Publicity, with searching spell,
 Hath pierced the shade of every household cell;
 The day's gazette her scroll of magic might,
 Within—without—she pours unnatural light;
 Bids the keen beam through cottage, palace, pass,
 And shows each tenant as in house of glass,
 Till, like sun-loving plants, life's general crew
 Lives but in one broad glare of public view.

Scorning all bliss from home-bred duties wrought,
 And all just pride of individual thought,
 Distorted worth she gives with twisting lens,
 To vulgar show and proudly-base expense.
 Scorning no less, so gaping crowds approve,
 'That perfect witness of all-judging Jove,'
 Which, fallen on evil days, and poor and blind,
 Its grand composure breathed o'er Milton's mind,
 She stamps, instead, on a theatric age,
 The false and conscious movements of the stage,
 Till, perfect actors grown, men play life's part
 To the last scene with calculated art.

Vexed by hypocrisies, or chafed by pride,
 'What walls shall guard us, or what shades shall hide?'
 Where'er we turn, for ever—ever nigh,
 Publicity pursues us as we fly;
 At every hour, in each remotest place
 Prescribes the phrase, or modifies the face;
 Of pettiest hamlet pettiest deed notes down,
 And makes the country fastuous as the town.
 So now, when rural squires would meet to dine,
 The county press must vaunt the vast design;
 E'en as when Muckworm his town-feast would blaze,
 Himself the paragraph both writes and pays.

And not alone where roaring feast goes round,
 Is heard the pride-proclaiming trumpet's sound;
 On charity, scarce charity if told,
 It waits, as 'mid the Pharisees of old;
 And if gorg'd wealth, with patronising air,
 Buy some small pasteboard at a Serious Fair;
 Or keeps his oldest friend, broke down and grey,
 Just one degree above mere parish pay,

The ready newsman, on our modest plan,
Makes known to Heaven 'The Charitable Man.'
So left hands learn each action of the right,
And not a bushel now conceals a light.

The Great themselves, who, from their loftier sky,
Might view small glories with disdainful eye,
The very Great themselves——

B. Nay, spare the Great ;
The world will swear 'tis envy all, or hate.

A. Yet falsely swear. Nor sect's nor party's slave,
Each topic free to choose, or gay or grave ;
With equal friends, and peaceful daily bread,
Me envy quits, to fret the Great instead.
Nay, more ! Each lingering glory fond to trace,
The muse hath ever loved an ancient race ;
Loved, where she might, to deck with sweetest rhyme
Each precious relic of the olden time,
And snatch and wreath anew, with greenest bay,
The fading chaplets Age would cast away ;
But when, as now, low-stooping to pretence——

B. Was Walpole then such perfect innocence ?

A. Yet, if Sir Robert knew each patriot's price,
Pretence, at least, was not his age's vice.
No idle blushes—no grimaces made—
The account was rendered in—and Cato paid.
If guileful they, yet ours the graver guile ;
We cheat with vows—they cheated with a smile.

Yes ! now, pretences—oaths—have current use
To blanch the apostate's plea—the knave's excuse :
Himself lynx-eyed, this finds a people's mind
Besotted deep, and lends his blaze to blind.
This vows reform ; reform full deftly planned
To hinder warmer heart and franker hand.
'To shirk one's party' Gyro damns for sin,
Nor 'rats' from his, as long as they keep in.
Old Syphax cries, 'I hate a party's thrall,'
And, pledged to none, receives his bribes from all.

E'en loftiest natures, with ambition curst,
Hard penalty ! to lead must follow first ;
And when the rest, at length, the van concede,
Keep the old track, and only just precede ;
On useful knavery hold the bridle slack ;
And, when seems useful, rein frank honour back ;
With falsehood, nay, with treachery, oft must mate,
And greatness lose, in striving to be great.
Hence, if, at last, the struggling will thou bend,
And stoop to herd a while for worthiest end ;
Add thy proud venture to their vulgar wares,
Nor scorn to let thy motives mix with theirs ;
Yet, in disgust thou oft shalt quit the band,
To take, like Abdiel, solitary stand ;
Or, held impracticable and high-flown,
Left, if not leaving, find thyself alone.

And what for him who leans on other's part,
But disappointed hopes and sickening heart !

In freedom reared, for treachery deemed too young,
A nation's hopes on high-born Cassius hung.
When stormy senates raised the stern debate,
Of power he seemed to save a sinking state ;

And many a bold, confiding heart, I wis,
 Had pledged its dearest, holiest hopes to his.
 Gods ! how we felt, when, strong in honour's might,
 For England's fame he rose, for England's right ;
 Hurl'd his proud threats, impeachment, and disgrace ;
 Flashed—flamed—then perorated—snug in place !”

As a specimen of the more miscellaneous poems at the end of this beautiful volume, we quote a sonnet.

FREEDOM.

“ ’Tis not because fierce swords are flashing there
 With license and a reckless scorn of life,
 When for some petty gaud upstarts a strife,
 That freedom there must harbour. Slavery's air
 Breeds many a liveried satrap, prompt to dare,
 And soldier-serfs are ready there and rife
 To march at summons of the jerking file.
 But where swords—some—are turned to ploughshare ; where
 Others, not rusted, o'er the household hearth,
 In peaceful pomp, near cradled babe are hung ;
 And sires rest revered in holy earth,
 And marriage-bells with holy cheer are rung,
 There Freedom dwells, Constraint's sublime reward,
 And Peace must rear her, e'en if War must guard.”

Fitzherbert ; or, Lovers and Fortune-Hunters. A Novel. 3 vols.
 By the Authoress of the “Bride of Siena.”

The authoress of the “Bride of Siena,” which has been pronounced, by no less an authority than Thomas Campbell, to be “a poem full of grace and sweetness,” now appears before us in the character of a novelist. That the descriptions of scenery, of the graces of form and beauty, should reach the mind of a poet, and that the diction should sparkle with metaphor and simile, was naturally to be expected ; and the very opening of the story in Windsor Forest amply justifies such anticipations. But there is throughout these volumes a play of wit and humour—a delicate vein of satire and irony—a knowledge of the world and of the human heart, which prove the judgment and observing powers of the writer to be fully equal to her imagination. The pathetic scenes will, perhaps, be ranked amongst her highest efforts ; and we know few passages in any work of the present day so deeply interesting as the account of the examination for honours at Oxford, and the description of the effect of an unjust decision on the sensitive mind of the student, who saw himself thus rudely cast to earth at the moment he fancied he had grasped the lofty object of his ambition for so many toilsome months and years. Among the merits of “Fitzherbert” must not be omitted the high one of its moral purity ; Vice appears not in it arrayed in alluring colours ; Virtue has nothing harsh or forbidding in her aspect.

The hero of the tale is introduced to us on the eve of his leaving Eton ; we afterwards accompany him to the university of Oxford ; and whence the fair authoress derived her knowledge, we know not, but she seems as familiar with *scouts*, and *firsts*, and *double firsts*, and as well versed in the mysteries of *plucking*, and so forth, as if she had herself passed her *little go* and her *great go*. We have two heroines of the Minna and Brenda *genera*, both in love with the hero : we have also a pair of villains, (no novel now being complete without such,) manœuvring mammas,

and establishment-seeking daughters. The comic heroine of the story is a certain Miss Matthews, governess and chaperon to *the* heroine, Emily Harland, a personification of vanity, selfishness, and presumptuous self-sufficiency. She is the occasion of many ludicrous scenes; and we will here hint that, in *our* eyes, though not perhaps in those of readers in general, the tendency of the writer to extravagance and caricature is rather extreme; and we trust it will, in her future works, be kept more completely under control. One great advantage, however, is, that the story never flags; the writer "keeps moving," scenes and incidents follow in rapid succession, the comic and the tragic come and go like shade and sunshine on an April day, and the drama terminates in the full blaze of a double wedding, with all its anticipations of future bliss. In fine, we can assure the readers of "*Fitzherbert*" of abundance of amusement, of some tears, and of more instruction than they perhaps expect.

Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology. By CHARLES WATERTON, Esq., Author of "*Wanderings in South America.*"

This is the kind of book that make its appearance only once or twice in a century. Let everybody that loves natural history, or "all the ways and economy of nature," and hates the vague generalities, the mere book-learning and pedantry with which these subjects are so generally treated, make haste to purchase it. Let him place it on the same shelf with White's "*Natural History of Selborne*," the "*Journal of a Naturalist*," Mr. Jesse's volumes, and the few—the very few other delightful, frank, genuine books we possess of that sort. One of the best of these books is the author's own "*Wanderings*," the originality and plain speaking of which quite puzzled the makers of criticism; while some of his adventures completely shook the faith of untravelled readers, or of those whose travels had only lain through France and Italy, never leading them to the mighty wilds of Africa, or the New World. For ourselves, we have always been fervid believers in all the marvellous things told to us, even so the saddling of the Alligator or Cayman; and we have long been assured by those who have the honour of knowing him well, that Mr. Waterton, in earlier life, had a spirit of daring and enterprise, that paused at nothing; and that he has had, at all seasons of his honourable life, a thorough detestation of falsehood—even of those venial offences commonly called "white lies." It was quite natural that such a person should see and do strange things in the swamps and savannahs of the Orinoco, and that people of sedentary habits and timid tempers should be greatly marvelled thereat. Besides, it is the fate of every traveller, and almost every other writer, that goes out of the common beat, to be visited with captious criticism.

We are sorry to see that Mr. Waterton betrays some irritation at being called "eccentric," which, at the risk of offending him, we must say he is. And, indeed, it is this quality that gives such a marvellous piquancy to all he does, or says, or writes; and this it is, added to his practice of studying things with his own eyes, and his habit of taking to his heart the objects of his studies, and loving birds and beasts as if they were his fellow-creatures, that renders the book before us one of the most delicious we ever read. Let him consider the term "eccentric" as an equivalent for "original," and all will be well, and perfectly just. He knuckles a certain ex-professor of natural history in King's College, London, rather smartly, yet not savagely, (for there is no cruelty or malice in Mr. Waterton's nature,) for calling him "eccentric," and, in retaliation, he proves pretty clearly that the said ex-professor knows little enough about "water-fowl." He concludes herefrom that the

person alluded to "has spent more of his time in books than in bogs," and says that "his deficiency in bog-education" is much to be lamented. Without pretending to know much of the said ex-professor's writings, we should have come to a directly opposite conclusion, fancying that he had spent more of his time in *bogs* than in *books*, though he had not the sense to avail himself of his local advantages in the way which his critic means. But let that pass. Our business is with Mr. Waterton, who is worth a score of such professors. Most, if not all of the essays collected in this little pocket volume, appeared separately as contributions to the *Magazine of Natural History*; and Mr. Loudon, the industrious and excellent editor of that excellent work, has put them in their present form; having, in a happy moment, suggested that Mr. Waterton should head the whole with a *preis* of his own adventurous life. This autobiographical sketch is *impayable*.

"I think I have seen in a book, but I forget which just now, that, when we read a work, we generally have a wish to see the author's portrait, or, at least, to know something of him.

"Under this impression, I conceive that a short account of myself will not be wholly uninteresting to the reader; who, it is to be hoped, will acquit me of egotism, as I declare, in all truth, that I write these memoirs with no other object in view, than that of amusing him.

"I was born at Walton Hall, near Wakefield, in the county of York, some five and fifty years ago: this tells me that I am no chicken; but, were I asked how I feel with regard to the approaches of old age, I should quote Dryden's translation of the description which the Roman poet has given us of Charon:—

'He seem'd in years, yet in his years were seen
A vernal vigour and autumnal green.'

In fact, I feel as though I were no more than thirty years old. I am quite free from all rheumatic pains; and am so supple in the joints, that I can climb a tree with the utmost facility. I stand six feet high, all but half an inch. On looking at myself in the glass, I can see at once that my face is anything but comely: continual exposure to the sun, and to the rains of the tropics, has furrowed it in places, and given it a tint, which neither Rowland's Kalydor, nor all the cosmetics on Belinda's toilette, would ever be able to remove. My hair, which I wear very short, was once of a shade betwixt brown and black: it has now the appearance as though it had passed the night exposed to a November hoarfrost. I cannot boast of any great strength of arm; but my legs, probably by much walking, and by frequently ascending trees, have acquired vast muscular power: so that, on taking a view of me from top to toe, you would say that the upper part of Tithonus has been placed upon the lower part of Ajax. Or, to speak zoologically, were I exhibited for show at a horse fair, some learned jockey would exclaim, he is half Rosinante, half Bucephalus."

In general, we care little enough about genealogical tables, but Mr. Waterton boasts of an ancestor whose name will be revered by honourable minds in all ages.

"The poet tells us that the good qualities of man and of cattle descend to their offspring. 'Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.' If this holds good, I ought to be pretty well off, as far as breeding goes; for, on the father's side, I come in a direct line from Sir Thomas More, through my grandmother; whilst by the mother's side I am akin to the Bedingfelds of Oxburgh, to the Charltons of Hazleaside, and to the Swinburnes of Capheaton.

"My family has been at Walton Hall for some centuries. It emigrated into Yorkshire, from Waterton in the island of Axeholme in Lincolnshire, where it had been for a very long time. Indeed, I dare say I could trace it up to Father Adam, if my progenitors had only been as careful in preserving family records, as the Arabs are in recording the pedigree of their horses; for I do most firmly believe that we are all descended from Adam and his wife Eve, notwithstanding what certain self-sufficient philosophers may have advanced to the contrary. Old Matt Prior had

probably an opportunity of laying his hands on family papers of the same purport as those which I have not been able to find ; for he positively informs us that Adam and Eve were his ancestors :—

‘ Gentlemen, here, by your leave,
Lie the bones of Mathew Prior,
A son of Adam and of Eve :
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher ?’

Depend upon it, the man under Afric’s burning zone, and he from the frozen regions of the north, have both come from the same stem. Their difference in colour and in feature may be traced to this ; viz., that the first has had too much, and the second too little, sun.

“ In remote times, some of my ancestors were sufficiently notorious to have had their names handed down to posterity. They fought at Cressy, and at Agincourt, and at Marston Moor. Sir Robert Waterton was governor of Pontefract Castle, and had charge of King Richard II. Sir Hugh Waterton was executor to his sovereign’s will, and guardian to his daughters. Another ancestor was sent into France by the king, with orders to contract a royal marriage. He was allowed thirteen shillings a day for his trouble and travelling expenses. Another was Lord Chancellor of England, and preferred to lose his head rather than sacrifice his conscience. Another was master of the horse, and was deprived both of his commission and his estate, on the same account as the former. His descendants seemed determined to perpetuate their claim to the soil ; for they sent a bailiff once in every seven years to dig up a sod on the territory. I was the first to discontinue this septennial act, seeing law and length of time against us.”

Many of our readers will be aware that Mr. Waterton is a Roman Catholic, but we confess we were scarcely prepared for the zeal which blazes out in the following passages. Part of this, no doubt, proceeds from serious conviction ; but we cannot help suspecting that a part is attributable to that frame of mind in him, which we must not again mention. Among enlightened minds there can be only one opinion as to the persecutions and disqualifications under which the professors of the ancient faith laboured until very recently ; and nobody acquainted with history or divinity will for a moment think of resting the merits of the Protestant religion upon the characters of that monster Henry VIII. and of certain other men, who were accidentally the instruments, not of introducing it, (for the seed was sown in *spite of them*, and in good part *before their time*,) but of giving it encouragement and an establishment. We might say a word about Luther, but it is scarcely necessary. We have no wish to enter into polemics, and people will read the thing as a Roman Catholic’s version of the history of the Reformation, and nothing else. If such a version had been published in the time of Henry VIII., or Elizabeth, or Edward VI., the writer, in all probability, would have been burnt ; at a later period he would have put his nose and ears—to say nothing of his estate—in great jeopardy. In these respects things are better as they are now, when every man may speak his mind, and every other man may refute or answer him.

“ Up to the reign of Henry VIII., things had gone on swimmingly for the Water-tons ; and it does not appear that any of them had ever been in disgrace.

‘ Neque in his quisquam damnatus et exsul.’

But during the sway of that ferocious brute, there was a sad reverse of fortune :—

‘ Ex illo fluere, ac retro sublapsa referri,
Spes Danaum.’

‘ From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb’d much faster than it flow’d before.’

The cause of our disasters was briefly this :—The king fell scandalously in love with a buxom lass, and he wished to make her his lawful wife, notwithstanding that his

most virtuous queen was still alive. Having applied to the head of the church for a divorce, his request was not complied with; although Martin Luther, the apostate friar and creed-reformer, had allowed the Margrave of Hesse to have two wives at one and the same time. Upon this refusal, our royal goat became exceedingly mischievous: '*Audax omnia perpēti ruit per vetitum nefas.*' Having caused himself to be made head of the church, he suppressed all the monasteries, and squandered their revenues amongst gamesters, harlots, mountebanks, and apostates. The poor, by his villanies, were reduced to great misery, and they took to evil ways in order to keep body and soul together. During this merciless reign, seventy-two thousand of them were hanged for thieving.

"In good* Queen Mary's days there was a short tide of flood in our favour; and Thomas Waterton of Walton Hall was high sheriff of York. This was the last public commission held by our family."

It is amusing to compare Mr. Waterton's character of Queen Mary with that given of her by Sir Walter Scott in one of his diaries. The poet and Protestant is, to say the least, as plain spoken as the naturalist and Catholic. Scott, being at Calais, and saying that one must be vernacular when on French ground, calls her "the bloody papist bitch, Queen Mary, of red-hot memory.* The truth, as usual, lies between; and some Protestant minds may take comfort to themselves on reflecting that the bilious, the hypochondriac and wretched daughter of Henry and Catherine of Arragon, must have suffered more than the victims she burned, or permitted others to burn, at Smithfield.

Mr. Waterton continues—

"The succeeding reigns brought every species of reproach and indignity upon us. We were declared totally incapable of serving our country; we were held up to the scorn of a deluded multitude, as damnable idolaters; and we were unceremoniously ousted out of our tenements; our only crime being a conscientious adherence to the creed of our ancestors, professed by England for nine long centuries before the Reformation. So determined were the new religionists that we should grope our way to heaven along the crooked and gloomy path which they had laid out for us, that they made us pay twenty pounds a month, by way of penalty, for refusing to hear a married parson read prayers in the church of Sandal Magna; which venerable edifice had been stripped of its altar, its crucifix, its chalice, its tabernacle, and all its holy ornaments, not for the love of God, but for the private use and benefit of those who had laid their sacrilegious hands upon them. My ancestors acted wisely. I myself (as I have already told the public in a printed letter) would rather run the risk of going to hell with St. Edward the Confessor, Venerable Bede, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, than make a dash at heaven in company with Harry VIII., Queen Bess, and Dutch William.

"Oliver Cromwell broke down our drawbridge; some of his musket-balls remaining in one of the old oaken gates, which are in good repair to this day. Not being able to get in, he carried off everything in the shape of horses and cattle that his men could lay their hands on.

"Dutch William enacted doubly severe penal laws against us: during the reign of that sordid foreigner, some little relaxation was at last made in favour of dissenters; but it was particularly specified, that nothing contained in the act should be construed 'to give ease to any papist or popish recusant.'

"My grandfather had the honour of being sent prisoner to York, a short time before the battle of Culloden, on account of his well-known attachment to the hereditary rights of kings, in the person of poor Charley Stuart, who was declared a pretender! On my grandfather's release, he found that his horses had been sent to Wakefield, there to be kept at his own expense. But the magistrates very graciously allowed him to purchase a horse for his own riding, provided the price of it was under five pounds.

"My own father paid double taxes for some years after he came to the estate.

"Times are better for us now: but I, individually, am not much better for the

* Camden, the Protestant historian, says that Queen Mary was a princess never sufficiently to be commended of all men for pious and religious demeanour, her commiseration towards the poor, &c.

† Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, vol. vi. p. 365.

change; for I will never take Sir Robert Peel's oath. In framing that abominable oath, I don't believe that Sir Robert cared one fig's end whether the soul of a Catholic went up, after death, to the King of Brightness, or descended to the king of brimstone: his only aim seems to have been to secure to the church by law established, the full possession of the loaves and fishes. But, as I have a vehement inclination to make a grab at those loaves and fishes, in order to distribute a large proportion of them to the poor of Great Britain, who have an undoubted claim to it, I do not intend to have my hands tied behind me: hence my positive refusal to swallow Sir Robert Peel's* oath. Still, take it or refuse it, the new dynasty may always make sure of my loyalty, even if any of our old line of kings were still in existence; for

‘ The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I have allegiance sworn,
While they can keep possession.’”

“ The boy is father to the man.” Mr. Waterton's tastes began to show themselves, and very energetically, at a very early period.

“ When I was not quite eight years old, I had managed to climb upon the roof of an out-house, and had got to a starling's nest under one of the slates. Had my foot slipped, I should have been in as bad a plight as was poor Ophelia in the willow tree, when the ‘ envious sliver broke.’ The ancient housekeeper, mentioned in the account of the barn-owl, had cast her rambling eye upon me. Seeing the danger I was in, she went and fetched a piece of gingerbread, with which she lured me down, and then she seized me, as though I had been a malefactor.

“ At nine years old, I was sent to a school in the north of England, where literature had scarcely any effect upon me, although it was duly administered in large doses by a very scientific hand. But I made vast proficiency in the art of finding birds' nests. It was judged necessary by the master of the school to repress this inordinate relish for ornithological architecture, which, in his estimation, could be productive of no good. Accordingly, the birch rod was brought to bear upon me when occasion offered; but the warm application of it, in lieu of effacing my ruling passion, did but tend to render it more distinct and clear. Thus are bright colours in crockery-ware made permanent by the action of fire; thus is dough turned into crust by submitting it to the oven's heat.

“ My first adventure on the water made a lasting impression, on account of the catastrophe which attended it. There was a large horsepond, separated by a hedge from the field which was allotted to the scholars for recreation-ground. An oblong tub, used for holding dough before it is baked, had just been placed by the side of the pond. I thought that I could like to have an excursion on the deep; so taking a couple of stakes out of the hedge, to serve as oars, I got into the tub, and pushed off;—

—— ‘ Ripæ ulterioris amore.’

I had got above half way over, when, behold, the master and the late Sir John Lawson of Brough Hall suddenly rounded a corner and hove in sight. Terrified at their appearance, I first lost a stake, and then my balance: this caused the tub to roll like a man-of-war in a calm. Down I went to the bottom, and rose again covered with mud and dirt. ‘ Terribili squalore Charon.’ My good old master looked grave, and I read my destiny in his countenance; but Sir John said that it was a brave adventure, and he saved me from being brought to a court-martial for disobedience of orders, and for having lost my vessel.

“ On my return home from this school, I was once within an ace of closing all accounts here below for ever. About one o'clock in the morning, Monsieur Raquedel, the family chaplain, thought that he heard an unusual noise in the apartment next to his bed-room. He arose, and, on opening the door of the chamber whence the noise had proceeded, he saw me in the act of lifting up the sash; and he was just in time to save me from going out at a window three stories high. I was fast asleep; and, as soon as he caught hold of me, I gave a loud shriek. I thought I was on my way to a neighbouring wood, in which I knew of a crow's nest.

* ‘ I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment within this realm,’ &c. (See Sir Robert Peel's Oath.)

“ I was now shortly to be conducted to a place where at intervals I could attend to birds, without much risk of neglecting books.”

The place to which our author alludes was Stonyhurst, near Clitheroe, in Lancashire, where some Jesuits, driven from the continent by the armies of the French Republicans, had established a college. As we have repeatedly heard men, who were not in their after life noted for their attachment to mother-church, speak with the greatest respect, and even with tender affection, of their early preceptors, the scattered members of the once all-powerful Society of Jesus, we are not surprised that the tone of so zealous a Catholic as Mr. Waterton should be warm and enthusiastic. The most perfect gentleman we ever knew in the south of Europe had been educated by the Jesuits. They were old men in our young days, and while we have been growing old, they have, without a single exception, gone to their graves. One of these most gentlemanly pupils of the Jesuits was Don Felice Colonna, a descendant from the great Roman house, and who was well known in his day to many an English traveller.

“ Voltaire had said repeatedly that he could not subvert Christianity until he had destroyed the Jesuits. Their suppression was at last effected; partly by his own impious writings, and partly by the intrigues of kept mistresses at the different courts, who joined their influence to the already enormous power in the hands of the infidel ministers of the day. The woes unutterable which these poor followers of Jesus Christ had to endure at the hands of the wretches who had caused the breaking up of their order, seemed to have made no alteration in their disposition; for, on my arrival at Stonyhurst, I found them mild and cheerful, and generous to all around them. During the whole of my stay with them, (and I remained at their college till I was nearly twenty years old,) I never heard one single expression come from their lips that was not suited to the ear of a gentleman and a Christian. Their watchfulness over the morals of their pupils was so intense, that I am ready to declare, were I on my death-bed, I never once had it in my power to open a book in which there was to be found a single paragraph of an immoral tendency.

“ My master was Father Clifford, a first cousin of the noble lord of that name. He had left the world, and all its alluring follies, that he might serve Almighty God more perfectly, and work his way with more security up to the regions of eternal bliss. After educating those entrusted to his charge with a care and affection truly paternal, he burst a blood-vessel, and retired to Palermo, for the benefit of a warmer climate. There he died the death of the just, in the habit of St. Ignatius.”

“ One day, when I was in the class of poetry, and which was about two years before I left the college for good and all, he called me up to his room. ‘ Charles,’ said he to me, in a tone of voice perfectly irresistible, ‘ I have long been studying your disposition, and I clearly foresee that nothing will keep you at home. You will journey into far distant countries, where you will be exposed to many dangers. There is only one way for you to escape them. Promise me that, from this day forward, you will never put your lips to wine, or to spirituous liquors. The sacrifice is nothing,’ added he, ‘ but, in the end, it will prove of incalculable advantage to you.’ I agreed to his enlightened proposal, and from that hour to this, which is now about nine and thirty years, I have never swallowed one glass of any kind of wine, or of ardent spirits.

“ At Stonyhurst there are boundaries marked out to the students, which they are not allowed to pass; and there are prefects always pacing to and fro within the lines, to prevent any unlucky boy from straying on the other side of them. Notwithstanding the vigilance of these lynx-eyed guardians, I would now and then manage to escape, and would bolt into a very extensive labyrinth of yew and holly trees, close at hand. It was the chosen place for animated nature. Birds, in particular, used to frequent the spacious enclosure, both to obtain food and to enjoy security. Many a time have I hunted there the fowmart and the squirrel. I once took a cut through it to a neighbouring wood, where I knew of a carrion crow’s nest.

* * * * *

“ As the establishment was very large, and as it contained an abundance of prog, the Hanoverian rat, which fattens so well on English food, and which always contrives to thrust its nose into every man’s house where there is anything to be got,

swarmed through the vast extent of this antiquated mansion. The abilities which I showed in curtailing the career of this voracious intruder did not fail to bring me into considerable notice. The cook, the baker, the gardener, and my friend old Bowren, could all bear testimony to my progress in this line. By a mutual understanding, I was considered rat-catcher to the establishment, and also fox-taker, fowmart-killer, and crossbow-charger, at the time when the young rooks were fledged. Moreover, I fulfilled the duties of organ-blower, and foot-ball-maker, with entire satisfaction to the public.

“I was now at the height of my ambition.

———‘*Poteras jam, Cadme, videri
 . . . felix.*’

I followed up my calling with great success. The vermin disappeared by the dozen; the books were moderately well thumbed; and, according to my notion of things, all went on perfectly right.

“When I had finished my rhetoric, it was my father’s wish that I should return home. The day I left the Jesuits’ college was one of heartfelt sorrow to me. Under Almighty God and my parents, I owe everything to the fathers of the order of St. Ignatius. Their attention to my welfare was unceasing; whilst their solicitude for my advancement in virtue and literature seemed to know no bounds. The permission which they granted me to work in my favourite vocation, when it did not interfere with the important duties of education, enabled me to commence a career, which, in after times, afforded me a world of pleasure in the far distant regions of Brazil and Guiana. To the latest hour of my life I shall acknowledge, with feelings of sincerest gratitude, the many acts of paternal kindness which I so often received at the hands of the learned and generous fathers of Stonyhurst College, “*Præsidium et dulce decus meum.*”

After leaving the Jesuits, our author passed some time in Yorkshire with his father, who had been a noted hunter in his youth, and who introduced his son to Lord Darlington, whose witching horsemanship and cool intrepidity in charging fences made him the admiration of all fox-hunters. It was here that young Waterton acquired that grand desideratum in life—a good seat on the saddle. As his good sire, however, wished him to be something more than a mere fox-hunting squire, he soon sent him on his travels.

From the yellow fever, and an accumulation of horrors at Malaga, young Waterton escaped in a very daring manner on board of a Swedish brig, which sailed away and defied the pursuit of some Spanish ‘men-of-war.’ The villanous pestilence at Malaga had shaken him considerably, and in coming up the English channel he caught a cold, which fell upon his lungs. It was a toss up whether he should live or die; but an honest Yorkshire surgeon set him on his legs again, and he again hunted the country with the Darlington hounds. But he soon longed to bask in a warmer sun, and therefore went to the West Indies—an expedition which ended in a long residence, and, being followed by others to the South American continent, led to the discoveries and adventures, related in the “*Wanderings*,” and to some others which appear, for the first time, in the present volume.

Here is a pleasant adventure with a big snake on the Orinoco. John Edmonstone, who is now in Edinburgh, not only remembers it well, but often tells the story.

“Whilst we were wending our way up the river, an accident happened of a somewhat singular nature. There was a large labarri snake coiled up in a bush, which was close to us. I fired at it, and wounded it so severely that it could not escape. Being wishful to dissect it, I reached over into the bush, with the intention to seize it by the throat, and convey it aboard. The Spaniard at the tiller, on seeing this, took the alarm, and immediately put his helm a-port. This forced the vessel’s head to the stream, and I was left hanging to the bush with the snake close to me, not having been able to recover my balance as the vessel veered from the land. I kept firm hold of the branch to which I was clinging, and was three times over-head in

the water below, presenting an easy prey to any alligator that might have been on the look-out for a meal. Luckily, a man who was standing near the pilot, on seeing what had happened, rushed to the helm, seized hold of it, and put it hard a-starboard, in time to bring the head of the vessel back again. As they were pulling me up, I saw that the snake was evidently too far gone to do mischief; and so I laid hold of it, and brought it aboard with me, to the horror and surprise of the crew. It measured eight feet in length. As soon as I had got a change of clothes, I killed it, and made a dissection of the head."

A subject which the author has much at heart, and which he eloquently advocates in several papers of his present volume, is to rescue certain birds from the popular prejudices they have lain under in all ages, and in most countries. His essay on the barn owl, and the benefits it confers on man, helped out by little anecdotes and descriptions of the owls that have found a secure and honourable asylum on his patrimonial estate of Walton, is a delightful piece of writing; and his papers on the starling, the carrion crow, the rook, the raven, the jackdaw, and the magpie, are equally admirable. But the book all through is a perfect treat—a thing to be gotten by heart; and as we must in conscience cease quoting from it, we will end here.

Regal Records; or, a Chronicle of the Coronations of the Queens Regnant of England. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, F.S.A.

A very pleasant and well-timed book, written with Mr. Planché's usual animation and correctness—for the popular play-wright is an accomplished antiquary, and pains-taking and scrupulous in historical matters. We scarcely know a more correct, or—in its way—a more delightful little book, than his "*History of British Costume*," which was published some three or four years ago.

On the present occasion Mr. Planché makes a spirited reviewal of the ceremonies attending the coronations of former English queens reigning in their own right, and notices the customs peculiar to, or alterations upon, the interesting circumstance of a female accession. He therefore gives detached descriptions of the coronation of Mary Tudor, Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, and Anne, enlivening the whole with pleasant anecdotes and little episodes.

We really cannot join in the regret so loudly expressed by some of our contemporaries touching the cutting-off the banquet at the coming coronation of our young queen. Following so closely on the heels of the exhausting ceremonies in the abbey, the feast in the hall was enough to exhaust the strength of a war-horse, to say nothing of that of a young and delicate lady. As for the expense of the thing, we should not be inclined to rest a single objection thereon, nor do we believe that this consideration has had any weight with government. We would even employ the money (or some of it) that was expended in soups, *entremets*, and wines, in giving additional splendour to other parts of the ceremony. Encouragement might thus be given to many artists and ingenious artisans; besides, as long as we keep up royalty, there will be no harm in lending it all its graces and adornments!

We are told that the following observance is out of the reach of proclamations.

"Then the Holy Bible being presented to her Majesty, (*i. e.* Queen Anne,) she vouchsafed to kiss all the bishops, and then, being enthroned, the archbishops, and all the bishops, and lastly, all the temporal lords, did their homage, and seemingly kissed her Majesty's left cheek, and afterwards touched the crown, while the treasurer of the household threw about the coronation medals."—*Extract from the London Gazette of the day.*

To sit and be *kissed*, though only "seemingly," by such a host of the "spiritual and temporal," must, in itself, be a very trying and exhausting affair. We wish her most gracious Majesty well through with it!

Mr. Planché's opportune volume is illustrated with many little woodcuts, which greatly assist the right understanding of the text, and which are pretty and tasteful, in some respects, as works of art. We cordially recommend the whole to our readers' notice.

The Bit o' Writin', and other Tales. By the O'HARA FAMILY. 3 vols.

This work, "The Bit o' Writin'," which appeared first in our pages, is now printed, with some other admirable Tales, in a separate form. We need scarcely commend it to the attention of our readers, many of whom will be glad to add these attractive volumes to their collection. There is a truth, a buoyancy, and, we may add, a delicacy in Mr. Banim's style, which will ever render his productions welcome and safe sources of amusement for the leisure hour and in the domestic circle.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Southey's Poetical Works.—This volume, the sixth of the issue, contains the Ballads and Metrical Tales, which we have always considered as the most perfect things of this poet. We envy those who will have the pleasure of reading for the first time "Mary the Maid of the Inn," "The Old Woman of Berkeley," "The Pope and the Devil," "St. Gualberto," and the rest, which so delighted us in by-gone times. It is a choice volume, and ought to be acceptable to every class of readers.

The Minister's Family. By a Country Minister.—The author of this moral and religious volume tells us that his story is not only founded on facts, but is almost devoid of any fictitious admixture whatever. We should have guessed as much from the appearance of truthfulness and nature in every page. We can strongly recommend it for all young readers.

Diet and Regimen, Physical, Intellectual, and Moral, as Means in the Prevention and Cure of Disease. By ROBERT DICK, M.D.—As long as Doctor Dick treats of professional matters, we believe he may be perfectly right—or at least his errors are of that kind which we have not the science to discover. But *ne sutor*—let the mediciner stick to his medicine chest. When he goes on to treat of philosophy, poetry, belles lettres, and "the musical glasses," he talks a considerable deal of nonsense. Doctor Dick thinks that, from the mere effect of climate, the people of the south have infinitely more imagination than people of the north—the Italians, for example, more than the English or the Germans. We do not think so. Doctor Dick also thinks Lord Byron a greater poet than Milton O Dickens!

Paxton on the Culture of the Dahlia.—This is a cheap, simple, and every way excellent little book. By following its easy rules and instructions, any person may grow the most perfect specimens of one of the most beautiful of flowers. Mr. Paxton's little history of the first introduction of the long neglect, and then of the wonderful spread, of the dahlia, which has taken place in England within these ten or twelve years, is very striking, and will interest those who are not particularly given to horticulture.

The Student; or, The Midland Counties' Literary Repository.—We notice, with pleasure, the appearance of this new little periodical, which is got up and published at Nottingham. The principal contributor—if

not editor—is Mr. Thomas Ragg, whose poem on the Deity entitled him at once to a high standing among poets. We have looked through the two first numbers of this Repository. There is much to praise, and nothing to merit harsh condemnation. We were interested with the view of the entrance to the crypt of Newark Castle, which stands as frontispiece to the first number.

The Cheltenham Looker-On. A Note-Book of Fashionable Sayings and Doings.—A very pleasant repertory, in a convenient octavo size—a sort of mignon fashionable journal, which cannot fail of being highly acceptable to the ladies—and to many gentlemen also who have a dread of the measureless sheets and small type of the newspapers. We should think that Cheltenham and its neighbourhood could well support such a publication.

Bennet's Pocket Director for Engineers, &c.—A useful little manual for various artisans, and for those who have occasion to employ them in certain kinds of work. From the great number of his productions of this class, Mr. Bennet seems to be both an industrious and a successful writer.

Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities.—Twaddle. In part a senseless caricature of caricatures—in part, a spiritless imitation of Nimrod and Boz. The best of the book is the cloth binding, in green and gold; but some of the etchings are clever, and deserving of a better text.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- West's Mathematical Treatises. Edited by Sir J. Leslie. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Views of the Architecture of the Heavens. By J. P. Nichol. Second Edition, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Simpson's British Ecclesiastical History. 12mo. 9s.
 Wilson's Natural History of Quadrupeds and Whales. 4to. 12s.
 Hints for the Table, or the Economy of Good Living. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Newman's Lectures on Justification. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Parson's Plain Parochial Sermons. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
 The Church in the Army and Navy. Vol. II. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
 Sunday Lessons from the Old Testament, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
 Crossman's Family Prayers. Second Edition, 12mo. 2s.
 Twelve Sermons. By the Rev. J. Ford. 12mo. 4s. cl.
 Irish Tranquillity. By A. Meyler, M.D. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Goldsmith's Natural History. 4 vols. 24mo. 80 coloured Plates, 22s. 6d.
 Pearce on Children. 12mo. 7s.
 Tredgold on the Steam Engine and Steam Navigation, Part I. 4to. 2l. 2s.
 Rogers's Italy. New Edition. Fc. 5s.
 Topsail Sheet Blocks. By the Old Sailor. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Historical Records of the Second Dragoon Guards. 8vo. 8s.
 Historical Records of the Third Dragoon Guards. 8vo. 8s.
 Lady Montague's Letters from the Levant. Fc. 5s.
 Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Gill. By J. Rippon. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Principles of Political Economy. By H. C. Carey. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Thoughts on Men, Manners, and Things. By a Grumbler. 12mo. 8s. 6d.
 Holbrook's North American Herpetology. Vol. I. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.
 Tiarks's Sacred German Poetry. 12mo. 2s.
 Cooper's Lectures on Surgery. Fifth edition. 6s. 6d.
 Sweet's Law of Wills. 12mo. 6s.
 The Whist Player's Hand Book. 32mo. 1s.
 Il Traduttore. By A. Cassella. 12mo. 6s.
 The Robber. A Tale. By the Author of "Richelieu," "Gipsy," "Attila," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 The Lives of Eminent British Statesmen. Vol. V. By the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay. Forming Vol. CI. of "Lardner's Cyclopædia." Fcap. 6s.
 Seven Weeks in Belgium, Switzerland, Lombardy, Piedmont, Savoy, &c. By John Roby, Esq., M.R.S.L. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 5s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mrs. JAMISON, who has just returned from a Tour in Upper Canada, is preparing for publication her interesting observations on the Country and People, with an Account of an Extraordinary Journey and Residence among the Wild Indians. "WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES" is to be the title.

Mr. READE, Author of "Cain the Wanderer," "The Revolt of the Angels," &c., has just committed to the press his Poem, entitled "ITALY," on which he has been so long engaged, accompanied by Notes Historical and Descriptive, the fruits of his residence among the delightful scenes he has depicted. We anticipate much pleasure from the perusal of this work, which is expected to appear about the middle of May.

A New Work, from the pen of a Lady, is nearly ready, entitled "THE HEIRESS AND HER SUITORS."

The new Novel, entitled "HUSSARS, GUARDS, AND INFANTRY," from the pen of an Officer of high standing in the army, is expected to appear about the 3rd of the month. We understand the adventures are real, the guise only fiction.

"THE MEMOIRS AND REMINISCENCES OF MADAME TUSSAUD" will be published immediately.

A Letter on the expediency of erecting a National Establishment, in connexion with the New Houses of Parliament, for the purposes of Government and Parliamentary Printing. By P. Austin Nuttall.

The Doctrine of the Sacrament, as exhibited in several Treatises, first published in the Remains of Alexander Knox, Esq.

Professor Thomas Rymer Jones, of King's College, London, is engaged in writing "A General Outline of the Animal Kingdom;" exhibiting the structure and internal economy of every class of living beings, and their adaptation to the circumstances in which they are severally destined to exist. The work will be systematically illustrated by an extensive series of Drawings by the Author, and published on the plan of Professor Bell's and Mr. Yarrell's works on British Zoology.

Sir Anthony Carlisle, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Surgeon to the Westminster Hospital, has in the press a work, entitled "Practical Observations on the Preservation of Health, and the Prevention of Diseases:" comprising the Author's extended experience on the Disorders of Childhood and Old Age—on Scrofula—the Efficacy of Purgative Medicines—the Prevalent Diseases and Health of London, &c. &c.

A Treatise on the Art of Fly-Fishing, Trolling, &c., as practised on the Dove, and on the principal Streams of the Midland Counties; and applicable to every Trout and Grayling River in the Empire. By W. Shipley. Edited by Edward Fitzgibbon. 300 pages. Illustrated by numerous Woodcuts.

Mr. William Howitt has just ready for publication, "Colonization and Christianity"—a popular History of the Treatment of the Natives in all their Colonies by the Europeans. Contents: The Discovery of America—The Spaniards in the West Indies—The Spaniards in Mexico—The Spaniards in Peru—The Spaniards in Paraguay—The Spaniards in Brazil—The Portuguese in India—The Dutch in India—The English in India; their Mode of Territorial Acquisition there; their Treatment of the Natives; their more recent Amelioration of their Condition—The English in America—The Treatment of the American Indians by the United States—The French in their Colonies—The English in New Zealand and Australia—The English at the Cape, &c. &c. One volume, post 8vo.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The expectations which were raised of a revival in our commercial transactions have not as yet, we regret to state, been realised. In the manufacturing districts considerable stillness as yet prevails. Our accounts from Liverpool speak of an improved feeling in the cotton market, but that the intelligence from New York is not of a nature to enhance the value of the raw material. During the past week 67,500 ounces of gold coin have been shipped for America.

May, 1838.—VOL. XXII.—NO. LXXXV.

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PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

On Wednesday, 25th of April.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 206.—Three per Cent. Consols, 93 five-eighths.—Three per Cent. reduced, 92 three-quarters.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 100 one-quarter.—Consols for Account, 93 five-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 67s. to 69s. prem.—India Bonds, 67s. to 69s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 33.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 one-eighth.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 93 three-quarters.—Spanish Active Bonds, 22 one-half.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—City, Wednesday Evening, April 25.—In the British Stock Market there was a disposition manifested for investments in money stock this morning, and it caused an advance of about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in Consols and the Three-and-a-Half per Cents. Consols for money touched 93 $\frac{3}{4}$, but the closing quotations receded to 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ money and account. The Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Reduced Annuities are 100 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$, and the New Three-and-a-Half per Cents. 101 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$. Bank Stock is 205 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 206, and India Stock 270 $\frac{1}{2}$, for money. The premium upon Exchequer Bills is 67 a 69, and on India Bonds, marked, 76 a 77; on those not marked, 6 a 7.

Business in the Foreign bonds has been very limited. Portuguese Old Five per Cent. Bonds are 69 $\frac{1}{2}$; the New Five per Cents. are 33 a $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Three per Cent. ditto 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$. Spanish Bonds, with the May Coupons, are 20 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Deferred 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$. Brazilian Bonds are 76 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Colombian, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$. Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents. are 54 a $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Old Fives 99 $\frac{1}{2}$. United States Bank Stock is 25 $\frac{1}{2}$.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MARCH 27, TO APRIL 20, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

Mar. 27.—G. Munro, Great Mitchell Street, St. Luke's, ironfounder.—M. Thomas, Lawrence Lane, Cheapside, warehouseman.—J. Bell, Cockermouth, Cumberland, hat manufacturer.—J. Slingsby, Moston, Lancashire, cattle-dealer.—R. Dickens, Bagsworth, Derbyshire, cotton spinner.—J. Harries, Carmarthen, timber merchant.—R. Smellie, Kingston-upon-Hull, draper.—G. Evans, Carnarvon, innkeeper.—W. Booty, Mundford, Norfolk, seedsman.—B. Hill, Birmingham, stationer.—D. Hogarth, sen., Great Yarmouth, coach proprietor.—R. Pritchard, Tupsley, Hereford, brick-maker.

Mar. 30.—R. Clark, Bognor, Sussex.—T. Robson, Eastcheap, City, operative chemist.—F. Lawrence, New Cut, Lambeth, general dealer.—A. Morrison, Watford, Hertfordshire, grocer and cheesemonger.—R. F. Webb, Wellclose Square, Whitechapel, shipchandler.—J. Stead, Armley, Yorkshire, woollen cloth manufacturer.—R. M. Mornement, Burnham Westgate, Norfolk, grocer and draper.—J. May, Newport, Isle of Wight, mercer.—J. Lorden and N. Hadley, Herne Bay, Kent, builders.—C. H. Rowe, Cheltenham, woollen draper.—T. Hood, Birmingham, currier.—J. Henderson, High Crosby, Cumberland, horse-dealer.—W. Routledge, Oakshaw, Cumberland, cattle dealer.—A. Scott, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, builder.—W. Walker, Kingston-upon-Hull, warehouseman.

April 3.—A. Brown, Quadrant, Regent Street, laceman.—R. Bishop, Greenwich, Kent, grocer.—J. Winder, Little May's Buildings, Bedfordbury, tobacconist.—J. Philpott, Rochester, Kent, ironmonger.—J. B. Baldwin, Whitkirk, Yorkshire, merchant.—T. Johnson, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, draper.—J. Woodhouse, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, victualer.—T. Eatough, Blackburn, Lancashire, provision dealer.—W. H. Hornsfield, Preston, Lancashire, draper.—T. Royle, Manchester, muslin manufacturer.

April 6.—E. R. Bell, Hoxton Old Town,

common brewer.—R. Brown, Maidstone, ironfounder.—F. Strong and W. Barthold, Great Tower Street, merchants.—R. Martin, Oxford Street, linen draper.—G. Dawson, Worksop, Nottinghamshire, innkeeper.—W. and W. W. Searle, Alford, Lincolnshire, grocers.—G. Carter, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, furniture brokers.

April 10.—J. Barnett, Birmingham, builder.—W. H. Hounsfield, Preston, Lancashire, draper.—J. Rutherford, Wingerworth, Derbyshire, stone quarrier.—J. Young, Brighton, silk mercer.—C. J. Evans, Woolhampton, Berkshire, innkeeper.—W. Stephenson, Stokesley, Yorkshire, linen manufacturer.—D. Ward, Manchester, iron merchant.—R. Reed, Dawlish, Devonshire, miller.—J. R. Bradley, Sheffield, horn merchant.—G. Watts, Nottingham, lace-dealer.

April 13.—C. Bailey and W. H. Potter, Garlick Hill, wholesale druggists.—J. Frost, Grafton Street, Soho, goldsmith.—T. Ashton, Stockport, cotton spinner.—W. Pearce, Leamington Priors, builder.—R. S. Irish, Worcester, wine merchant.—C. Davison, Sunderland, cabinet-maker.—J. Barnett, jun., Birmingham, builder.—J. Bratt, West Bromwich, draper.

April 17.—W. Ewington, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, scrivener.—R. Turner, Kingston-upon-Hull, joiner.—S. Hugo, Truro, Cornwall, maltster.—J. J. Wilcock, Hovingham, Yorkshire, surgeon.—W. Moss, Monk Sherborne, Southampton, builder.—S. Nicholls and C. Bateson, Leeds, carpet dealers.—W. Dorrell, Colchester, innkeeper.—P. Magee, Liverpool, marine store dealer.—E. Watson, Nettleham, Lincolnshire, saddler.—M. Garvide, Dukeshire, pot manufacturer.

April 20.—W. Tooly, St. James's Buildings, Clerkenwell, carpenter.—G. Andrews, Starminster Marshall, Dorsetshire, woolstapler.—R. Procter, Nettleham, Lincolnshire, farmer.—J. Pilling, Habergham Eaves, Lancashire, millwright.—G. Evans, Poole, trunk-maker.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 8° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton, the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Feb.					
23	36-29	29.46-29.36	E.		Cloudy, a little hail and rain in the morning.
24	41-30	29.20-29.08	E. b. S.	.075	Even. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain all the morn.
25	49-35	28.87-28.74	S. b. E.	.075	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear. [and even.
26	34-32	29.02-28.90	N.E.		Cloudy, with frequent rain.
27	39-30	29.10 Stat.	E. b. N.	.25	Cloudy, rain at times.
28	50-33	29.11-29.10	S.W.		Generally cloudy, rain at times.
March					
1	47-36	29.10 Stat.	S. b. W.	.2025	Cloudy, rain at times.
2	47-36	29.11-29.09	N.E.	.25	Cloudy, rain at times.
3	46-29	29.21-29.19	N. b. E.	.15	Evening clear, otherwise overcast.
4	47-28	29.15-28.99	E. b. N.		Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
5	45-36	29.70-29.48	N.	.125	Cloudy.
6	50-38	29.72-29.70	S.W.	.125	Generally clear.
7	49-30	29.88-29.80	W. b. S.		Generally clear, except the evening, cloudy, with
8	47-31	30.14-29.99	N.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear. [rain.
9	49-23	30.21-30.09	S.		Generally clear.
10	46-26	29.94-29.85	S.E.		Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
11	47-28	29.83-29.73	S.E.		Generally clear.
12	47-23	30.06-30.00	N.E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
13	50-25	30.05-30.04	S.		Cloudy, rain at times.
14	58-35	30.08-29.90	S.W.		Cloudy, a little rain about 1 o'clock P.M.
15	48-40	29.91-29.87	N.W.		Generally cloudy.
16	50-23	29.85-29.62	S.W.		Gen. clear, raining very heavily in the afternoon.
17	45-30	29.45-29.44	W. b. N.	.125	Generally clear.
18	47-30	29.59-29.55	N. W.		Generally clear.
19	47-33	29.57-29.38	S.W.		Generally overcast, a little rain about 9 A.M.
20	50-38	29.26-29.20	S.W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear, wind
21	44-29	29.40-29.34	S.W.		Gen. clear, hail in the afternoon. [bolsterous.
22	46-26	29.50-29.46	N.W.		Cloudy, rain at times. [in the afternoon.
23	41-24	29.55-29.53	N.W.		Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, snowing very fast
24	46-30	29.50-29.49	S.W.	.0125	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain at times.
25	51-29	29.98-29.72	S.W.		Generally clear.
26	53-20	30.10-30.04	W. b. N.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
27	50-24	30.31-30.21	N.E.		Generally clear.
28	57-28	30.44-30.41	N.E.		Generally clear.
29	59-27	30.44-30.43	N.E.		Generally clear, except the evening.
30	59-42	30.41-30.25	N.E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
31	51-35	30.15-30.08	N. b. E.		Generally overcast.
April					
1	43-21	30.10-30.08	S.E.		Generally clear.
2	47-13	29.98-29.37	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
3	43-22	29.89-29.87	N.		Generally clear, except the evening.
4	56-35	29.90-29.89	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
5	59-38	29.94-29.86	W.		Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the even.
6	60-41	29.08-29.00	S.W.	.1125	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
7	52-38	29.55-29.24	S.W.		Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.
8	47-35	29.45-29.13	W.	.2025	Morning cloudy, with rain.
9	48-31	29.88-29.65	N.W.	.0125	Generally clear.
10	63-25	30.03-29.95	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
11	67-45	30.07-30.04	S.W.		Generally clear.
12	57-32	30.12-30.09	N.W.		Generally clear.
13	51-29	30.15-30.04	N.W.		Generally cloudy.
14	50-37	29.98-29.87	W. b. S.		Generally cloudy.
15	61-36	29.75-29.68	W.		Generally clear, a shower of rain in the evening.
16	40-26.5	29.66-29.60	W.		Gen. cloudy, snow and hail during the day.
17	45-25	29.64-29.57	W. b. N.	.1	Cloudy, frequent showers of rain during the aftern.
18	39-20	29.71-29.64	N.W.	.1	Cloudy, snow and rain at times.
19	44-27	29.68 Stat.	N.W.	.075	Even. clear, otherwise cloudy, snow in the morn.
20	48-27	29.71-29.68	N.		Generally cloudy, snow and rain at times.
21	49-27	29.65-29.50	W. b. N.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
22	43-25	29.28-29.20	S.E.	.1125	Gen. cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.

NEW PATENTS.

J. P. Holebrook, of Devonshire Place, Edgeware Road, Gentleman, for an improved method or improved methods of propelling vessels. February 27th, 6 months.

J. D. Greenwood, and R. W. Keene, of the Belvedere Road, Lambeth, Manufacturers, for an improvement in the manufacture of cement, and in the application of cement and other earthy substances to the purpose of producing ornamental surfaces. February 27th, 6 months.

H. F. de Bouffet Montanban, Colonel of Cavalry, of Sloan Street, Chelsea, and J. C. de Medeiros, of Old London Street, Merchant, for certain improvements in the means of producing gas for illumination, and an apparatus connected with the consumption thereof. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 28th, 6 months.

W. W. Richards, of Birmingham, Gun-maker, for an improved primer for firearms. March 2nd, 6 months.

C. Fletcher, of Stroud, Gloucestershire, Mechanist, for certain improvements in the construction of looms for weaving. March 5th, 6 months.

W. Lewis, of Brunscomb, Gloucestershire, and J. Ferrabee, of Thrapp Mill, in the same parish, for certain improvements in machinery for dressing woollen and other cloths or fabrics requiring such a process. March 5th, 6 months.

H. Bessemere, of City Terrace, City Road, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for casting printing types, spaces, and quadrats, and the means of breaking off and counting the same. March 8th, 6 months.

W. Hale, of Greenwich, Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines, and apparatus connected therewith, and in machinery for propelling vessels. March 8th, 6 months.

M. W. Lawrence, of Leman Street, Goodman's Fields, Sugar Refiner, for certain improvements in the process of concentrating certain vegetable juices and saccharine solutions. March 8th, 6 months.

J. Seward, of the Canal Iron Works, Poplar, Engineer, for an improvement or improvements in steam-engines. March 10th, 6 months.

C. Schroth, of Sablonier's Hotel, Leicester Square, Gentleman, for certain improvements in preparing, pressing, and embossing the surface of leather. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 10th, 6 months.

T. Evans, of the Dowlais Iron Works, Agent, for an improved rail for railway purposes, together with the mode of manufacturing and fastening down the same. March 10th, 6 months.

A. Parker, of Gower Street, Bedford Square, Surveyor, and O. Byrne, of the same place, Professor of Mathematics, for a new instrument for gauging malt, and also for gauging the fluid or solid contents of casks and other vessels. March 10th, 6 months.

W. Dale, of Marsh Street, Stafford, Turner, for certain improvements in constructing columns, pillars, bed-posts, and other such like articles. March 14th, 6 months.

T. Joyce, of Camberwell New Road, Gardener, for certain improved modes of, and apparatus for, applying prepared fuel to various culinary and domestic purposes. March 15th, 6 months.

W. Horsfield, of Swillington Mills, near Leeds, Yorkshire, Corn Miller, for certain improvements in the construction of mills for grinding corn. March 19th, 6 months.

L. J. A. Ramel, of Lisle Street, Leicester Square, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for excavating and embanking earth, for the construction of railways and other works. March 19th, 6 months.

R. L. Chance, of the Glass Works, Smethwick, Stafford, for improvements in the manufacture of glass. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 19th, 6 months.

D. Victor, of Gracechurch Street, Gentleman, for improvements in rotary engines, to be worked by steam, or other aeriform fluids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 19th, 6 months.

J. Hill, of Haley Bridge, Chester, Cotton Spinner, for a certain apparatus applicable to machinery, used in the preparation of cotton, and other fibrous material, for the purpose of spinning. March 19th, 6 months.

J. Lowe, of King Street, Old Kent Road, Surrey, Mechanic, for improvements in propelling vessels. March 24th, 6 months.

M. W. Ivison, of Hailes Street, Edinburgh, Silk Spinner, for an improved method of preparing and spinning silk, wool, flax, and other fibrous substances, and for discharging the gum from silks, raw and manufactured. March 26th, 6 months.

J. Oliver, late of Castle Street, Falcon Square, but now of Queen Street, Golden Square, Gentleman, for certain improvement in the filters employed in sugar refining. March 26th, 6 months.

A. Coulon, of Token House Yard, in the City of London, Merchant, for improvements applicable to block printing. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 26th, 6 months.

T. Oram, of No. 27, East Street, Red Lion Square, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of fuel. March 26th, 6 months.

C. Hullmandel, of Great Marlborough Street, Westminster, Lithographic Printer, for a new mode of preparing certain surfaces for being corroded with acids, in order to produce patterns and designs for the purpose of certain kinds of printing and transparencies. March 26th, 6 months.

C. W. Grant, a Captain of the Corps of Bombay Engineers, residing at No. 1, St. Alban's Place, Westminster, for certain improved modes of exhibiting signals for the purpose of communicating intelligence either at sea or on shore. March 26th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—APRIL, 1838.

HOUSE OF LORDS, March 13.—Lord Glenelg moved the second reading of the Slavery Act Amendment Bill. The object of the measure, as stated at considerable length by the noble lord, was to render more effective the provisions of the Emancipation Act, which his lordship argued had been greatly frustrated in its operation by the legislatures and influential inhabitants of several of the colonies.—Lord Brougham and the Marquis of Sligo both approved of the principle of the Bill, but suggested some alterations in the details.—The Duke of Wellington thought a measure like the present had become necessary, but attributed the necessity to the conduct of some of the Colonial Legislatures.—After a few words from the Earl of Ripon, the Bill was read a second time, and ordered for committal on Thursday se'nnight.—Their Lordships then adjourned till Thursday.

March 15.—Lord Brougham gave notice that he should hereafter introduce a Bill regarding the negro apprenticeship system, to amend the Act of 1833, by substituting "August 1, 1838," for "August 1, 1840;" and he added, in answer to the Duke of Wellington's inquiry, that he should not impede the progress of Lord Glenelg's Bill by proposing any amendment, since the Ministers had embodied in it all his resolutions heretofore moved, except the last and most important one.

March 16.—Nothing of importance.

March 19.—A great many petitions were presented in the course of the evening, principally by Lord Brougham, praying the abolition of negro apprenticeship.—The noble lord then brought in a Bill to provide for the expiration of the apprenticeship system on the 1st of August, 1838, instead of the 1st of August, 1840, as at present enacted. The Bill was read a first time, and ordered to be printed.

March 20.—Lord Wynford presented a petition from Lewes against the Poor Laws Amendment Act.—Earl Stanhope presented many similar petitions from different parts of the country, namely, against the above Act. He then brought forward the motion of which he had given notice, namely, "For a statement of the petitions presented to that House, during the last session of Parliament, on the subject of the Act, intituled 'An Act for the Amendment and better Administration of the Laws relating to the Poor in England and Wales;' specifying the number of signatures to each; the description of the persons from whom each petition proceeded, whether owners or occupiers of land, rate-payers, inhabitants, guardians, or others, and whether they were or were not assembled at a public meeting held for the purpose of petitioning; the place or places from which each petition proceeded; and the prayer of each petition, whether for the repeal of the said Act, or for its amendment, or for its continuance, or for what other purpose."—Lord Brougham

entered into a defence of the Act, and maintained that it had been assailed everywhere by "big words," unsupported by facts and representations, unsustained anywhere by proofs.—Lord Melbourne considered that the motion, from the manner in which it was brought forward, could not be supported; he must oppose it.—After an extended discussion, the motion was negatived without a division.—Adjourned till Thursday.

March 22.—Many petitions were presented against negro apprenticeship.—Their Lordships then resolved themselves into Committee on Lord Glenelg's Bill, regarding the better regulation and protection of negro apprenticeship.—The Marquis of Sligo, in moving an amendment, observed, that he held it to be impossible that the negroes could be contented with anything less than an entire and complete liberation. He did not preach what he would not practise; for he could assure them that no remnant of slavery should exist on his estate after the 1st of August next; the negroes should thenceforth only have a claim to his gratitude for their past services. The noble marquis then moved, that the following words be added to clause I.:—"Provided always, and be it further enacted, that the labours of the negroes shall terminate not later than twelve on Friday," which was agreed to.

March 23.—Nothing of importance.

March 26.—The Archbishop of Canterbury presented a petition from Birmingham, signed by twenty-three Clergymen of the Church, and as many Dissenting Ministers, complaining that the interference of the East India Company's servants in aid of the superstitions prevalent in Hindostan, together with the levying taxes on pilgrims and granting licenses, were, in the judgment of the petitioners, wrong in principle, offensive to God, and tending to lower the British character in the eyes of the natives, and to prevent the spread of Christianity amongst them.

March 27.—A great many petitions were presented on the prevailing topic of negro apprenticeship; and Lord Brougham gave the comfortable assurance that he had still 150 more to bring forward.—The Quakers, Moravians, and Separatists' Relief Bill was read a third time; as was the Slavery Act Amendment Bill.

March 28.—Nothing of public interest.

March 29.—The Bishop of Exeter presented many petitions for the abolition of the negro apprenticeship system, entirely acquiescing in the prayer, and contending that the negroes were entitled to entire freedom, and that they were qualified to enjoy it.—Lord Brougham again presented an immense number of similar petitions.

March 30.—The Earl of Aberdeen, in moving for a return of the expense attending the Church Commission in Scotland, from its appointment in 1835 to the present time, took a review of the whole question. The noble earl, having made some interesting statistical statements of the destitution now existing in Scotland, of the means of public worship and religious instruction, proceeded to show that a public grant was the only available resource; and his lordship strongly urged the government to reconsider their decision, and propose the grant.—Lord Melbourne again said that he could be no party to providing means out of the public purse for the extension of such accommodation.

April 2.—Nothing of interest.

April 3.—The Bishop of Exeter, having ascertained from the Marquess of Lansdowne the concurrence of Government in the fourth report of the Education Commissioners in Ireland, gave notice that on an early day after the recess he would take the opinion of the House on the subject.—A discussion, originating with the Earl of Haddington, took place on the recent order for disbanding yeomanry corps in Scotland.—Lord Melbourne defended the conduct of Government.

April 5.—The First Fruits and Tenths Bill was read a third time; and, after the presentation of some petitions, their Lordships adjourned.

April 6.—The Earl of Ripon moved for certain returns respecting the Irish Ecclesiastical Commission, and of the perpetuities sold under the Church Temporalities Act.—Lord Melbourne had no objection to the production of the returns. He would most distinctly say, that there never had been an Administration in this country, of whatever power or talents, more determined than the present to support and maintain the establishments of the country, both civil and ecclesiastical.—The Duke of Wellington repeated, in the most emphatic manner, his former charge against the Government, that it had departed from the ancient duty and policy of the country, in having neglected to protect, maintain, and encourage the Established Church.

Nothing of public importance took place in the House of Lords on the 9th and 10th of April; and, on the 11th, after the Royal Assent had been given by commission to several Bills, their Lordships adjourned till the 27th instant.

House of Commons, March 14.—The House was counted out while Mr. Hume was speaking on the Election Expenses Bill.

March 15.—Mr. Villiers, after a speech of some length, moved that the House resolve itself into committee to consider the Act of the 9th Geo. IV. c. 60, "relating to the importation of corn."—Sir W. Molesworth seconded the motion.—The Marquis of Chandos resisted the motion, maintaining that the Corn Laws were only a just protection of the farming interest.—Sir Henry Parnell said that they were useful only to the landlords, though the farmers were put forward as the parties benefited.—After an extended, but desultory and rather noisy discussion, the House divided. The numbers were, ayes 95, noes 300. Majority against the motion, 205.

March 16.—A debate of some length occurred, on a proposal by Lord John Russell to rescind the resolution of the House of the 23d of June, 1835, with respect to striking the names of voters off the register by Election Committees. In the course of the discussion Sir Edward Sugden moved, as an amendment, that the question be postponed for two months, in order not to bias the possible decisions of committees now sitting.—Mr. C. W. Wynn suggested, that as there was no difference of opinion on the law as regarded England, the resolution, as far as England was concerned, should be rescinded, and the postponement be restricted to cases occurring in Scotland and Ireland. To this Lord J. Russell agreed, Sir Edward Sugden on that condition withdrawing his amendment.

March 19.—The House went into committee on the Poor (Ireland) Bill. The clauses from 70 to 100 inclusive having been disposed of, the Chairman reported progress.—Mr. Baines postponed his motion on the First Fruits and Tenths Bill for the restoration of the original quorum of Governors of the Board till the third reading. The report was received, and the Bill ordered to be engrossed and read a third time.—Adjourned.

March 20.—Colonel Seale moved for a committee of the whole House, as a preliminary to the bringing in a Bill to admit, under certain regulations, foreign corn, bonded in this country, to be ground and manufactured for exportation only.—After some discussion a division took place, when the motion was carried by 127 to 92.—Mr. Poulett Thomson obtained leave to bring in a Bill to establish a system of international copyright, granting to foreigners in this country the same privilege that might be obtained abroad for British authors, in a manner analogous to the reciprocal enjoyment of patent right as at present existing.

March 21.—Mr. Plumptre moved the second reading of the Lord's Day Bill—read copious extracts from the report of the Committee appointed in 1832 to investigate the state of the metropolis in reference to this subject—impressed the claims to relief from labour of 100,000 persons who were employed on the rivers and canals—and regretted that the Government had not brought in the Bill. On a division, 139 voted for, and 68 against; the second reading was, therefore, carried by a majority of 71.

March 22.—Nothing of importance.

March 23.—Lord J. Russell intimated his opinion that it would not be advisable to proceed with the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill before Easter, unless an amendment similar to that formerly proposed—for the abolition of all such corporations—should be moved. In that case he would take the sense of the House upon it before the holidays.

March 26.—Lord Howick moved the Order of the Day for going into Committee on the Mutiny Bill; and, after a little preliminary discussion on a point of form, Captain Boldero, pursuant to notice, moved as an amendment, that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the existing systems of rewards and punishments in the army.—After a somewhat protracted discussion the House divided—for Captain Boldero's motion, 76; against it, 169.—The Mutiny Bill and the Marine Bill then severally went through Committee.

March 27.—Lord John Russell said, that on the 30th of April he intended to move the following resolutions on the subject of tithe in Ireland:—That it is the opinion of this Committee that the tithe composition of Ireland should be converted into a rent-charge, at the rate of 7-10ths of the amount: That on the expiration of the existing interests so much of this rent-charge as is chargeable in lieu of tithes and Ministers' money may be purchased at sixteen years' purchase, according to the original value: That the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of Ireland be empowered to purchase any proportion of tithe composition not exceeding one-tenth in one year: That until such composition be collected, the tithe composition and Ministers' money be paid out of the consolidated fund. The remainder of the resolutions were simply declaratory of the necessity of future regulation for the adjustment of composition and rent-charges.

March 28.—A great many petitions were presented, principally on the subject of negro apprenticeship.—Mr. Hume, having presented a petition from Montrose against the continuation of the King of Hanover's pension, gave notice that on the second Thursday after the Easter recess he would move for leave to bring in a Bill to suspend the same.

March 29.—Sir G. Strickland moved a resolution declaratory of the expediency of making provision to terminate the negro apprenticeship system on the 1st of August, next.—Mr. Pease seconded the motion.—Sir G. Grey moved as an amendment, that the Slavery Abolition Act Amendment Bill be read the second time, maintaining that the motion would violate "contract," but rejoicing that the discussion of the question was now brought fully and distinctly before the House.—The debate was adjourned.

March 30.—Mr. James, who had moved the adjournment on the previous night, supported the immediate abolition.—Sir Edward Sugden, who followed, said that Jamaica had not performed her part of the arrangement.—Mr. O'Connell said, the 20,000,000*l.* ought not to have been paid till the measure was satisfactorily effected.—The House divided:—For Sir George Strickland's motion for immediate abolition, 205; for the amendment, 269.—The Government Bill was then read a second time, and Mr. O'Connell gave notice that, on its going into Committee, he would move, as an instruction, that on the 1st of August, 1838, all female apprentices be made free.

April 2.—Considerable discussion took place on the Notting-hill Footway Bill, in the course of which the objections were all made against the Hippodrome (race-course); but in the result the Bill was read a third time, and passed by a majority of 162 to 123.—Lord J. Russell having moved the order of the day for further considering the report on the Controverted Elections Bill, Sir Robert Peel rose to suggest—not formally to move—his plan on the subject. The Right Hon. Baronet's plan was, briefly, that a general Election Committee, consisting of very few members, should be nominated by the Speaker; that in its turn it should select the members of the various Committees to whom election petitions should be referred; that to each an assistant barrister should be appropriated as an assessor, either in the capacity of legal adviser to a committee of seven members, or as chairman of one composed of six members. This, when preceded by some declaratory measure to simplify the law of elections and reconcile different decisions, the Right. Hon. Gentleman thought, might be found to answer well in operation.—Mr. O'Connell, as a preliminary step, moved the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the entire scope of the Grenville Act.—Ultimately the House divided on Mr. O'Connell's motion—ayes, 57; noes, 80.

April 3.—The Marquess of Chandos rose, pursuant to notice, to call the attention of the House to the expenses of Lord Durham's mission, and moved the following resolutions:—"Resolved, That it is the opinion of the House that the duties of Lord High Commissioner and Governor-General of her Majesty's North American provinces should be conducted with the utmost degree of economy consistent with the public service, and the just and ample reward of all persons employed.—Resolved, That it appears by returns which were laid before this House that the amount of the expenditure for one year, on account of the establishment of Lord Gosford, was 12,678*l.*—Resolved, That it appears to the House that such establishment was formed on a just and liberal scale, and is a proper precedent to be acted on with respect to the establishment to be provided for the Earl of Durham."—Lord J. Russell complained of the manner in which the motion had been brought forward. On the first resolution the House divided, and the numbers were—for the resolution, 158; for the previous question, 160; majority against the resolution, 2.—The other resolutions were then put from the Chair, and negatived without a division.

April 4.—The House was counted out.

April 5.—Nothing of public interest.

April 6.—In reply to a question from Mr. Hall, Mr. Rice said, that he had to inform the hon. member for Marylebone that an order had been given for the reduction of the 4*d.* postage on the eight miles' delivery. It had also been ordered that the 3*d.* post should be diminished to a 2*d.* post.

April 9.—The question of privilege involved in the recent publication of a letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, by Mr. Poulter, was brought before the House, and Mr. Poulter heard at the bar. The subject was eventually adjourned for a week.

April 10.—No House.

April 11.—Several Bills were forwarded a stage, and the House adjourned till the 25th instant.

THE METROPOLITAN.

JUNE, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Life of Wilberforce. By his Sons, ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE, M.A., Vicar of East Farleigh, late Fellow of Oriel College; and SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, M.A., Rector of Brightstone. 5 vols. 8vo.

It is seldom the announcement of a new book excites so great an interest as that felt at the announcement of the life of the pious, the amiable, the good, the generous Wilberforce. The work is now before us, and though it does not fulfil all that we expected from it, or gratify our curiosity in certain essentials, it is still a good and pleasant book, and one that ought to find a place in all family libraries. To enjoy it in all its parts, it is necessary that the reader should be a Pittite in politics, and of the section of the Evangelicals in matters of religion; but still a very large portion has no tint of party politics or sectarian feeling, and is addressed to the hearts of all Englishmen without distinction.

Although he had a decided literary taste, not of the highest, (far from it,) yet of a very respectable kind, Mr. Wilberforce was not much given to literary composition. His vigour of life was spent in advocating generous principles, by talking in drawing-rooms, and by speaking in parliament and all other public places; he lived in a scene of constant business and hurry, and on his retirement from public life he had, in addition to other infirmities of age, a weakness of sight which had always afflicted him more or less, and which in the end obliged him to employ an amanuensis, even for the writing of the shortest letters. Moreover, from his youth upwards he had cultivated oratory rather than writing, and his voice was as musical and as perfect as his sight was defective. We also doubt whether his whole intellectual constitution was not rather adapted to the diffusiveness of speaking than to the condensation of writing.

It was long rumoured that Mr. Wilberforce was accustomed to note down daily occurrences, and the results of his conversation and intercourse with men of mark; and, as in the course of his long life he had been in habits of intimacy or had been brought into contact with nearly every living Englishman of note, it was expected that his diaries might furnish an abundant and amusing store of anecdotes, sketches of character, and the many little things that are so apt to be lost, and that are so interesting when put down, fresh at the moment, by one on whose good feeling and veracity we can rely. But the diaries, as quoted in the volumes before us, are meagre in the extreme, with no more style or point in them

than in a ship's log-book. Indeed, we can scarcely understand how two well-educated gentlemen have ventured to print such dry, spiritless, memoranda as the following, which are only a fair specimen of scores of pages that swell out the book.

" October 25th. Travelled all day. At London about one o'clock in the morning. Supped—Goostree's: bed, half-past three.—28th. Kemble—Hamlet; then Goostree's.—Nov. 1st. Wimbledon. Pitt and Eliot came at four: dined and slept.—2d. Pitt staid all day.—3d. They left me—alone—read.—8th. Eliot and Pitt came to dinner; and all night.—9th. Pepper and John Villiers came and staid all night.—11th. House met; up at six. Dined, Goostree's. Play. Begun Reports.—13th. House. Reports. Supped, Edward's: Ramsay—negroes.—15th. Dined, Baxter's—Johnians.—16th. Did not go to Wimbledon. Cambridge election.—17th. Pitt went to Cambridge.—18th. House: Fox's Indian motion. Express from Euston that the duke would not let him stand. Debate about Pitt—Bankes. Determined he should not stand.—20th. House. Spirited debate. Dined, Goostree's.—24th. Dined, R. Smith's. Night, Pitt's, India people.—27th. Great day in the house: sat till past four in the morning.—28th. In House. Dined, Tom Pitt's—Mrs. Crewe—charming woman.—29th. Went to see Mrs. Siddons: Mrs. Crewe at play.—Dec. 1st. House: late night. Home about five. Fox spoke wonderfully.—2d. Catch Club—Sandwiches—then Opera. Mrs. Crewe there. Supped, Lord George's. Lord John—Mrs. Crewe—Duchess of Portland—converts. Mrs. Crewe made the party (promise) to adjourn to Downing Street next night.—3d. Dined, Goostree's. Supped, Duchess of Portland's, Downing Street. * * * *—Sunday, May, 18th. To Wimbledon with Pitt and Eliot, at their persuasion.—26th. House. Spoke. Dined at Lord Advocate's—Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, Thurlow, Pepper, Pitt: after the rest went, we sat till six in the morning.—Monday, June 30th. From Cambridge to London about half-past four. House. Supped at home. Ranelagh: Mrs. Long there with Lord George Gordon.—Sunday, July 6th. Wimbledon. Persuaded Pitt and Pepper to church.—11th. Fine hot day, went on water with Pitt and Eliot fishing; came back, dined, walked evening. Eliot went home, Pitt staid."

The reverend compilers of the volumes call these things "interesting allusions to the progress of affairs." If so, commend us to the chronicle of occurrences at the end of old magazines and almanacks. Mr. Wilberforce's private correspondence, though the letters are shorter and fewer than might have been expected, affords much better materials; and some of the recollections of his conversations are perfectly delightful—though here again, in part through conscientious scruples, and in part, as we fancy, from a want of a proper conception of the real spirit of biography, and indeed of the real duties of biographers, the book has not so much freedom and *épanchement* as we could wish for. As a perfect guide and model, the authors or compilers had before them—or they ought to have had it—the life of Walter Scott; a work of remarkable discretion and yet brimful of anecdote, both about the living and the dead—a work overflowing with curious details, and yet preserving a proper delicacy with regard to other men's feelings and opinions—a standard and an imperishable work, which has infinitely raised Mr. Lockhart in the estimation of the best of his cotemporaries. Of course, Mr. Wilberforce's materials, written or spoken, could hardly compete in interest with those of Scott, but we *do* think that a better use might have been made of them by a person properly understanding his task, and that, by a different mode of management, greater effect might have been given even to those more serious parts which his sons have most at heart.

William Wilberforce, the only son of a wealthy merchant of good family, was born at Hull on the 24th of August, 1759. In his boyhood he was weak in body, but lively, gentle, and amiable in disposition. His education was desultory and indifferent, even for those times. Hull was then a very gay place, and William was initiated by times in balls, great suppers, theatres, and card-parties; but he received serious impressions from an aunt, who was a great admirer of Whitfield, and kept up a friendly connexion with the early Methodists. His mother, who was what

a religious friend (who was very high-church indeed) called "an Archbishop Tillotson Christian," was greatly alarmed lest he should become a Methodist himself. But her fears, in this respect, were soon quieted; and, for a considerable number of years, though decently devout, compared with most of his associates, he gave but slight symptoms of religious enthusiasm, or of that tendency to Calvinism by which he was distinguished in after life. He showed an early skill in singing and reciting, and was an untiring dancer. His abomination of the slave-trade was evinced when he was only fourteen years old, and he addressed a letter upon the subject to the editor of the York paper. At the age of seventeen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where hard drinking was all the fashion, and where (as he afterwards noted down) on the very first night of his arrival, he was introduced to as licentious a set of men as can well be conceived. As he was very rich, there was no want of temptation or of dangerous flattery. The fellows of the college would say to him, "Why in the world should a man of your fortune trouble himself with fagging?" He says that his mind greatly needed mathematics, but that he was told he was too clever to require them—and so he almost entirely neglected them. While some of his companions were reading hard, he was attending card-parties; but the tutors would say within his hearing, "that they were mere saps, but that he (Wilberforce) did all by talent." He adds, that this was poison to a mind constituted like his. "At Cambridge," say his biographers, "he had already commenced the system of frank and simple hospitality, which marked his London life." "There was always," adds a clerical friend, "a great Yorkshire pie in his rooms, and all were welcome to partake of it." As soon as he became of age he was returned to parliament for the borough of Hull, at the cost of between eight and nine thousand pounds; for in those days, "by long established custom, the single vote of a resident elector was rewarded with a donation of two guineas, four was paid for a plumper, and the expenses of a freeman's journey from London averaged ten pounds a piece. The letter of the law was not broken, because the money was not paid until the last day on which election petitions could be presented."

Well! things are somewhat better now, thanks to the intellectual progress of the people, and to the overthrow of the men and systems to which Mr. Wilberforce, no doubt from pure motives, mainly adhered through life.

In describing his *débüt* in the world of politics and fashion, there is a delightful little trait of *naïveté* and simplicity, which is rather surprising, if we consider circumstances. It is merely this.

"When I left the university, so little did I know of general society, that I came up to London stored with arguments to prove the authenticity of Rowley's poems." Of course, he found no listeners to these arguments; and he tells us that he was, at once, "immersed in politics and fashion."

"The very first time I went to Boodle's, I won twenty-five guineas of the Duke of Norfolk. I belonged at this time to five clubs—Miles' and Evans's, Brookes's, White's, and Goostree's. The first time I was at Brookes's, scarcely knowing any one, I joined, from mere shyness, in play at the faro table, where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend, who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a victim decked out for sacrifice, called to me, 'What, Wilberforce, is that you?' Selwyn quite resented the interference, and turning to him, said in his most expressive tone, 'O! Sir, don't interrupt Mr. Wilberforce, he could not be better employed.' Nothing could be more luxurious than the style of these clubs. Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, and all your leading men, frequented them, and associated upon the easiest terms; you chatted, played at cards, or gambled, as you pleased."

It is evident, from the numerous entries in his diaries, that a great

deal of his time was spent in these places of resort. According to his sons,

"Though he visited occasionally these various clubs, his usual resort was with a choice and more intimate society, who assembled first in the house since occupied by Scrope and Morland's bank in Pall Mall, and afterwards on the premises of a man named Goostree, now the Shakspeare gallery.

"There were about twenty-five in number, who, for the most part, were young men who had passed together through the university, and whom the general election of 1780 had brought at the same time into public life. Pitt was an habitual frequenter of the club at Goostree's, supping there every night during the winter of 1780—1. Here their intimacy increased every day. Though less formed for general popularity than Fox, Pitt, when free from shyness, and amongst his intimate companions, was the very soul of merriment and conversation. 'He was,' said Mr. Wilberforce, 'the wittiest man I ever knew, and, what was quite peculiar to himself, had at all times his wit under entire control. Others appeared struck by the unwonted association of brilliant images; but every possible combination of ideas seemed always present to his mind, and he could at once produce whatever he desired. I was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakspeare, at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap. Many professed wits were present, but Pitt was the most amusing of the party, and the readiest and most apt in the required allusions. He entered with the same energy into all our different amusements; we played a good deal at Goostree's, and I well remember the intense earnestness which he displayed when joining in those games of chance. He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them for ever."

We must not omit mentioning the way in which Mr. Wilberforce was cured of the perilous vice of gambling.

"'We can have no play to-night,' complained some of the party at the club, 'for St. Andrew is not here to keep bank.' 'Wilberforce,' said Mr. Bankes, (who never joined himself,) 'if you will keep it, I will give you a guinea.' The playful challenge was accepted, but as the game grew deep, he rose the winner of six hundred pounds. Much of this was lost by those who were only heirs to future fortunes, and could not, therefore, meet such a call without inconvenience. The pain he felt at their annoyance cured him of a taste which seemed but too likely to become predominant."

"In spite of his life of gaiety, Mr. Wilberforce attended closely to the House of Commons. He was esteemed a more active member of Parliament than any of his predecessors: perhaps the memory of Andrew Marvel had faded from their common birth-place."

His intimacy with his college companion, William Pitt, continued on the increase after the accession of the latter to office, and some of the most curious passages in the book are those referring to Pitt's character, habits, wit, humour, *bonhomie*, and pleasantness, in the social circle. We should scarcely have thought the starch, dry minister, so agreeable!

"The death of the Lord Rockingham in July, 1782, was followed by Mr. Pitt's accession to the Shelburne ministry; and although Mr. Wilberforce, as he at this time assured a friend by letter, would do nothing which obliged him to pledge himself to government, yet he was led to assume a more forward position amongst the general supporters of his friend. They were now united in the closest intimacy. In the course of this spring they set off for Brighton to spend the Easter holidays together; and being driven thence on the very night of their arrival by the inclemency of the weather, proceeded to Bath for the rest of the vacation. 'We fixed our quarters at the York House, and as Pitt was then upon the western circuit, he entertained the barristers, Jekyll amongst the rest. We had, too, abundance of corporation dinners and jollity.' The early possession of his fortune increased their intimacy, as he was the only member of their set who owned a villa within reach of London. The house of his late uncle at Wimbledon, with some trifling alteration, gave him the command of eight or nine bed-rooms, and here Pitt, to whom it was a luxury even to sleep in country air, took up not unfrequently his residence, easy familiarity permitting him to ride down late at night, and occupy his rooms,

even though the master of the house was kept in town. In one spring Pitt resided there four months, and repaired thither, when, in April, 1783, he resigned his official residence to the coalition ministry. 'Eliot, Arden, and I,' writes Pitt one afternoon, 'will be with you before curfew, and expect an early meal of peas and strawberries. Bankes, I suppose, will not sleep out of Duke Street, but he has not yet appeared in the House of Commons.—Half-past four.'"

One of Pitt's frolics at Wilberforce's villa at Wimbledon is worth mentioning.

"We found one morning the fruits of Pitt's earlier rising in the careful sowing of the garden beds with the fragments of a dress hat, in which Ryder had over-night come down from the opera."

"'Never,' says Wilberforce, 'was there a man whose character was so much misunderstood. He (Pitt) was thought very proud. Now he was a very little proud and very shy.'"

We have our doubts as to Pitt's not being proud, as also as to his being so *very great* a wit. But the following story is excellent!

"Michael Angelo Taylor, he said, was one day going up St. James's Street with M., when they saw Pitt walking down it with immense strides. I do not know whether you ever happened to observe that the fall in St. James's Street makes those who are coming down seem to overlook those who are going the other way. 'I am very sorry,' said Michael Angelo, 'but Pitt's conduct has been such, that I feel it my duty to cut him, as you will see.' Pitt walked by, giving rather a haughty nod to M., and never observing Michael Angelo at all. 'You saw I cut him.'—'I am truly glad you told me. I should have thought he cut you.'"

Our next quotations are from a journal kept by Mr. Wilberforce during a hasty trip to France, in the autumn of 1783, with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Eliot. He does not speak very flatteringly of "L'Enfant de Saint Louis."

"Oct. 16th.—Breakfasted at home, dressed by eleven, and went with ambassador. Introduced to king, queen, monsieur, madame, comte, and comtesse D'Artois, and two aunts. Dined Mons. de Castries, minister of the Marine Department. Saw there Viscount de Noailles—pleasant fellow—and Marquis de la Fayette, Chaillière, Castries's son, and his wife. Marmontel there. After dinner went to Versagenne's, and then to Madame Polignac's to visit the queen—*she chatted easily*. Then *salle des ambassadeurs* and opera: words by Marmontel, music by Piccini—both good. Didon. Then supped at Count Donson's round table—all English but Donson, Noailles, Dupont. Queen came after supper. Cards—trictrac and backgammon, which Artois, Lauzun, and Charles played extremely well. Home at one."

"Oct. 17th. Morning.—Pitt stag-hunting. Eliot and I in chaise to see King—*Clumsy, strange figure in immense boots*. Dined home—then play. Madame Gazon in Eubet in Droit de Seigneur. Then home, and supped Castries's, at small round table, very rudely. Afterwards to Polignac's to the queen, who came there after supper—billiards. Home, where lounged till almost three o'clock."

Franklin was then at Paris, and with his friend La Fayette was giving a republican air to French society.

"Mr. Wilberforce received with interest the hearty greetings which Dr. Franklin tendered to a rising member of the English parliament, who had opposed the war with America. But it was the singular position occupied by La Fayette which most of all attracted his attention: he seemed to be the representative of the democracy in the very presence of the monarch, the tribune intruding with his veto within the chamber of the patrician order. His own establishment was formed upon the English model; and, amidst the gaiety and ease of Fontainebleau, he assumed an air of republican austerity. When the fine ladies of the court would attempt to drag him to the card-table, he shrugged his shoulders with an affected contempt for the customs and amusements of the old regime. Meanwhile the deference which this champion of a new state of things received, above all from the ladies of the court, intimated clearly the disturbance of the social atmosphere, and presaged the coming tempest."

Neither Mr. Wilberforce nor Mr. Pitt appears to have paid much attention to the wretched and oppressed state of the French people, or to the embarrassed condition of French finances, which, we fancy, had more to do with the revolution than had La Fayette and all his *fashionableness*.

During this trip Wilberforce and his companions were near being arrested as spies, or something worse.

The Abbé de Lageard, secretary of the conseil d'état, of that time, says—

“One morning when the intendant of police brought me his daily report, he informed me, there are three Englishmen here of very suspicious character. They are in a wretched lodging, they have no attendance, yet their courier says that they are ‘grands seigneurs,’ and that one of them is son of the great Chatham; but it is impossible; they must be ‘des intrigants.’ I had been in England, and knew that the younger sons of your noble families are not always wealthy, and I said to Mons. du Chatel, who wished to visit them officially and investigate their character, ‘Let us be in no hurry, it may be perhaps as they represent; I will inquire about them myself. I went to the lodging the same evening and got their names from the courier, and true enough they were said to be Mr. W. Pitt, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. Eliot, all three members of the British parliament, and one of them lately a leading member of the government. The next morning I visited them, and as I was at once satisfied by their appearance, I asked whether I could be of any use to them, and offered whatever the town of Rheims could afford for their amusement. Amongst other things Mr. Pitt complained, ‘Here we are in the middle of Champagne, and we cannot get any tolerable wine.’ ‘Dine with me to-morrow,’ I replied, ‘and you shall have the best wine the country can afford.’ They came and dined with me, and instead of moving directly after dinner, as we do in France, we sat talking for five or six hours.”

“As he expressed in the strongest terms his admiration for the system which prevailed at home, the abbé was led to ask him, since all human things were perishable, in what part the British constitution might be first expected to decay? Pitt, a parliamentary reformer, and speaking within three years of the time when the House of Commons had agreed to Mr. Dunning’s motion, that the influence of the crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished, after musing for a moment, answered, ‘The part of our constitution which will perish first is the prerogative of the king, and the authority of the House of Peers.’ ‘I am greatly surprised,’ said the abbé, ‘that a country so moral as England can submit to be governed by a man so wanting in private character as Fox; it seems to show you to be less moral than you appear.’ ‘*C’est que vous n’avez pas été sous la baguette du Magicien,*’ was Pitt’s reply; ‘but the remark,’ he continued, ‘is just.’

The remark, *we* should say, *was not* just; and some people will still think that there was something more generous and loveable in Mr. Fox’s worst vices than in Mr. Pitt’s best virtues. But let that pass. Mr. Wilberforce had a most partial leaning to Pitt, and his sons have evidently not been inclined to soften anything he may ever have said or written against Fox and his party. There is even an attempt in the book to lower Sheridan’s reputation as a wit. This, coupled with the praise of Pitt’s powers of wit, and with some other indications, leads us to suspect that our notions of what is wit, differ materially from those entertained by the Wilberforce family.

In 1787, by the advice of Mr. Pitt, Wilberforce fully resolved to take up the great question of the abolition of the slave-trade—a subject which cost him nearly fifty years of labour, and of generous sacrifice, but which will render his name for ever memorable. The following entry is striking.

“‘When I had acquired,’ he says, ‘so much information, I began to talk the matter over with Pitt and Grenville. Pitt recommended me to undertake its conduct, as a subject suited to my character and talents. At length, I well remember, after a conversation in the open air at the root of an old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston, I resolved to give notice on a

fit occasion in the House of Commons, of my intention to bring the subject forward.'"

The little allusions to scenery afford a key to Mr. Wilberforce's happiest tastes. No man had a keener enjoyment of the beauties of nature, of trees, plants, and flowers, or of quiet, rural retirement. But, indeed, most of his tastes were simple and natural, and tended, with his sunshiny, benevolent disposition, to make him the happy man he was.

Our limits prevent us from following out the long story of his life; but, as we are anxious to convey a favourable notion of the *many* good things there are in the book, we will quote a few more here and there, without any reference to chronological order.

The following passages—the first a description of Sir James Mackintosh by Wilberforce, the second a sketch of Wilberforce by Mackintosh—were both written in 1830.

"Amongst many gratifying instances of his unbroken cheerfulness, an interesting sample may be found in his renewed intercourse with Sir James Mackintosh, whom he now met frequently at Battersea Rise. 'Mackintosh came in,' he says, 'and sat most kindly chatting with me during my dinner—what a paragon of a companion he is; quite unequalled! We are spending a little time at this to me deeply interesting place. I always visit the funeral urn—H. T. Jan. 16th, 1815—M. T. Oct. 12th, 1815. Sir James Mackintosh and his family now live in one of the houses which are built upon the ground which Henry (Thornton) sold on the side opposite to that of C. Grant's house. He has been sitting chattering to the girls and myself for above an hour; and this extraordinary man spends, they tell me, much of his time in the circulating library room, at the end of the common; and chats with the utmost freedom to all the passengers in the Clapham stage as he goes and comes from London. It is really to be regretted that he should thus throw away time so valuable. But he is at everybody's service, and his conversation is always rich and sparkling."

* * * * *

Mackintosh's own account of this intercourse is peculiarly happy.

"Do you remember Madame de Maintenon's exclamation, 'O the misery of having to amuse an old king, *qui n'est pas amusable*!' Now if I were called upon to describe Wilberforce in one word, I should say he was the most amusable man I ever met with in my life. Instead of having to think what subjects will interest him, it is perfectly impossible to hit upon one that does not. I never saw any one who touched life at so many points; and this is the more remarkable in a man who is supposed to live absorbed in the contemplation of a future state. When he was in the House of Commons, he seemed to have the freshest mind of any man there. There was all the charm of youth about him. And he is quite as remarkable in this bright evening of his days as when I saw him in his glory many years ago."

The following is Mr. Wilberforce's honourable mention of Sir Samuel Romilly.

"One of the most remarkable things about Romilly was, that though he had such an immense quantity of business, he always seemed an idle man. If you had not known who and what he was, you would have said,—'he is a remarkably gentleman-like, pleasant man; I suppose, poor fellow, he has no business;'—for he would stand at the bar of the House, and chat with you, and talk over the last novel, with which he was as well acquainted as if he had nothing else to think about. Once, indeed, I remember coming to speak to him in court, and seeing him look fagged, and with an immense pile of papers by him. This was at a time when Lord Eldon had been reproached for having left business undischarged, and had declared that he would get through all arrears by sitting on until the business was done. As I went up to Romilly, old Eldon saw me, and beckoned to me with as much cheerfulness and gaiety as possible. When I was alone with Romilly, and asked him how he was, he answered, 'I am worn to death; here have we been sitting on in the vacation, from nine in the morning until four; and when we leave this place, I have to read through all my papers, to be ready for to-morrow morning; but the most extra-

ordinary part of all is, that Eldon, who has not only mine, but all the other business to go through, is just as cheerful and untired as ever."

As Mr. Wilberforce, for the promotion of his great design, found it necessary to connect himself somewhat with the more liberal party, and even with the *immoral* Mr. Fox, whom the king hated with a very unchristian intensity, he was cut by George the Third and many of the mighty Tories. All this was perfectly in keeping with the character of his Majesty, but Mr. Wilberforce, who was very loyal, was greatly grieved thereat.

"There had been a time when George III. had whispered at the levee, 'How go on your black clients, Mr. Wilberforce?' but henceforth he was a determined opposer of the cause."

"Your friend, Mr. Wilberforce," said Mr. Windham to Lady Spencer, "will be happy any morning to hand your ladyship to the guillotine." And others, less violent than Mr. Windham, partook in a great measure of the same suspicions. "When I first went to the levee, after moving my amendment, the king cut me." "Mr. Wilberforce is a very respectable gentleman," said Burke to Mr. Pitt, "but he is not the people of England."

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

"We had a great meeting that night of all Pitt's friends in Downing Street. As Pratt, Tom Steele, and I, were going up to it, in a hackney coach, from the House of Commons, 'Pitt must take care,' I said, 'whom he makes Secretary of the Treasury; it is rather a roguish office.' 'Mind what you say,' answered Steele, 'for I am Secretary of the Treasury!'"

PATRIOTIC RESOLUTIONS.

"But if he escaped the seductions of frivolity and fashion, he was in equal danger from the severer temptations of ambition. With talents of the highest order, and eloquence surpassed by few, he entered upon public life possessed of the best personal connexions, in his intimate friendship with Mr. Pitt. Disinterested, generous, lively, fond of society, by which he was equally beloved, and overflowing with affections towards his numerous friends, he was indeed in little danger from the low and mercenary spirit of worldly policy. But ambition has inducements for men of every temper; and how far he was then safe from its fascinations, may be learned from the conduct of his brother 'Independents.' They were a club of about forty members of the House of Commons, most of them opponents of the Coalition Ministry, whose principle of union was a resolution to take neither place, pension, nor peerage. Yet in a few years, so far had the fierceness of their independence yielded to various temptations, that he and Mr. Banks alone, of all the party, retained their early simplicity of station. He himself was the only county member who was not raised to the peerage. He too would, no doubt, have been entangled in the toils of party, and have failed of those great triumphs he afterwards achieved, but for the entrance into his soul of higher principles."

The ciphers in the next extract are not the *most* curious part of it.

HONESTY OF LORD BUTE.

"Dined with 1; he very chatty and pleasant. Abused 2 for his duplicity and mystery. Said 3 had said to him occasionally, he had wished them, i. e. 2 and 4, to agree; for that both were necessary to him, one in the Lords, the other in the Commons. 2 will never do anything to oblige 1, because he is a friend of 4. 1 himself, though he speaks of 4 with evident affection, seems rather to complain of his being too much under the influence of any one who is about him, particularly of 5, who prefers his countryman whenever he can. 1 is sure that 6 got money by the peace of Paris. He can account for his sinking near 300,000*l.* in land and houses; and his paternal estate, in the island which bears his name, was not not above 1,500*l.* a year; and he is a life-tenant only of Warthy, which may be 8,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* 1 does not believe 6 has any the least connexion with 3 now, whatever he may have had. 1 believes 7 got money by the last peace. 3 has told 1 that he dislikes 8 for having deserted 9—2 is giving constant dinners to the judges, to gain them over to his party. 10 was applied to by 11, a wretched sort of dependant of 12, to know if he would lead

money on the joint bond of 12, 13, 14, to receive double the money lent, whenever 3 should die, and either 12, 13, or 14 come into the inheritance. The sum intended to be raised is 200,000*l*."

"A sheet of 'Private Table Talk,' dated July 16th, 1789, found among Mr. W.'s papers. The numbers seem to indicate

1, Lord Camden,	6, Lord Bute,	11, —
2, Lord Thurlow,	7, —,	12, Prince of Wales,
3, The King,	8, —,	13, Duke of York,
4, Mr. Pitt,	9, —,	14, Duke of Clarence."
5, Mr. Dundas,	10, —,	

HER PRESENT MAJESTY AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

"In consequence of a very civil message from the Duchess of Kent, I waited on her this morning. She received me with her fine animated child on the floor by her, with its play-things, of which I soon became one. She was very civil, but as she did not sit down, I did not think it right to stay above a quarter of an hour; and there having been a female attendant and a gentleman present, I could not well get upon any topic so as to carry on a continued discourse. She apologised for not speaking English well enough to talk it, but intimated a hope that she might talk it better and longer with me at some future time. She spoke of her situation; and her manner was quite delightful."

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

"It is one of my frequent subjects of gratitude and praise, though not as frequently as it ought to be, that in the kind providence of God I was born an Englishman. Go through the whole earth, and enumerate every part of it, and you will find nothing like our own country. An Englishman, too, in this period of our country's existence, and in the middle station of life, &c. &c. We do not, I am sure I do not, live sufficiently under the constant influence of this spirit of thankfulness."

Madame Tussaud's Memoirs and Reminiscences of France. Forming an Abridged History of the French Revolution. Edited by FRANCIS HERVE, Esq., Author of "A Residence in Greece and Turkey," &c. &c.

Everybody has seen, or should see, Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax-work. So much, says the editor of this volume, did the task for resemblances in wax prevail during the reign of Louis XVI., that he, the queen, all the members of the royal family, and most of the eminent characters of the day, *submitted* to Madame Tussaud whilst she took models from them. In this way, the now venerable lady had frequent intercourse with the unfortunate royal family, and with most of the noblesse that figured in that most unfortunate court. At the same time through her uncle, John Christopher Curtius, a Swiss physician, who settled at Paris, where he took up as a profession the modelling of portraits in wax, she became intimately acquainted with many of the memorable leaders of the revolutionary party, and even with some of those volcanic minds that prepared the mighty conflict they did not live to see.

While a very young woman, she herself took casts from the heads of Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, and Mirabeau. Upon the strange visage of Voltaire she operated only two months before he died. The excesses of the revolution did not, it should seem, wholly interrupt the profession of the uncle and niece. Monsieur Curtius got up an exhibition of Marat's assassination, in which the figures of Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, and others, modelled by Madame Tussaud, were introduced, dressed in their own clothes, which it is said were sent at the suggestion of Robespierre, who was anxious for the utmost accuracy of resemblance and detail. The exhibition was very popular; and not long after, Madame Tussaud (according to the book before us) took a cast from the ghastly

head of Robespierre, when it had been dissevered from the body by the guillotine.

It very naturally occurred to Mr. Hervé, that the reminiscences of his old friend, who has seen so much, would possess interest for the general reader; and he has accordingly committed the materials of the present volume to paper, from her conversations, or from his recollections of them. We wish that Madame Tussaud had written herself—no matter in how homely a style—some years ago, when her memory was clearer; for, as Mr. Hervé observes, being now nearly eighty years old, her recollections are apt to be somewhat confused. With all this deduction, however, and notwithstanding various other objections that might be raised, the book will be found sufficiently amusing.

To prevent any serious historical mistake, we recommend such of our readers, as may be wanting in a knowledge of the real facts of the revolution to which so much of the book refers, to peruse, *ad intervalla*, Mignet's admirable two volumes, which convey a more vivid and a juster idea, than all the thousand-and-one volumes upon the same subject put together. We will quote here and there a passage, where we think Madame Tussaud is most at home.

COSTUME OF THE FRENCH DIRECTORY.

"The costume of the Directors, Madame Tussaud describes as most remarkable. A cherry-coloured cloak, white silk pantaloons, turned-down boots, waistcoat of silk à l'Espagnol, the whole richly embroidered with gold, Spanish hat and feathers. They held their court at the Luxembourg, were very easy of access, and always answered petitions within three days at farthest; they were very popular during their government, and the guillotine was only used for criminals; they did not keep up much state, but principally acted as chief magistrates; the taxes were not high during their sway."

We ought to have left off with the "hat and feathers," for the rest is incorrect.

NAPOLEON'S COSTUME ON HIS RETURN FROM EGYPT.

"Madame Tussaud well recollects Napoleon's return to Paris; he was dressed in the costume of a Mameluke, in large white trousers, red boots, waistcoat richly embroidered, as also the jacket, which was of crimson velvet. He arrived about eight in the evening, and the cannons of the Invalids fired a salute. His first visit was to his mother, who lived in the Ville Rue du Temple, just above the Cadran Bleu."

The next passage contains a fact, which is not only new to us, but almost incredible.

"Kleber was a particular friend of Madame Tussaud's uncle, and, she states, was considered one of the finest men in the French army. He was of colossal stature, and a man of the most undaunted courage. After acquiring the highest reputation for the skill and bravery he had displayed throughout a number of campaigns, he accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, and, after the departure of the latter, was appointed to the command of the French army, but was assassinated by a fanatic Turk. His widow is now living in London, teaching French and German, and sometimes calls upon Madame Tussaud."

As we have read his story, Robespierre, with all his vices and madness, always appeared remarkably indifferent to money. Madame Tussaud, or Mr. Hervé, makes him mean and mercenary. On the other hand, however, they add no fewer than five English inches to his stature.

"Madame Tussaud, from her profession, naturally becoming a more accurate observer of physical appearance than others usually are; and most of the translators from the French have fallen into the error of calculating the inch of France the same as our own, whereas the French foot is twelve inches seven-eighths English. Thus, in a recent work describing Robespierre, he is stated to be but five feet three inches; but this being French measure, he would be, according to our own, five feet eight."

DANTON.

"Danton was much at the house of M. Curtius, who, being captain of the National Guards of the Section du Temple, in which he resided, was continually in communication with most of the prominent characters of the day, independently of those whom he was constantly meeting at the club of the Jacobins. Amongst others, he became acquainted with Danton. Madame Tussaud states, that, notwithstanding his formidable appearance, and the thunder of his tones when speaking, he could be very mild and pleasing in his manners; he would often talk to her, and was very pressing that she should attend all the revolutionary fêtes. His exterior was almost enough to scare a child; his features were large and harsh, whilst he had generally a frown upon his countenance; his head was immense, his height gigantic, and he was stout in proportion; his muscles were colossal, and his physical strength was in proportion to his athletic frame; his voice was such as might be expected to proceed from so tremendous a form; his mind and his talents were of the same towering order as his physical powers: and yet he was duped by the inferior abilities of Robespierre, whose feeble body, delicate health, and weak lungs, prevailed over the stentorian tones of his adversary, whose bolder measures were subdued by the cunning of Robespierre. There was much of courage and daring in all the proceedings of Danton; but he was fond of money for the sake of the pleasures it procured, and was so dissipated that he squandered away immense sums, and received bribes from the court, betraying it at the same time. He was born at Acris sur Aube, and was by profession an advocate; he entered with ardour into the revolutionary career, obtained several different places, whilst gold poured into his coffers from all quarters. Reckless of human life, he doomed to destruction all whom he considered inimical to his plans; still there were some cases in which he was accessible to pity, and he might be considered as one grade less despicable than Robespierre or Marat. He met his death with much firmness and fortitude, although for one moment, when on the scaffold, he softened a little, exclaiming, 'Oh! my wife! my dear wife! shall I never see you again?' Then checking himself, he said, 'Courage, Danton! No weakness!' and submitted to his fate without a murmur. He was sentenced to death through the jealousy and intrigues of Robespierre. Danton was the great promoter of the affair of the 10th of August, and was always active in inflaming the minds of the people against royalty."

CHARLOTTE CORDAY, THE ASSASSIN OF MARAT.

"Madame Tussaud visited Charlotte Corday in the Conciergerie Prison, and found her a most interesting personage; she was tall and finely formed; her countenance had quite a noble expression; she had a beautiful colour, and her complexion was remarkably clear; her manners were extremely pleasing, and her deportment particularly graceful. Her mind was rather of a masculine order; fond of history, she had made it much her study, and naturally became deeply interested in the politics of her country; was a great admirer of pure republican principles, and thought she perceived the same feelings in the Girondins, to which party she became enthusiastically attached, and imbibed a proportionate detestation for the Mountain; hence the success of that resolution which brought her to the scaffold. She had been affianced to Major Belsance, a remarkably fine-looking young man, who was in the royal guards, and assassinated in one of the popular commotions in 1789. She wrote a letter to her father, begging pardon for what she had done, and stating she believed it to be her duty, bidding him remember, that Corneille observed that the crime, and not the scaffold, constitutes the shame. She conversed freely with Madame Tussaud, and even cheerfully, and ever with a countenance of the purest serenity. During her trial she displayed the same self-possession, avowing everything without reserve. When conveyed to the scaffold, some few of the rabble abused her, but far more pitied and admired her, and many women shed tears as she passed. The smile of happiness lighted her features all the way to the place of execution; and when the last preparations were performing, as the handkerchief was withdrawn, and discovered her bosom, the blush of modesty suffused her cheek, but she never once displayed the slightest emotion of fear."

A FRENCH JOANNA SOUTHGOT.

"Amongst other remarkable characters who perished at this period, was Catherine Theot, who gave out that she was the mother of Adam. Confinement in the Bastille, it was supposed, had induced mental derangement. She proclaimed the approach of a new Messiah, and declared Robespierre was one of his prophets."

Like Joanna Southcot, she obtained many proselytes; but the whole sect and its doctrines were turned into such ridicule, that it drew upon Robespierre rather a portion of contempt, from the very circumstance of his being the idol of such a set of imbecile fanatics, although it was very evident that he had not any connexion with them, and perhaps did not know for some time even of the existence of such a society."

THREE-ING AND THOU-ING.

"The constant adoption of the words 'thee' and 'thou' carried an air of affectation with it, and was constantly assumed by the revolutionists; and the mock republican simplicity with which individuals addressed each other, had a most absurd effect. When Dumourier appeared in Paris after his victories, Camus, addressing him in the language of the times, said, 'Citizen General, thou dost meditate the part of Cæsar; but remember, that in me thou wilt find a Brutus, who will plunge a dagger in thy heart.' 'Citizen Camus,' replied the satirical soldier, 'I am no more like unto Cæsar than thou art unto Brutus; and an assurance that I should live until thou shouldst kill me would be equal to a patent for immortality.'"

THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

"Although neither M. Curtius nor Madame Tussaud were usually present at their exhibition, yet when any crowned head, or otherwise celebrated character, came to view it, M. Curtius made it a point to appear and attend them; accordingly, he accompanied Joseph the Second, then Emperor of Germany, throughout the Museum, explaining every interesting circumstance connected with the different figures. The emperor, appearing to be delighted with all he saw, asked M. Curtius if he had anything in hand at the time, expressing a wish to visit his studio, to which, of course, assent was given; but as he was conducting Joseph the Second down stairs, his olfactory nerves were greeted with a scent to a German ever welcome, and he lifted up his hands, and threw back his head, exclaiming, with an expression of extreme pleasure, 'Oh, mein Gott, there is sour kroust!' and as it was requisite, in order to proceed to the studio, to pass through the *salle-à-manger*, no sooner was the door opened, discovering the family of M. Curtius at dinner over the tempting sour kroust, than the emperor exclaimed, 'Oh, do let me partake!' when, *instantly*, a napkin, plate, &c. were procured, and his imperial majesty seated himself at the table, not suffering an individual to rise from it, but joining the group *en famille*, and ate, drank, talked, laughed, and joked with all possible affability and familiarity, making himself as much at home as if he had been at his palace of Schönbrun, and consumed to his own share a large dish of sour kroust, and then said, 'There! now I have dined.' He spoke German all the time, and appeared pleased to have found those who could talk it with him."

Poor M. Curtius, Madame Tussaud's uncle and instructor, after trimming skilfully, and getting through the revolution with his head upon his shoulders, met with rather a melancholy end, which is thus succinctly told.

DEATH OF M. CURTIUS.

"A few months after the execution of Robespierre, Madame Tussaud had the misfortune to lose her uncle, who to the very last persisted that he was a royalist at heart, but that it was only the very politic conduct which he had pursued that had saved their lives and property. After his death he was opened, and a surgical examination took place, when it was fully ascertained that his death had been occasioned by poison."

THE VETO.

"Madame Tussaud states, that the subject which gave most umbrage to the people, was, that the king would not give up the veto, although there were many that were not aware of its real meaning, which, in fact, was no other than his privilege of annulling any decree of the legislative assembly, if his feelings would not permit him to confirm it. But the enemies of Louis represented the veto in so obnoxious a light, that many absolutely thought that within it centered all their grievances; and, as a term of reprobation, the mob called the king Monsieur Veto. So general was this designation, that some thought it was his real name. Madame Tussaud remembers to have heard a person refer to M. Curtius for information as to Veto being the name of the king, expressing the greatest astonishment on being informed that his name was Capet."

The Athenian Captive. A Tragedy; in Five Acts. By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, Author of "Ion," &c.

If we were to consider this beautiful production as a dramatic poem, without any reference to the stage, we should be inclined to pronounce it almost perfect. There is a chaste air and a classical grace about every part of it that take captive both ear and heart, and produce feelings resembling those which we have experienced in the contemplation of the temples and statues of ancient Greece. There is a succession of pictures and of situations of the highest beauty and interest; but we should hesitate ere we subscribed to the opinion of an excellent contemporary critic, who says that the beauties are scarcely so obvious in the closet as they would have proved upon the scene, if the play had been acted, as it was intended it should be. We are ready, indeed, to admit that it is more dramatic than "Ion," (in other respects we think it still more decidedly superior,) yet still we give it as our humble opinion that it is deficient in the *visida vis*, the condensation, the point, and in a certain something which we never saw explained in words, but which seems indispensable to full dramatic effect. It also seems to us that the best of its beauties must be ten times more obvious in the closet than they would be on any stage, even attended with the fortunate circumstance of having half-a-dozen good actors, which is more than any author or audience can reasonably expect. We should dread the effect upon our own nerves of hearing some of the delicate passages mouthed by a second or third-rate Thespian; and some of the passages which we more particularly refer to seem in themselves—beautiful though they be—fair specimens and proofs of a want of the dramatic power, and even of a due perception as to the things in which that power consists. If indeed such passages were of rare occurrence, they would not mar, but aid, dramatic effect; but they are numerous and crowded, and the personages of the drama continue to talk fine descriptive poetry when they ought to express themselves in the straightforward, earnest language of passion. Nobody will read the following extracts without feeling what we mean, or without paying a tribute of admiration to the delicacy and beauty of the poetry.

It is thus the heroine, Ismene, is first introduced by description.

" At stern Minerva's inmost shrine she kneels,
And with an arm as rigid and as pale
As is the giant statue, clasps the foot
That seems as it would spurn her, yet were stay'd
By the firm suppliant's will. She looks attent,
As one who caught some hint of distant sounds,
Yet none from living intercourse of man
Can pierce that marble solitude. Her face,
Upraised, is motionless,—yet while I mark'd it—
As from its fathomless abode a spring
Breaks on the bosom of a sullen lake,
And in an instant grows as still,—a hue
Of blackness trembled o'er it; her large eye
Kindled with frightful lustre; but the shade
Pass'd instant thence; her face resum'd its look
Of stone, as death-like as the aspect pure
Of the great face divine to which it answered.
I durst not speak to her.

" *Creon.* I see it plain;
Her thoughts are with our foes, the blood of Athens
Mantles or freezes in her alien veins;
Let her alone."

Thoas, the hero and an Athenian, thus describes his native city in a

moment of violent excitement. The picture is exquisite, but it seems to us just that sort of fine thing a man would not say in the circumstances.

“ 'Tis not a city crown'd
With olive and enrich'd with peerless fane
Ye would dishonour, but an opening world
Diviner than the soul of man hath yet
Been gifted to imagine—truths serene,
Made visible in beauty, that shall glow
In everlasting freshness ; unapproach'd
By mortal passion ; pure amidst the blood
And dust of conquests ; never waxing old ;
But on the stream of time, from age to age,
Casting bright images of heavenly youth
To make the world less mournful. I behold them !
And ye, frail insects of a day, would quaff
' Ruin to Athens !' ”

It was not for every man to go to Corinth, and when a man was there, in war-time, it was not safe to speak so well of the rival city of Athens. For his eloquence Thoas is thrown into “ a cell deep in the rock,” there to wait the leisure of Creon, king of Corinth, “ to frame his torture.” And it is while Thoas is in this trying position that he utters the following beautiful soliloquy.

“ Ye walls of living rock, whose time-shed stains
Attest that ages have revolv'd since hands
Of man were arm'd to pierce your solid frame,
And, from your heart of adamant, hew out
Space for his fellow's wretchedness, I hail
A refuge in your stillness ; tyranny
Will not stretch forth its palsied arm to fret
Its captive here. Ye cannot clasp me round
With darkness so substantial, as can shut
The airy visions from me which forebaw
The glories Athens will achieve, when I
Am passionless as ye.”

In a situation scarcely less critical, this eloquent “ Athenian Captive ” thus describes the outward aspect of his glorious native city, and the influence it had produced on his young mind.

“ Her groves, her halls, her temples, nay, her streets,
Have been my teachers. I had else been rude,
For I was left an orphan, in the charge
Of an old citizen, who gave my youth
Rough though kind nurture. Fatherless, I made
The city and her skies my home ; have watch'd
Her various aspects with a child's fond love ;
Hung in chill morning o'er the mountain's brow,
And, as the dawn broke slowly, seen her grow
Majestic from the darkness, till she fill'd
The sight and soul alike ; enjoy'd the storm
Which wrapt her in the mantle of its cloud,
While every flash that shiver'd it reveal'd
Some exquisite proportion, pictur'd once
And ever to the gazer ;—stood entranc'd
In rainy moonshine, as, one side, uprose
A column'd shadow, ponderous as the rock
Which held the Titan groaning with the sense
Of Jove's injustice ; on the others, shapes
Of dream-like softness drew the fancy far
Into the glistening air ; but most I felt
Her loveliness, when summer-evening tints
Gave to my lonely childhood sense of home.”

This looks like a picture studied on the spot by one who had often seen the sun rise and set, and the broad moon shine on the Acropolis, and the winds chase the clouds over the plains, the olive groves, (for time and the Turks have spared some of these,) the hills, and the mountains of Attica.

What next follows in the same vein from the same character in the drama is not so good—but let us fancy an audience listening to all this rhetorical patriotism!

Thoas has escaped from his captivity, and is on the point of entering Corinth at the head of a victorious Athenian army.

“ I have mused fondly—proudly—on the fate
Which waits upon my country ; when the brow
Which thou would'st deck, was bar'd to mist and storm ;
When every moonlit fountain which displaced
The blackness of the moss-grown hillock told
Of the pure beauty which her name should keep,
Empearling starless ages ; when each wave
That rippled in her harbour to my ear,
Spoke glad submission to the Queen of Cities ;
But never, 'mid my burning hopes of Athens,
Did I believe that I should stand thus crown'd
Her laurell'd soldier ! Friends, the sun-light wanes,
And we must sup in Corinth !

Pentheus.

See, the gates

[*The gates open.*

Open to welcome us !

Thoas.

Without a blow ?

We shall not earn our banquet. So expands
Before the vision of my soul, the east
To the small cluster of our godlike sons.
Let Asia break the mirror of our seas
With thousand sterns of ivory, and cast
The glare of gold upon them to disturb
The azure hue of heaven, they shall be swept
As glittering clouds before the sun-like face
Of unapplianced virtue ! Friends, forgive me ;
I have been used to idle thought, nor yet
Have learn'd to marry it to action.”

The last bit is even in a bad style of prettiness, or missiness, and though not *much*, there is more of this kind of writing scattered here and there. The plot of the piece is simple—is “classical and Greek ;” but we question whether it would be understood or appreciated by the very unclassical gods of our one shilling galleries, who always appear to us to have a good deal to do with the settling of the fate of a new play.

We recommend the printed play to better judges, and take our leave of it with an increased respect for Mr. Talfourd's genius.

Six Years in Biscay, comprising a Personal Narrative of the Sieges of Bilbao, in June 1835, and October to December 1836, and of the Principal Events which occurred in that City and the Basque Provinces, during the Years 1830 to 1837. By JOHN FRANCIS BACON.

Unlike most books, this volume contains a good deal more than is set forth in the title-page. In an exceedingly well written introduction, the author gives the whole political history of Spain, from the death of Ferdinand VII. ; and in subsequent chapters he details, not merely the sieges of Bilbao, but also the campaigns which have been made year after year by Sarsfield, Valdez, Rodil, Mina, Espartero, General Evans, Cordova,

and the rest. We cannot altogether acquit the sensible straightforward writer of partiality ; but there is infinitely less of it than we have seen in any work on the subject of Spain that has appeared since the beginning of the civil war. In most other respects his book is equally superior : and though the subject has now become somewhat wearisome, we have no doubt that it will excite considerable interest. We venture to recommend it to all those who are anxious for information as to the real state and prospects of the constitutional cause in the Peninsula.

The following passage, written at the close of last year, seems particularly worthy of attention.

“ There is every probability of the coming campaign proving as indecisive as the last, and having no other result than that of increasing largely the miseries of the country. There are too many military men on both sides, who are interested in prolonging the war, for it to be at all likely that a speedy termination will take place. Can any one expect that the pretender will withdraw from the contest as long as he can find followers ? There is not the smallest chance of his taking such a step. Each succeeding winter will see his forces recruiting themselves in the Basque Provinces, to sally forth with returning spring to lay waste the provinces of Castile, and then the war bids fair to be interminable. Nor is it at all probable that foreign intervention will take place, for not only is the peculiar character of the Spaniards of all parties, with but few exceptions, opposed to all interference of foreigners with their affairs ; but it is evident that France would not interfere, without exacting terms which neither constitutional Spain nor Great Britain would consent to. On the other hand, for England herself to interfere, in this second Spanish war of succession, with effect, not less than fifty thousand men would be needed, and many millions of money ; therefore, it is scarcely necessary to say, no British statesman would entertain the idea for an instant. Well, then, it may be asked, since Don Carlos receives succours from all parts of Europe, when from England furious no-popery men send contributions to the man whose banner is the dirty habit of St. Francis and Loyola, when even the heads of the Dutch reformed church, and the Eastern Greek church, send money and effects to the pet of the Pope, shall the cause of the young queen, the cause of the representative system, find no support ? While absolute monarchs come forward so freely with their aid to a struggling would-be-usurper—not from any conviction of the justice of his claim, but from sympathy with his principles—shall no assistance be given to the constitutionalist party of Spain, who have devoted their lives and fortunes to the noble task of rescuing their country from the degrading rule of the priesthood ? Many and glaring faults have the constitutionalists committed, some hardly unavoidable, and nearly all arising from a desire to conciliate their ferocious opponents ; but *those* should not excite the displeasure of their well-wishers, while *these* should claim the sympathy of the humane. For notwithstanding all that has been written by veul pens, dilating on the dangers to be apprehended to Europe in general from the democratic tendency of the Spanish revolution, it is a notorious fact that the partisans of the constitution, of whose republican thrones so much apprehension was pretended, to suit his own purposes, by the King of the French, are almost wholly of the higher and middling classes ; and who ever heard of the mass of owners of property advocating either civil war or ultra-democratical principles ? Indeed, this ill-founded and would-be sarcasm comes with an exceedingly bad grace from a prince, who, at the time when, by the spontaneous choice of the French nation, he was called upon to reign over France, was, from fear of assassination on the part of his loving subjects, obliged to have his carriage wadded, his guards doubled, trebled ; the streets lined with military when he went on public service ; and no stranger was suffered to approach him without the most jealous precautions ; while the fair cousin of the King of the French, although in the hands of these so styled fierce republicans, did, nevertheless, walk, ride, and drive about the streets of her capital every day, without any guards at all ; nor did any of these democrats, so dreadful in the eyes of Louis Philippe and his ministers, ever offer the slightest insult, much less attempt to assassinate her.

“ Certainly it would be a great libel upon the so-called free states, if it occurred that the spread of their principles were of less importance to them, than the triumph of despotism was to the irresponsible monarchs of the continent. The Spanish question, were it an isolated case, might safely be left to the two contending parties

for arrangement ; but, unfortunately, as an international question, it becomes more than ever interesting to us ; for, since the invention of steam, the whole northern sea board of Spain is virtually as near to Bristol as Scotland ; wherefore we are more interested in the question of Spanish policy now, than we have been at any other time ; and, of course, are bound to give every reasonable support to the cause of the orphan queen, combined as it is with hereditary right, undoubted justice, and the advancement of responsible and representative government. And there is, probably, no method by which Great Britain could so effectually, and at so little cost, assist the Queen of Spain, as by guaranteeing a loan for the service of that country. With the guarantee of England, the money would be raised at four per cent. ; without that security the money would not lend at twelve. With the guarantee of England, five millions of pounds borrowed would produce five millions of pounds net ; whereas, when Spain last borrowed on her own credit (or rather on that of Count Toreno,) eight millions only produced a little more than four millions. The interest upon a loan of five millions, supposing it raised at four per cent. (with one per cent. annually for a sinking fund,) would amount to 250,000*l.* yearly, which might be charged upon some especial revenue. Of course it would be but justice to Great Britain, that, in the event of a loan being raised with her guarantee, the expenditure should be in part controlled by a special commissioner appointed for that purpose ; nor ought the whole of the money to be expended at once, but distributed over a period of at least three years. This sum, together with their own resources, would enable the queen's government to keep the army in a state of efficiency, which could hardly fail to maintain its superiority over that of the pretender. Nor is it likely that Don Carlos would be able to hold his ground for three years more against the daily consolidating power of the Cortes. The maturing age of the young queen, by inspiring hopes and projects of a matrimonial alliance, would tend to weaken the party of the pretender, both in Spain and the North."

As readers now-a-days are not prepared for such a circumstance, but rather for its contrary, we beg to repeat that there is a great deal more in Mr. Bacon's book than is set down in his title-page. In the way of illustration there are some lithographic views and a plan of the town and vicinity of Bilbao. The views are from sketches by Captain Le Hardy, R.N., and we can pronounce them, from our own recollection of the scenery, to be very like.

We had almost forgotten to mention that the serious matter of the book is interspersed with pleasant little anecdotes. The following, which relates to an order issued by the absolutists, that all liberals should give up their horses, is not a bad specimen of ultra-royalist robbery.

" Don Diego Macmahon, a respectable merchant, had a valuable thorough-bred mare, for which he had not long before paid a high price. It naturally vexed him to part with this beautiful animal ; however, he was obliged to submit. The man who came for the mare coolly put the saddle and bridle on. ' You have no order for the saddle,' cried Macmahon.—' You are mistaken if you think I am going to ride without a saddle,' replied the man ; ' besides, Don Diego, where is your cloak ?'—' What cloak ?' said the other, enraged at the question.—' Now be quiet,' answered the Carlist horse-dealer ; ' 'tis no use making a noise. I know you have a good cloak, which will do for me nicely when campaigning ; so hand it out, or it will be the worse for you.' There was no help for it ; so Macmahon sent his servant to fetch it ; and as the lad went slowly up stairs on the errand, the defender of the altar and the throne roared out, ' And bring Don Diego's silver spurs along with the cloak ; do you hear, youngster ! for you know,' turning to Macmahon with a pleasant smile, ' you know the spurs will be of no use to you when you have no horse to ride !' "

Count Cagliostro ; or the Charlatan. A Tale of the Reign of Louis XVI. In three volumes.

If we are to consider this novel as a *coup d'essai*—as the first production of a young author, (and such we believe to be the case,) we are bound in our critical conscience to speak most highly of it, and to hold it

up as a bright promise of future excellence. If, on the other hand, we were to consider it rigidly as the work of a formed and practised writer, we should find several things to condemn, chiefly on the side of taste and discretion; for, in the high qualities of power and originality—in the faculty of amusing the reader, and carrying him completely along with the story, no objection can be well raised. Indeed, in these essentials Count Cagliostro surpasses every novel we have read this season, with almost the single exception of Mr. Bulwer's "*Alice*." The character of Cagliostro, and the time, (the few years which preceded the French revolution,) are exceedingly well suited for a stirring novel, and the author has made a great deal of both, showing a perfect acquaintance with the manners and the spirit of that period. Even at the risk of shackling his inventive powers, we can hardly help thinking that he would have done better if he had kept more closely to the real history and adventures of Alessandro Cagliostro, commonly called *Count*, who was indisputably one of the most impudent, and *therefore* one of the most successful impostors of the eighteenth century—which, like the nineteenth, and we suppose all other centuries, abounded in men of that class. We have no doubt in our minds that if the adroit Palermitan were to come back to London, and to pretend, as he once did at Strasburg, to the whole art of making old women young, that he would find plenty of patients,—and he might produce an impression upon some *old men* also, particularly if he could bring with him his blooming, beautiful wife, who swore, for the sake of proving the effects of her husband's magical arts, and for promoting business, that she was sixty years old, and had a son a veteran captain in the Dutch service! The part which the real Cagliostro played with that worthy son of the church, the Cardinal Duke de Rohan, in the mysterious affair of the necklace of diamonds—an unfortunate affair for Marie Antoinette!—must have been a fine specimen of roguery! But perhaps the most curious materials are to be found in the final *processo*, or trial at Rome in 1790, when Cagliostro was oddly condemned to death, not as a thief and murderer, which he was, but for being a *Freemason*. This sentence, however, was not executed; and the hero of innumerable adventures and impostors died in a Roman prison in 1795. If he had lived a little longer, the army of the French republic would have set him free; and, adopting a profitable business of those days, he might have become an active apostle of liberty and equality. Indeed, when times were less favourable for such acting, the conjurer excited a lively enthusiasm, by pretending a wonderful regard for the poor and oppressed, and a contempt for the rich and great.

In the novel the interest rests chiefly upon Antonia, a daughter of Cagliostro, whom we never heard of. Her adventures are exceedingly interesting, but the young lady is occasionally thrown into situations which are rather startling to delicacy; and these particular scenes are painted rather too broadly, and with too warm a colour. It is true, however, that, without a certain boldness and breadth, no adequate notion can be conveyed of the obscenity and profligacy of a certain part of the high noblesse of France in the period which intervened between the days of the Regency and of Louis XV. and the outbreak of the revolution.

The latter part of the book seems to us to show a great improvement made in the course of writing; and the interest of the narrative increases with every chapter after the latter part of the first volume. In the third volume there are snatches of dialogue, and fragments of descriptive scenes that are first-rate—free, flowing, and vigorous. We have seen descriptions innumerable, and many of them good ones, of the assault made upon the Bastille; and yet we were excited in an unusual degree by our author's manner of treating that event. We can only afford room for a part of it.

"The deputation had not produced the result which Brisseau had confidently expected, viz. that a flat refusal would have been returned, which would have roused

the people to the highest pitch of fury. Though somewhat disconcerted at the tranquillizing effect of the governor's message, he determined to make an effort to revive the popular indignation against the Bastille.

" 'My friends,' said he, in a voice the loudness and power of which seemed almost supernatural, 'you must be very good-natured to take the governor's answer in satisfaction of your just and reasonable demands. You insisted upon the removal of the cannon; and lo! he has dragged them back six inches: but when Broglie sends him orders to fire on his countrymen, pray, how many seconds will it take to push the murderous tubes forwards to their old places? He treats you, as a nurse does a child, who cries at the sight of the rod: she puts it behind her back, and the infant is pacified; although the rod remains as ready for use when wanted, as the cannon, that lurk in ambush behind yonder treacherous ramparts: but you adult Frenchmen—grown up Parisians—are you childish enough to be the dupes of such an old woman's trick?'

" These few words acted like a firebrand on the inflammable tempers of the mob. First arose an ominous buzz of discussion, a low deep sound, something between a hiss and a groan, which deepened and then slackened like the first fitful murmurs of an approaching storm. Gradually gaining strength, it became universal throughout the whole extent of the crowd, and at last burst upon the ear like the awful roar of a full-formed hurricane. The multitude was agitated like a sea—the dark surface of human heads heaved, and worked to and fro, until its vast undulations imitated the huge swell of the ocean. Arms began to flash among the crowd—swords were brandished; the glittering tubes of muskets were protruded from the moving mass. Suddenly some desperate spirit levelled his musket at the battlements of the Bastille, and fired—a shout, that seemed to shake both heaven and earth, proclaimed the exultation of the multitude at this first act of overt hostility. A thousand muskets were pointed in the same direction, and a tremendous volley was discharged at the ramparts. The leaden shower rattled against the massive walls of the old fortress, as vainly as hailstones. Its only effect was to drive from the ramparts, such of the garrison as were gazing on the multitude below. They quickly withdrew themselves from the range of their assailants' guns; and the lately crowded walls and towers presented not a trace of human life; save that now and then, a head slowly and cautiously raised itself above the battlements. In a moment the adventurous poll became a target for a thousand muskets, and it was withdrawn with much greater speed than it was put forward.

" A short description of the Bastille is necessary, to enable the reader to comprehend the nature of the attack which followed. This celebrated fort, or prison, was nearly of an oblong shape. Each corner terminated in a tower, and each side was also inlet, as it were, with two towers, placed at equal distances from each other. This part of the Bastille, which might be considered as the citadel, was surrounded by a deep ditch or fosse, on the outside of which, and joined by a causeway and drawbridge, stood, in a large open court, the governor's house, the guard-house of the garrison, and other officers connected with the Bastille. These external buildings adjoined the street, but the avenue of the entrance which led to them, was defended by a drawbridge and a branch ditch. The garrison of this important place consisted of two troops of Swiss and a small force of Invalids!

" While the mob were maintaining a harmless fire against the walls of the Bastille, which did not provoke even a single shot from its defenders, a much more effectual attack was made upon the outer drawbridge by two daring individuals; one a discharged soldier, named Louis Tournay; the other was never known, and most probably perished in the subsequent conflict. These courageous men entered a perfumer's shop, which adjoined the guard-house, and from thence climbed over the roof of the latter building, and got behind the drawbridge. Meeting with no interruption from the garrison, who had all retired into the interior of the Bastille, they began to hack and cut away with their hatchets the fastenings of the iron chains, which held up the great drawbridge. At first, from the noise, confusion, and smoke, which prevailed, they were not perceived by the garrison in the citadel. When they espied their operations, and saw their intentions, they hallooed out to those daring assailants to desist, on pain of being instantly fired on. These threats only redoubled the exertions of Tournay and his companion. The fear of death lent supernatural vigour to their brawny arms. Again the Swiss, with dreadful threats and levelled muskets, denounced instant destruction to them, if they persisted—quicker and louder fell their desperate strokes. Compelled by the obstinacy of Tournay and his companion, the garrison at length overcame their reluctance to fire. Two or three

shots were discharged from the tower, but without effect,—the assailants' efforts amounted to agony.

"The bridge begins to tremble and shake—another shot—another blow—the last hasp is cut away—down falls the bridge! With a scream of exultation and surprise, the crowd swept across it, like a pent-up torrent when it bursts its bounds,—filled the guard-house—filled the government mansion—filled the court in front of it. In a moment a furious attack was made on the second draw-bridge. The garrison, now seriously alarmed, and irritated at the result of their former forbearance, began to pour a deadly and destructive fire of musquetry from the battlements, and more especially from the loopholes in the walls. Every shot told on the densely crowded mass. Each bullet, like a stone thrown into a china shop, did its work of destruction. Aghast to find themselves falling on every side, and mowed down in files, like the thick grass under the scythe of the mower, the terrified people made a simultaneous push backwards, and in half a minute the court was completely cleared of all but the wounded and slaughtered wretches who were prostrated by the discharge. Many of the mob rushed panic-struck across the drawbridge, and could hardly deem themselves safe at the distance of a couple of streets. Others there were of bolder temperament, who retreated indeed from the open court, but took up their position behind the angle of some sheltering wall, or within the governor's house, and from thence maintained an irregular and dropping fire against the defenders of the fort. Encouraged by their example, most of the fugitives regained their courage, and crept into the governor's mansion and the guard-house, which they immediately began to pillage. Cleveland was not far distant from the draw-bridge when it first fell, and was carried away by the pressure of the mob. Finding resistance impossible, he yielded to the human current, and passed the bridge into the court; here he was fortunate enough to escape the effects of the volley which was discharged from the Bastille. Like every other occupant, Cleveland felt the imperative necessity of flight; but retaining more presence of mind than the majority, he deemed it sufficient to retreat beneath the angle of a wall, which afforded him refuge from the shot. Here the celerity with which he took up his position, brought him in rather rough contact with an individual who had already betaken himself to the same shelter. As the smoke cleared away, he recognized Briasseau.

"'Ha!' said the latter; 'this is brave sport—merry sport is it not? It makes one's blood circulate——'"

The Heiress and her Suitors. 1 vol.

This is a stirring tale, depicting the career of a beautiful and accomplished heiress, whose hand is sought by successive suitors, but who remains true to the chosen of her heart, to whom she is finally and happily united. In the conduct of the story there is much vicissitude. The interest is sustained and relieved by lively and amusing sketches, some of foreign scenery, which are evidently recollections. As a first production, which we take it to be, it evinces capabilities which experience might lead to a higher aim. We think, however, that this single volume affords a sufficient variety to interest and amuse. As a specimen we select the following.

"We left Italy after a residence there of five years. Those who have never been in that land of beauty can scarcely understand the feelings of enthusiasm and romantic love which most people who have visited it, entertain for that much-oppressed country. Few persons can account for these sensations, and few attempt to analyse them; but they may chiefly be explained thus; first, the climate, which, unconsciously to ourselves, is an indispensable ingredient to happiness; secondly, the classic ground we tread, especially in Rome,—yes, our insignificant persons are wandering comfortably amongst the buildings that have witnessed the most heroic deeds, and sheltered varied genius; our eyes are gazing on the unrivalled works of art, which that genius has left, whilst the hand that created them has long withered away.

"I think the first impression of Italy, after all that has been said and written upon it, is disappointing; for the imagination always expects too much; like many other

things; we do not appreciate their value till they are gone; then, when we breathe the thick murky air of northern France, or tread the cold bleak shores of England, then does the heart pant for the clear soft clime of Italy, the dark blue sky, the deep blue waves, the light blue violets, and, in short, for the endless, rich, and varied beauties always beheld while breathing that pure air, which gives enchantment to these scenes. I, perhaps, speak of others' feelings too much by my own; I passionately love the glorious works of nature, and of art, and the sweet sounds of music; and that is the land for all in perfection; I have seen many scenes, traversed many countries, dwelt in many cities; and yet, of all these places, where does my heart yearn to return? To one only! The land girded by the Mediterranean azure wave—the land teeming with oil and wine, and purple with the luscious grape—to Italy, the garden of the world."

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The Pictorial Bible.—This beautiful work is now completed, in three volumes—and rich and rare volumes they are. In the course of publication we have repeatedly done our little best to direct attention to the excellence and great novelty of the illustrations, and of the lucid and most judicious notes. The latter, in fact, contain the very essence of biblical annotation; together with much valuable matter that is entirely new. This true Family Bible is wonderfully cheap.

The Poetical Works of Robert Southey. Collected by Himself.—We have now before us the seventh volume of this cheap and elegant edition. The two illustrations are more interesting, and are better as works of art, than any of the preceding. The view of the Church of Santiago at Compostella is beautiful, and still more exquisite is the view of the shrine. The pieces contained in the volume are the "Tale of Paraguay," "All for Love," and the "Pilgrim to Compostella."

Select English Poetry, designed for the Use of Schools and Young Persons in general.—A very judicious selection in a very pretty little book. Good as a present for young persons.

Travels of Minna and Godfrey in many Lands—Holland.—This is a truly delightful and useful little book, abounding in information on a country that is less frequently visited and talked of than it deserves. It is written for young people, but many who have passed the age of manhood may read it with advantage. We very cordially recommend it to notice.

Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice, and the Physiology of Digestion. By WILLIAM BEAUMONT, M.D., Surgeon in the United States' Army. Reprinted from the Plattsburg Edition, with Notes, by ANDREW COMBE, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh; Physician Extraordinary to the Queen in Scotland, and Consulting Physician to the King and Queen of the Belgians.—If people do not learn the art of taking care of their own stomachs, they can hardly lay the blame on a want of proper instruction. On an average we receive about thirty volumes a year, chiefly treating of this very absorbing subject. A work so scientific and so admirable in all essentials as the present, is, however, a rarity, and we therefore particularly call attention to it. It was originally published in America, but Dr. Combe's notes add greatly to its value. We are almost afraid that some philosophers may be tempted by the long list of experiments on the strength of the stomach, to repeat them too often, *practically*.

Poems. By M. VERTUE.—"The cultivation of the pleasures of poetry," says the author, "has its advantages, independently of the rewards of fame. Perhaps the most valuable property is its powers of disengaging the mind from worldly cares, and leading the imagination to the

richest springs of intellectual enjoyments; since, however frequently life may be chequered with gloomy scenes, those who truly love the muse, can always find one little path adorned by flowers, and cheered by sunshine." With this feeling Mr. Vertue's poems will be their own reward. Some of them, however, will well compensate the reader for his pains; and in all of them there is an amiable and generous spirit.

On the Revival of Literature.—This is the substance of a lecture delivered some years back to a literary society in London, which, by general consent, awarded it a prize. It has the merit of bringing some of the more salient points of an immense subject into a narrow compass.

Montezuma; a Tragedy, in five Acts. By DILNOT SLADDEN.—A quotation from the tragedy itself will best explain our feeling and its merits.

"ANOTHER—YET ANOTHER! Pshaw! 'tis weakness.
Methinks these nerves are somewhat out of tune,
Thus to delude my senses—shame upon thee!"

ACT I. SCENE 2.

P. Blanchard's premières Connaissances à l'usage des Enfants qui commencent à lui ouvrage élémentaire, précédé de regles de prononciation, et suivi d'un index des mots.—A useful little school-book, as far as it goes—one of the best of its kind.

The New Pen-holder.—Mr. Riddle, the ingenious inventor of several useful instruments, has just produced a new and elegant PEN-HOLDER, which is equally applicable to every variety of pen to which the usual Pen-holders are applied. The object of this invention is to prevent the pen from becoming cemented to the handle, as is so often the case with the former kind. Mr. Riddle's Pen-holder has a self-acting spring, which, as soon as it is required, opens and ejects the pen, thus rendering the change of a pen a safe and momentary matter, without the danger of soiling a finger. We despair of seeing a more complete instrument for the purpose than Mr. Riddle's universal Pen-holder.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Memoirs of Mrs. Mary Tatham. By Rev. J. Beaumont. 12mo. 6s.
 China; its State and Prospects. By W. H. Meadhurst. 8vo. 12s.
 Lister's Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon. 3 vols. 8vo. 48s.
 Home Education. By the author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm." New Edition, royal 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 M'Lean's Practical Discourses. 8vo. 8s.
 The Minister's Family. By a Country Minister. 12mo. 5s.
 The Church and her Ministrations. By Bishop Mant. 8vo. 13s.
 The Original Services for the State Holidays. By the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Percival. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 Kelso; the Sermons, &c. at the Opening of the New Church. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Knox (Alexander) on the Doctrines of the Sacraments. Fc. 5s.
 The Stewart Missions. Edited by Rev. W. J. D. Waddilove. 12mo. 7s.
 Jephtha, and other Poems. By G. Pryme. Fc. 5s.
 Thistlethwaite's Sermons on the Pentateuch. Vol. IV. 12mo. 6s.
 Testimony of History to the Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures. By Rev. W. J. Butler. 12mo. 5s.
 Historical Records of the British Army: the Life Guards. 8vo. With coloured Plates, 12s. Ditto, ditto, the Horse Guards, or Oxford Blues. With coloured Plates. 8vo. 12s.

- Leila; or, the Siege of Granada.* By E. L. Bulwer, Esq. With many Engravings. Royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.; or proofs, 2l. 12s. 6d.
- Second Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.* By the Rev. Sydney Smith. 8vo. 1s.
- The Pictorial Bible.* Vol. I. 4to. 1l. 2s. 6d.
- The Progress of the Nation.* By G. R. Porter. Sections III. and IV.: Interchange and Revenue and Expenditure. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- Drawing for Young Children.* Square. 3s. 6d.
- A New Method of Learning to Read and Write the German Language.* From the French. By H. G. Ollendorff. 12mo. 9s.
- Notices of the Northern Capitals of Europe.* By F. H. Standish, Esq. 8vo. 8s.
- A Selection of Leading Cases on Various Branches of Law.* By T. W. Smith, Esq. Vol. II., Part I. Royal 8vo. 12s.
- Dr. Chalmers's Lectures on Church Establishments.* 8vo. 6s.
- A Brief View of Christian Doctrine.* By E. Ash. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- Homeward Bound, a Tale of the Sea.* By J. F. Cooper, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- Memoirs of the Rev. W. Steadman.* By his Son. 12mo. 8s.
- Arnold's History of Rome.* Vol. I. 8vo. 16s.
- Jacob's (Rev. G. A.) Bromsgrove Greek Grammar.* 12mo. 6s.
- Brief Record of Meditative Hours.* 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- Remains of the Rev. C. J. Paterson.* Edited by Archdeacon Hoare. 12mo. 6s.
- Mempriss's Gospel of Our Lord's Ministry.* Fc. 3s.
- The Church of the Lord.* By Rev. F. Ellaby. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
- The Family of Bethany.* By A. Bonnet. New edition. 12mo. 5s.
- Israel's Wanderings.* Sixth edition. 12mo. 6s.
- The Glasgow Infant School Magazine.* Sixth edition. 18mo. 3s.
- Powell's Latin Grammar.* Fc. 3s. 6d.
- Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.* New edition. 2 vols. fc. 12s.
- Channing's (Dr.) Discourses.* 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- Shakspeare and his Friends, or "the Golden Days" of England.* 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- The Pictorial New Testament.* Royal 8vo. 14s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer has just committed to the press his Speech delivered in the House of Commons on Tuesday, May 22, 1838, on the immediate abolition of Negro Apprenticeship.

Mrs. Jameson is proceeding in preparing for publication her new work, "WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES," containing her observations on the country and people made during her recent Tour in Canada.

Mr. Reade's new poem, ITALY, WITH CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES, is now ready.

A new edition of M. DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA is in preparation.

A new edition of that elegant and popular little work "THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS," is nearly ready.

The new Work recently announced, entitled "TALES OF THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES," is near completion.

We are glad to find that a new Edition of Mr. Bagster's valuable little work, on "THE MANAGEMENT OF BEES," is nearly ready for publication. Our readers will, perhaps, remember that one distinguishing feature of this work is that of its making known an invention of a peculiarly pleasing and useful kind, called "The Lady's Safety Hive," by which the management of bees has been greatly simplified, as well as rendered safe even to Ladies. The rapid sale of the former Edition is perhaps the best proof of the acknowledged utility of this beautiful little volume.

Miss Barrett, Authoress of a Translation of the "Prometheus Bound," has just ready for publication a new Volume, entitled "THE SERAPHIM, AND OTHER POEMS," which is to appear forthwith.

The Colonies of the British Empire in the West Indies, South America, North America, Asia, Austral-Asia, Africa, and Europe; comprising the Area, Agriculture,

Commerce, Manufactures, Finances, Military Defence, Cultivated and Waste Lands, Rates of Wages, Prices of Provisions, Banks, Coins, Staple Products, Population, Education, Religion, Crime, &c. &c. &c. of each Colony; from the official records of the Colonial Office, by permission of the Secretary of State. With Maps, Plans, Charters of Justice and Government, &c. In one volume royal octavo. By Montgomery Martin, author of the "History of the British Colonies," &c.

Colonel Mitchell (author of the "Life of Wallenstein") is now engaged on a "Life of Napoleon," in which he intends, directly, to combat the received opinions of the high genius of the French Emperor.

In the Press, "Misfortunes of the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI., translated from the French by the Hon. and Rev. C. G. Perceval, Rector of Calverton, Bucks."

Preparing for publication, in royal 4to., "Illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa;" consisting chiefly of figures and descriptions of the objects of Natural History, collected during an Expedition into the Interior of South Africa, in 1834, 1835, and 1836: By Dr. Andrew Smith, Director of the Expedition. This Work will be published in Parts, under the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury: the first Part is nearly ready.

Dr. Andrew's Smith's "Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Southern Africa," comprising an Authentic Narrative of the Travels and Discoveries of the Expedition under his direction, will shortly be published in two vols. 8vo., illustrated by a map, and numerous plates of African Scenery; and of the dresses, weapons, dances, religious ceremonies, &c. of the natives.

The Rev. Charles Gutzlaff (now and for many years a resident in China) has in the press, in two vols. post 8vo., a work under the title of "China Opened," or a display of the Topography, History, Customs, Manners, Arts, Manufactures, Commerce, Literature, Religion, Jurisprudence, &c. of the Chinese.

The Rev. W. Tucker, M.A., has in the Press an 8vo. volume, entitled "Scriptural Studies," comprising—The Creation; The Christian Scheme; and The Inner Sense.

Preparing for Publication in Numbers, imperial folio, each to contain five plates, with descriptive letter-press, "The Oriental Portfolio," a Series of Illustrations of the Scenery, Antiquities, Manners, Costumes, &c. of the East. This splendid work is dedicated to her Majesty by her express command.

"A Journal of a Voyage to Japan, in the Year 1837," is in the press, and will be published in a thin foolscap 8vo. volume.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

ALTHOUGH not as yet to the extent anticipated, still we hope we may congratulate our readers on an improvement in the state of our commercial relations. The demands for manufactured goods are certainly not active, but the general impulse pervading a variety of extensive undertakings must eventually produce this. The most marked occurrence we have this month to record, is the success which has attended the great experiment of traversing the vast Atlantic by the aid of steamships. The *Sirius* accomplished the voyage to New York in about twenty days, and back in nineteen. The *Great Western* went over in about fifteen days, and returned in fourteen. This important event has been hailed on all sides with the most deep-felt satisfaction. In America, short as the time has been, we observe a company has been formed for immediately establishing a line of steamships, and here are two, one in London and the other in Liverpool. What the effect of this important achievement will be on the future history of the British and American nations, it might be difficult to imagine; but that it will prove the dawn of a new era in both, there can be little doubt. The enthusiasm of the Americans on the arrival of the vessels was unbounded; all ranks and classes flocking on board. To mark their sense of the important event, a deputation of the municipal body attended, and experienced the most cordial welcome. Both vessels are preparing for their second voyage.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 26th of May.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 204 one-half to 5 one-half.—Three per Cent. Consols, 94 one-half to five-eighths.—Three per Cent. reduced, 92 three-quarters.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 101 one-quarter.—Consols for Account, 94 five-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 61s. to 63s. prem.—India Bonds, 64s.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 25 to 6 one-fourth.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 three-eighths to five-eighths.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 93 three-quarters.—Spanish Active Bonds, 21 seven-eighths to 2 one-eighth.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—Consols left off at 94½ to 5. A slight improvement took place in Exchequer Bills, which closed at 61s. to 63s. premium. India Bonds were 64s. premium; Bank Stock was 204½ to 5½; India Stock, 269½ to 270½.

The Peninsular securities were on the advance, and a good deal of business transacted in them. Spanish Actives with the May coupons were 21½ to 2½; Portuguese 5 per Cents., 35½ to 6½; the 3 per Cents., 24½ to ¾; Brazilian improved to 81 to ½; Mexican were 26½ to 7; Columbian, 27½ to ¾; Dutch 2½ per Cents., 54½ to ¾; the 5 per Cents., 100 ¾ to ¾.

Railway shares were heavy, and the prices of several continue to decline. London and Birmingham were 83 to 85; Great Western, 28 to 29; Southampton (new,) 17 to 18; North Midland, 4½ to 5½; Manchester and Birmingham, ¾ to 1½; Croydon (new), 1½ to 2½; Brighton, ¾ to ½; Blackwall, ¾ to ¾ premium; Southampton (old), 9 to 8; Croydon (old), 4½ to 3½; Greenwich, 4½ to 3½ discount. British Iron, 9½ to 10½ per share. There was a greater disposition to do business in the Asphalt shares, and prices crept up a little. Claridge's were 8 to 10; British 1½ to ¾; United States, 1½ to 2½ premium; Bastenne, ½ discount to par; Liverpool, par to ½; and Polonceau's, par to ½ premium.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM APRIL 24, TO MAY 18, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

April 24.—J. Maskey, Ivy Lane, victualler.—J. W. Bogle, Liverpool, underwriter.—M. Hatton and J. C. Hatton, Liverpool, wine-merchants.—T. Steel and J. B. Steel, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinners.—R. Thorue, Chisleton, Wiltshire, hay-dealer.—J. F. Taylor, Wigan, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—J. Hawthorn, Birmingham, brassfounder.—H. Hayes, Stamford, Lincolnshire, wheelwright.—W. Allday, Bickenhill, Warwickshire, cattle salesman.—J. Collins, Leominster, Herefordshire, builder.—W. Nation, Bath, butcher.

April 27.—J. Billitt, Northfleet, cattle salesman.—B. Brown, New Windsor, oilman.—J. K. Kent, Craven Street, Strand, money scrivener.—R. Reynolds, Manchester, cabinet-maker.—J. Sellers, Ashborne, Derbyshire, ironmonger.—T. Brown, Gloucester, victualler.—W. Swain, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.—T. Trollop, Friskney, Lincolnshire, beer-dealer.—J. Stock, Preston, Lancashire, corn-merchant.—F. Garth, South Shields, common brewer.

May 1.—H. Golding, Jacob's Well, New Inn Yard, Shoreditch, victualler.—E. Gowan and A. Shanks, Morpeth, Northumberland, common brewers.—W. Powell, Birmingham, spade and saw manufacturer.—W. Pratt, jun., Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, grocer.—W. Jones, Brecon, Brecknockshire, victualler.—J. Risdale, Darlington, Durham, chemist and druggist.—B. Carter, Nottingham, lace manu-

facturer.—R. Hughes, Wrexham, Denbighshire, tailor.—P. Rose and J. C. Rose, Bristol, booksellers.—E. Adams, Old Newton, Suffolk, corn-dealer.—J. Oldham, Sheffield, druggist.—S. Wells, jun., Nottingham, baker.—J. Broadhurst, Shelton, Staffordshire, carpenter.—T. P. and J. Peck, Liverpool, grocers.—J. Scragg, Manchester, retailer of beer.—J. Oates, Glossop, Derbyshire, innkeeper.

May 4.—J. Hiley, Bordesley, Birmingham, builder.—R. Slade, sen., and Co., Poole, Dorsetshire, Newfoundland merchants.—J. Leigh, Warrington, Lancashire, grocer.—J. Harrison, Penrith, Cumberland, skinner.—A. Hingston, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, chemist.—E. Mawson, Skipton, Yorkshire, innkeeper.

May 8.—J. C. Foudrinier, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate Street, engineer.—T. Sneezam, Billericay, Essex, carpenter.—T. Forshall, Mead Place, Westminster Road, surgeon.—J. Taylor, Ulverston, Lancashire, victualler.—T. Rogers, Kington, Herefordshire, innkeeper.—W. Cook, St. Martin, Herefordshire, timber merchant.—J. Wright, Liverpool, grocer.—J. Champion, Manchester, machine maker.—T. Jeffs, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, victualler.—H. and J. Davis, Chalford, Gloucestershire, clothiers.—J. Wood, Harrop Green, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.

May 11.—J. H. and G. L. Page, Queen Street, Cheapside, stationers.—G. Keat, Upper

St. Martin's Lane, military brass instrument maker.—G. Harrison, Strutton Ground, Westminster, licensed victualler.—E. and F. Hill, Thames Street, corn dealers.—E. Justins, sen., and E. Justins, jun., Mark Lane, printers.—W. D. Payne, Kennington Road, Surrey, dealer in hay.—T. Hall, Great Portland Street, woollen draper.—J. Garside, Portwood and Brinnington, Cheshire, cotton spinner.—E. P. Watson, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.—H. S. Bailey, Bingley, Yorkshire, stuff merchant.—J. London, Huddley, Warwickshire, builder.—J. N. Simpson, Bridlington, Yorkshire, surgeon.—W. Marshall, Sheffield, Yorkshire, cut nail manufacturer.—G. Davis, Norwich, tailor.—R. and J. Jones, Newtown, Montgomeryshire, flannel manufacturers.—W. Golland, Sheffield, Yorkshire, spirit dealer.—R. Sorsby, Sheffield, Yorkshire, innkeeper.

May 15.—R. Davis, Watling Street, linen factor.—W. Redgrave, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, brass founder.—F. T. Cook, Queen's Row, Pimlico, tobacconist.—F. Morgan, Long Acre, linen draper.—W. F.

F. P. Bryant and H. J. Peake, Cefencribbur, Glamorganshire, iron masters.—J. Jones, Whitechapel Road, rope merchant.—T. Smith, Stockport, Chester, ironmonger.—J. Murdell, Brighton, coach maker.—W. Winzar, Fordington, Dorsetshire, mason.—E. and H. James, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, butcher.—H. Dickinson, Sheffield, Yorkshire, nail manufacturer.—G. and S. Seccombe, Tavistock, Devonshire, tailors.—R. Maskell, Weobly, Herefordshire, currier.—R. Marshall, Bristol, carpenter.

May 18.—H. Lloyd, Old Bond Street, draper.—A. Abraham, Lane End, Stoke-upon-Trent, druggist.—W. Grantham, Kingston-upon-Hull, mercer.—R. Ferguson, Petworth, Sussex, linen draper.—J. Wallwork, Chowbent, Lancashire, druggist.—W. Stephenson, Leeds, woollen draper.—T. Robson, jun., and J. Grove, Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, porter merchants.—C. Wake, South Brewham, Somersetshire, cattle dealer.—C. Cooke, Birmingham, grocer.—T. Robson, Stoke-upon-Trent, wine merchant.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude $51^{\circ} 37' 32''$ N. Longitude $3^{\circ} 51''$ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton, the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
April					
23	56-32	29,43-29,30	S.W.		Morn. cloudy, with rain and hail, otherwise clear.
24	53-33	29,60-29,40	S.E.	,0625	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
25	50-26	29,72-29,64	N. b. E.	0,875	Cloudy.
26	50-35	29,90-29,78	N. b. E.		Cloudy.
27	50-31	29,87-29,84	N. b. E.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
28	53-27	29,78-29,68	N.		Generally clear.
29	48-26	29,67-29,64	N.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
30	54-29	29,55-29,50	S.W.	,025	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
May					
1	54-40	29,59-29,58	S.W.	0,875	Cloudy, with rain.
2	67-44	29,78-29,73	S.W.		Gen. clear, lightning and distant thunder in the
3	63-45	29,91-29,75	S.W.		Generally clear. [S.W. about 9 P.M.]
4	60-32	29,94-29,92	N.E.		Generally clear.
5	67-42	30,11-29,98	N.		Generally clear.
6	63-30	30,19-30,17	N.E.		Generally clear.
7	74-32	30,22-30,19	N.E.		Generally clear.
8	76-30	30,22-30,18	N.E.		Generally clear.
9	70-33	30,13-30,07	N.E.		Generally clear.
10	56-32	30,28-30,21	N.E.		Generally clear.
11	53-22	30,31-30,21	E.		Generally clear.
12	68-18,5	30,10-29,96	N.W.		Generally clear.
13	53-37	29,69-29,63	N.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise generally clear, rain
14	51-24	29,64-29,63	N.E.		Generally clear. [the afternoon.]
15	56-23	29,68-29,67	N.E.	,05	Generally clear.
16	57-21	29,76-29,75	N.E.		Generally clear.
17	60-24	29,79-29,75	E. b. N.		Generally clear.
18	57-26	29,83-29,79	S.E.		Cloudy, a little rain in the evening.
19	58-38	29,88-29,77	S.E.		Generally overcast, rain in the afternoon.
20	63-46	29,61-29,52	S.E.		Generally overcast.
21	63-47	29,58-29,52	S.W.	0,375	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
22	56-46	29,62-29,52	S.W.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Jeffreys, of Kensington, Middlesex, esquire, for improvements in stoves, grates, and furnaces. March 24th, 6 months.

J. Clark, the younger, of Mile End, Glasgow, Cotton Spinner, for improved machinery for turning; some part or parts of which may be made applicable to other useful purposes. April 4th, 6 months.

W. A. Robertson, of Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, London, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in the manufacture of hosiery, shawls, carpets, rugs, blankets, and of other fabrics. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 4th, 6 months.

G. Barnett, of 49, Jewin Street, London, Tailor, for an improved button, for protecting the thread or shank from friction and wear. April 7th, 2 months.

J. R. Cooper, of Birmingham, Gun Maker, for improvements in fire arms. April 10th, 6 months.

T. Watson, of Addle Hill, Doctors' Commons, London, Mechanist, for improvements in stoves. April 10th, 6 months.

D. Redmund, of Wellington Foundry, Charles Street, City Road, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction and apparatus of steam-boats or vessels used for war or commercial purposes. April 10th, 6 months.

E. Cobbold, of Long Metford, Suffolk, Clerk, and P. Richold, the younger, of the same place, Coach Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of certain pigments or paints, or such like substances. April 10th, 6 months.

W. F. Cooke, of Breed's Place, Hastings, Esquire, for improvements in giving signals and sounding alarms at distant places, by means of elastic currents transmitted through metallic circuits. April 18th, 6 months.

W. Barnett, of Brighton, Ironfounder, for certain improvements in the production of motive power. April 18th, 6 months.

T. M. Gladstone, of Bootle cum Linacre, near Liverpool, Chain Cable and Anchor Manufacturer, for certain improvements in ships' windlasses, which improvements are applicable to other purposes. April 21st, 6 months.

E. Cooper, of Haverton, Wilts, Clothier, for an improvement in the making or manufacturing of soap. April 21st, 6 months.

J. T. Chance, of Birmingham, Glass Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of glass. April 21st, 6 months.

J. Macnee, Coach Maker, George Street, Edinburgh, for an improvement or improvements in carriages. April 21st, 2 months.

M. Poole, of the Patent Office, Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in manufacturing carpets, rugs, and other napped fabrics. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 21st, 6 months.

C. Nickels, of York Road, Lambeth, Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery for covering fibres, applicable to the manufacture of braid and other fabrics. April 21st, 6 months.

R. Finlayson, of Regent Street, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, M.D., for improvements in harrows. April 21st, 6 months.

F. Pope, of Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, Fancy Iron Worker, for certain improvements in machinery for making or manufacturing pins, bolts, nails, and rivets, applicable to various useful purposes. April 24th, 6 months.

T. Vaux, of Woodford Bridge, Essex, Land Surveyor, for improvements in tilling and fertilizing land. April 24th, 6 months.

S. W. Smith, of Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, Iron Founder, for improvements in regulating the heat of furnaces for smelting iron, which improvements may also be applied to retorts for generating gas. April 24th, 6 months.

A. Happey, of Basing Lane, in the city of London, Gentleman, for a new composition applicable to paving roads, streets, terraces, and other places, which improvements are also applicable to the different purposes of building; and also in the apparatus for making the said composition. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 25th, 6 months.

R. Goodwin, of St. Paul's Terrace, Camden Town, Middlesex, Coal Merchant, for an improved prepared fuel. April 26th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—MAY, 1838.

HOUSE OF LORDS, April 27.—Their Lordships assembled this day, for the first time after the recess. After the presentation of some petitions, the Earl of Winchelsea said “he had seen in the public papers this morning a statement with respect to the appointment of a gentleman as legal adviser to the noble lord who was about to proceed to Canada; and he wished to ask the noble viscount whether the person said to be appointed was the individual who, three or four years ago, stood at the bar of their Lordship’s House as a party in a case of adultery?”—Lord Melbourne said “that no legal adviser had been appointed, and, on reconsideration, it was not deemed necessary to make such an appointment.”—In answer to a question by the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Melbourne said he was not aware of any intention to submit at present a measure founded on the report of the Commissioners appointed to visit the King’s College and the Marischal College in Aberdeen.—Their Lordships then adjourned.

April 30.—Lord Lyndhurst inquired if it were intended to renew the Order in Council authorising British subjects to enlist in the service of Spain.—Lord Melbourne answered that it had been determined not to renew the Order in Council; but that special permission might nevertheless be given in particular cases.—The Marquis of Londonderry then, at some length, alluded to the “maimed rites” with which the approaching Coronation was to be celebrated, and to the particular day fixed for the ceremonial; and inquired if any change might be expected in either.—Lord Melbourne replied that the day had been originally fixed inadvertently, and that it would probably be changed from the 26th to the 28th of June. His lordship justified the abridgment of the ceremony, on the ground that the observances were not in unison with “the spirit of the age.”

May 1.—The Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill was brought up from the Commons and read a first time. Lord Melbourne proposed the second reading for Friday the 11th.—The Duke of Wellington recommended that the second reading should be deferred for a few days, in order to give time to the fullest expression of opinion upon the merits of it.—Lord Melbourne acceded.—Lord Wynford then proposed his Bill for the purpose of amending certain provisions of the New Poor Law Bill.—Adjourned till Thursday, when nothing of importance occurred.

May 4.—In answer to a question by the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Melbourne stated that government would use every exertion to procure payment for the unfortunate persons who, after having served in the British Legion in Spain, are now wandering in a state of destitution through the streets of London.—Lord Lorton directed attention to publications that had appeared, signed by a Roman Catholic as “Archbishop of Tuam;” and inquired whether the government intended to institute proceedings for the vindication of the law.—Lord Melbourne answered that it was not intended to institute any proceedings.

May 7.—An interesting discussion ensued on a motion by the Earl of Winchelsea, for copies of any correspondence which had taken place between the Secretary of State for the Home Department and the Lord Lieutenant of the county of Hertford, relative to the reduction of the yeomanry corps in that county.

May 8.—The Poor Law Loan Bill was read a second time.

May 9.—The Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Shaftesbury took their seats shortly after four o’clock as Lords Commissioners, when the royal assent by commission was given to the Consolidated Fund Bill, the Benefices Clergy Bill, the Haileybury College Bill, the Ribble Navigation Bill, the West India Dock Bill, the Cockharn Bridge Bill, the Brecon Market Bill, the Ashby-de-la-Zouch Small Debts Bill, and several private enclosure and road Bills.

May 10.—The Custody of Insane Persons Bill went through Committee, and was reported.

May 11.—Nothing of importance.

May 14.—Lord Melbourne postponed the second reading of the Irish Poor Relief Bill until Monday next, in consequence of the indisposition of the Duke of

Wellington.—Lord Wynford deferred his Bill to amend the English Poor Law Act till the Committee now sitting on the subject should have made its report.

May 15.—The Bishop of London presented a petition from 10,000 Spitalfields weavers, complaining of distress, and praying for relief.—Lord Glenelg laid upon the table a Bill for regulating the condition of the East Indian labourers in our colonies.—The Vestries Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Regency Act Amendment Bill was read a second time.—Adjourned till Friday.

May 18.—After some business of no public interest, the Bills before the House were forwarded in their respective stages, and their Lordships adjourned.

House of Commons, April 25.—The House re-assembled this day.—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd moved the second reading of his "Copyright" Bill. The learned serjeant supported his proposition at considerable length. For the measure, 39; against it, 34—majority in favour of the second reading, 5.—Mr. P. Howard then moved that the Bill be referred to a select committee.—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd opposed this proceeding.—Mr. Brotherton suggested that there should be a Committee appointed to take evidence.—The House divided on Mr. P. Howard's proposition. It was lost by 38 to 31, and the Bill was ordered to be committed to the whole House in the usual form. The remaining orders being disposed of, the House adjourned.

April 26.—Mr. Wakley gave notice that on the question of going into Committee on the Copyright Bill he should move its postponement till that day six months.—Lord John Russell then moved a resolution, to the effect, that "from and after the 14th of May, orders of the day should have precedence of notices of motion."—Mr. Goulburn resisted the motion of the Secretary for the Home Department. He deemed it an unsafe departure from the customs of the House, and an abridgment of the right of independent members to bring forward notices which might be of the most important character.—Sir Robert Peel resisted the motion. He deemed it susceptible of the worst application, hereafter, as a precedent.—Lord John Russell said that if the proposition was objected to by the House he would not press it, and then moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the better ordering of prisons, and a Bill for establishing a prison for young offenders. After a short discussion, leave was given to bring in both the Bills.

April 27.—The Consolidated Fund Bill was read a second time.—A rather sharp discussion took place between Mr. Hume and Lord J. Russell, on the noble lord declining to fix a day for the hon. member's threatened motion respecting the Bank of England, after a sort of promise had been given on the previous evening by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that some day should be fixed.—The House then went into Committee of Supply, for the purpose of considering the Ordnance Estimates, and adjourned at half-past twelve o'clock.

April 30.—To a question by Sir Robert Inglis, Lord J. Russell replied that the coronation would be conducted in the same manner as in the reign of his late Majesty, and would take place on the 28th of June.—On the motion that the Poor (Ireland) Bill be read a third time, Sir William Brabazon moved that it be read a third time that day six months.—After a protracted debate the House divided—for the third reading, 234; for the amendment, 59.

May 1.—Mr. Hume, pursuant to notice, moved for leave to bring in a Bill to suspend the pensions granted by Acts of Parliament to the Duke of Cumberland, now King of Hanover, on the ground that such payments ought not to be continued to a foreign sovereign. He declared that if he agreed in politics with the present King of Hanover, he should still urge the suspension of the pensions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted the proposition with his decided negative, as contrary to all good principle and faith.—The motion was negatived on a division, there being 62 in its favour, and 97 against it.

May 2.—Forty members not being present at four o'clock, an adjournment was the necessary consequence.

May 3.—Lord J. Russell moved the appointment of a Select Committee, "to inquire into the mode of granting and renewing leases of the landed and other property of the Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, and other ecclesiastical bodies of England and Wales; and into the probable amount of any increased value which might be obtained by an improved management, with a due consideration of the interests of the Established Church and of the present lessees of such property."—Mr. Hume descanted on the intolerable burden of church-rates, and declared that the time had arrived for putting an end to the system, which enabled the Church "to put her

hand into the pockets of the Dissenters."—Sir R. Peel besought the House to look not at the mere form of this motion, but at its substance, and to couple it with the proceedings of former sessions, which identified it with the abolition of church-rate.—The House then divided. The numbers were—for the motion, 277; against it, 241; majority, 36.—Mr. Liddell then moved an amendment to the effect that the words should be added, "with the view of applying such surplus to the increase of church accommodation, or to supply the acknowledged want of efficient remuneration in many cases to the ministers of the church."—Lord J. Russell opposed the amendment.—For the amendment, 254; against it, 265; majority against it, 11.

May 4.—Nothing of interest.

May 7.—Sir Eardley Wilmot postponed his motion on negro slavery to Tuesday, the 22nd inst.—The House went into committee on the Benefices Pluralities Bill. The clauses up to 46 inclusive were disposed of, and the House resumed.

May 8.—A discussion of some length took place on the Farringdon Street Improvement Bill, which was finally read a second time, two amendments having been consecutively negatived with a division.—Mr. Baines then, at considerable length, but in a very thin House, proceeded to move, in pursuance of notice, that a committee be appointed to consider the propriety of abolishing first-fruits, and for the better rating and more effectual collection of the tenths for the poorer clergy.—The Solicitor-general opposed the motion.—The House ultimately divided, and the motion was carried by a majority of 48 to 27.

May 9.—Colonel Seale moved the second reading of his Bill for grinding Foreign Bonded Corn for exportation.—Mr. Brotherton, the Lord Advocate, and Mr. Villiers supported the measure; Lord Darlington and Sir James Graham resisted it.—The House divided, when the numbers were—For the second reading, 150; for the amendment, 220; majority against the second reading, 70.

May 10.—Sir R. Peel then proceeded to move for leave to bring in a Bill, of which he had given notice, to amend the existing practice in the trial of controverted elections.—Mr. O'Connell contended that nothing short of a transference of the judicial powers of the House of Commons would ever suffice to attain the ends of justice, or to remove public suspicion.—After some further conversation, leave was given to bring in the Bill.

May 11.—Lord J. Russell postponed the Controverted Elections' Bill for a fortnight, in order to afford an opportunity for the second reading of the Bill of the right hon. member for Tamworth. The House then went into Committee on the Benefices Plurality Bill.

May 14.—The Gloucester Election Committee reported that Mr. Hope, the sitting Member, had been duly elected.—The Norwich Election Committee reported that the Marquis of Douro, one of the sitting Members, had been duly elected; that the Hon. R. C. Scarlett, the other sitting Member, had not been duly elected, but that Mr. Smith ought to have been returned.—A new writ was ordered for Gloucester, in the room of Mr. Hope, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.—Lord John Russell moved that the House resolve into committee on his resolutions regarding tithes (Ireland); and in so doing, he dwelt at great length on the amendment to be proposed, to rescind the "appropriation" resolutions of 1835. In the course of his speech the noble lord indulged some reflections on the conduct of the Duke of Wellington. After the rejection, he said, of former Bills by the Lords, ministers had resolved last year, that unless the Irish Corporation Bill were then passed, they would resign or appeal to the people. The new reign terminated the session abruptly; but not without a declaration from the Duke of Wellington of his willingness, when the new Parliament should be convened, to concur in an arrangement of the three great questions of Irish tithes, Irish poor laws, and Irish corporations. On the faith of this declaration ministers had acted, introducing their measures in a relative order, which they would not have adopted under other circumstances. If the Duke of Wellington had added that the terms of his arrangement must be the withdrawal of the appropriation clause, ministers would at once have answered, that such a step was inconsistent with their principles and their honour; but this condition had been concealed. Lord Melbourne, thus misled, had said to him, (Lord John,) that though no compromise could be made by ministers which was inconsistent with their principles, there could be no harm in giving way as to the order of carrying the Bills from the Commons to the Lords; and thus it had happened that the Corporation Bill had been postponed both to the Poor Bill and to the Tithe Bill.—Sir T. D. Acland moved as an amendment, that the resolutions

agreed to by the House in 1835, for the appropriation of the surplus property of the Established Church in Ireland, be rescinded.—Sir Eardley Wilmot rose to second the motion of his honourable friend, and he did so with the greatest possible satisfaction, because he considered the resolutions which his hon. friend had moved should be rescinded, were in themselves absurd, and that the principle involved in them would throw distrust on the intentions not only of any government, but of Parliament itself.—Lord Stanley rose, and rebuked the equivocal character of the government resolutions on the subject of Irish tithes—denounced the heartlessness of Lord John Russell's sneers at the Irish Clergy—and endeavoured to show that the appropriation clause of 1835 ought to be rescinded in mercy to the present government itself.—Mr. Colquhoun, Colonel Conolly, Mr. Milnes, and Mr. Lefroy, supported the amendment. The speakers on the ministerial side were Sir C. Lemon, who having always voted against passing the resolutions, now tried to vindicate his own consistency in voting to uphold them; Lord Leveson, Mr. Slaney, Sir W. Somerville, Mr. F. French, and Lord Morpeth, the latter complaining bitterly that Lord Stanley and his friends would be satisfied with nothing less than that the members of the government should "eat their own words." Mr. Little moved the adjournment of the debate, which was agreed to.—On the motion of Lord John Russell, the Church Leases Committee was nominated. The Benefices Plurality Bill was reconsidered in Committee, and reported. The Court of Session (Scotland) Bill was read a third time and passed. After disposing of the orders of the day, the House adjourned.

May 15.—The adjourned debate was proceeded with on Sir T. Dyke Acland's amendment upon the motion for going into committee to consider Lord J. Russell's Irish Tithe resolutions. Mr. Litton, Mr. Lascelles, Mr. Redington, Mr. Townely, and Mr. J. Young having spoken, Mr. Benett declared that he could not consent to rescind the appropriation resolutions of 1835, although he then voted against them, because he considered them erroneous in principle, and only brought forward for party purposes.—Lord Sandon defended, with great animation, the course of the Conservative party; whilst Mr. Ward rehearsed those principles in regard to church property which have long been associated with his name.—Lord Teignmouth grappled with Mr. Ward's statements; and showed that, viewed even on temporal grounds, the Established Church of Ireland had been a blessing to the country.—Mr. Shaw, after entering into an investigation of the principles of the Irish tithe composition scheme, called the attention of the House to the extraordinary position of the Queen's Government, in regard to the Established Church of Ireland.—Sir R. Peel reviewed the history of the appropriation resolutions. On coming into office at the end of 1834, he had taken up the Tithe Bill of his predecessors. He had been encountered by these resolutions, and had warned his opponents that their triumph would be short—that is, as to the principle affirmed, not as to the tenure of office—for it was very possible to hold office with little triumph. On these resolutions he had quitted the government in 1835. In the same year on the Bill of these ministers, Lord Stanley had proposed a separation of the tithe enactment from the appropriation clauses, and the answer of the Chancellor of the Exchequer then was, that it would have been better candidly to propose the rescinding of the resolutions—the very course now pursued. In 1836 another Tithe Bill passed the House of Commons, and was sent back from the Lords, amended, by the omission of the appropriation clauses; but ministers refused to consider the amendments at all with that omission. To omit clauses, they argued, would be to recant the principle. As to 1837, ministers now said that the declarations of the Conservatives in that year had deceived them. He was willing to grant funds for the education of Catholics, but not at the exclusive expense of the Protestant Church.—Mr. Rice replied to Sir Robert Peel, after which the House divided; for Lord J. Russell's resolution, 317; for Sir T. Acland's, 298; majority for ministers, 19. The House went into committee *pro forma*, and the Chairman reported progress and obtained leave to sit again on Monday next.

May 16.—Mr. Hawes gave notice that, when the report of the Benefices Pluralities Bill should be brought up, he would move the insertion of a clause for the total abolition of all pluralities in future.—Mr. W. W. Wynn gave notice that on the 31st of May he would move an address to her Majesty, praying that some ecclesiastical promotion be given to the late three chaplains of that House, who had not been provided for according to the established rule.—On the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Glass Duties Bill went through Committee *pro forma*,

in order to its being reprinted.—The Small Debts' (Scotland) Bill passed through Committee.

May 18.—Mr. Hume having made some inquiries as to the present state of Upper Canada, and the laws under which some late convictions for high treason had taken place in that province, Lord John Russell answered that the trials in question had been authorised by laws passed by the local legislature, but that copies of these acts had not yet been received by the government at home.—A conversation then ensued, as to the intention of ministers with reference to the subject of Irish tithes.—Lord John Russell said he did not mean to go into the Committee on Monday next, but would proceed on that day with the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, and resume the consideration of the tithe question on the following Monday.—Sir Robert Peel observed that this was so important a change since the noble lord's last announcement, that a longer time than that proposed ought to be allowed, in order that the Conservative party might deliberate on the course to be pursued.—Lord John Russell had no objection to putting off the Municipal Corporations Bill till Friday; and, in reply to further questions by Sir Robert Peel, the noble lord stated, that his proposal on the subject of tithe would be limited to the conversion of tithe-composition into rent-charge.—Upon this Sir Robert Peel said, "I shall meet that concession in the same spirit as it is made. I reserve it to myself to take an unfettered course: but if I feel it necessary to take any hostile course on the Corporation Bill, I shall certainly give full notice, to prevent any unfair advantage."—The Chancellor of the Exchequer proceeded to make his financial statement. The right hon. gentleman acknowledged that his favourable anticipations of last year had been disappointed. He had estimated for 1837 a revenue of 47,250,000*l.*, and he had reaped a revenue of 46,090,000*l.*; and he had estimated an expenditure of less than 47,000,000*l.*, which had turned out to be more than 47,500,000*l.* On the whole, therefore, the deficiency for 1837 had been almost a million and a half. In estimating the future state of things, he would rather take his average of three than of two years, because the average of the two would give a more favourable result than the average of the three, which last, from its greater sobriety, he should prefer. On an average of three years, the deficiency of 1838, which he had to provide for, might be estimated at 505,000*l.* He thought it would be but a temporary defalcation, for both the deficiency of income and the excess of expenditure arose from accidental causes, and he therefore would ask for no increase of taxation. From 1831 to 1835 a deficiency had existed in each year. Then the tide began to turn, and a favourable state of affairs succeeded for several years, which lasted (though latterly diminishing) till 1837, when there was again a deficiency. In October last, however, a reaction once more occurred, and is still in progress. The plan now proposed had been pursued by Mr. Canning in 1827, and was an example to be followed. The country was rich too in prospective resources, as witness the arrangements for the reduction of the permanent into terminable annuities; and before 1867, in various ways, 5,000,000*l.* of money would have been reduced from the annual charge. On all these grounds he should propose a vote of credit.—Mr. Hume, after some conversation about the appointment of a day for the discussion of the general conduct of the government in city matters, and some animadversions on their policy with respect to Canada, attributed the deficiency to the general excess of establishments and salaries, lamented the decrease of exports and imports, and recommended reductions in all quarters, civil and military.—Mr. Goulburn observed, that the reduction of establishments is not always economy. In Canada, for instance, a timely expenditure in the provision of a few troops might have saved the large outlay already incurred, and the yet larger expense which is still to be called for. He censured the course adopted by government on the subject of the funded debt, which still continued to increase. He exposed the fallacy of some of Mr. Rice's estimates of surplus, and commented with great effect on that gentleman's policy of providing a high interest on Exchequer Bills to prevent rash speculation.—The House having resumed, the Kingston Harbour Bill was reported. The Prisons (Scotland) Bill was then recommitted, and the clauses up to 14 inclusive agreed to, after a prolonged discussion. The chairman having reported progress and obtained leave to sit again, the other orders of the day were disposed of, and the House adjourned.

THE METROPOLITAN.

JULY, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By JAMES GILLMAN.

During the last twenty years of his life, that truly illustrious character, Mr. Coleridge, was domesticated with the author of the present volume, whose quiet, modest house at Highgate has derived from that circumstance a sort of holiness in the eyes of all those who enthusiastically love the higher and more ideal parts of literature. With a never-wearying zeal and tenderness, Mr. Gillman watched over "the old man eloquent" through all his long ailments of body and of mind, and attended him in his last moments: and when nothing more could be done, he set up that little marble tablet in Highgate church (a beautiful little edifice worthy of being so honoured) which expresses the glowing warmth of his friendship and admiration for the deceased poet. We only mention what is of public notoriety, when we say that Mr. Gillman (with whom, personally, we are wholly unacquainted) was more to Mr. Coleridge than brothers, and nephews, and cousins—to say nothing of the other ramifications of kith and kin; and that he acted a kinder and more liberal part by the poet, than did any of his great friends and wealthy admirers. For all this we honour Mr. Gillman, and he will most assuredly be honoured hereafter, when the fame of Coleridge shall have attained its just proportions, and when men will feel the greatest interest about all that relates to his individual history. It is one thing to profess a tenderness for genius and unmerited misfortune and privation; but it is another, and a much more difficult thing, to put up with all the vagaries and caprices of a poetical temperament—to administer, in deeds as well as in sympathy, long years together, without break or interruption, and with a glorious superiority to all rubs and petty annoyances, to love on, and administer on, in kind and solid acts to the last moment. We believe that there is scarcely another of Mr. Coleridge's admirers but would have been tired out, in the same circumstances, at least nineteen years before his death.

With our feelings—and we know that thousands will share in them—the book before us would be welcomed, however deficient in a merely literary point of view, as a piece of biography; but we can say with justice, as we do with joy, that the volume, on the whole, is exceedingly well done, and answers to its author's purpose "of bringing together facts and anecdotes, with various memoranda never before published, some of which will be found to have much of deep interest, of piety and

loveliness." There is a great deal of matter regarding the poet and his friends that will be quite new to the general reader, and the spirit throughout is admirable. Most cordially do we commend and recommend the volume, of which the following are extracts.

"The father of the bard and metaphysician was a poor country parson of a very absent mind. It is said of him, that on one occasion, having to breakfast with his bishop, he went, as was the practice of that day, into a barber's shop to have his head shaved, wigs being then in common use. Just as the operation was completed, the clock struck nine, the hour at which the bishop punctually breakfasted. Roused, as from a reverie, he instantly left the barber's shop, and in his haste forgetting his wig, appeared at the breakfast table, where the bishop and his party had assembled. The bishop, well acquainted with his absent manners, courteously and playfully requested him to walk into an adjoining room, and give his opinion of a mirror which had arrived from London a few days previously, and which disclosed to his astonished guest the consequences of his haste and forgetfulness. On another occasion he dined with the bishop, when the following ludicrous scene took place. The bishop had a maiden daughter, past the meridian of life, who was always glad to see and converse with the 'dear, good old man,' (his usual appellation, and who was also kind enough to remind him of his little *forgets* in society,) and rouse him from his absent moods. It not being the fashion in his day for gentlemen to wear braces, his small clothes, receding from his waistcoat, left a space in his black dress, through which often appeared a portion of his linen. On these occasions, the good lady would draw his attention to this appearance, by saying in an under tone, 'A little to this side, Mr. Coleridge,' or to that, as the adjustment might require. This hint was as instantly attended to as his embarrassed manner, produced by a sense of the kindness, would permit. On the day above attended to, his kind friend sat next to him, dressed, as was then the fashion, in a smart party-going muslin apron. Whilst in earnest conversation with his opposite neighbour, on the side next the lady appeared the folds of his shirt, through the hiatus before described, so conspicuously as instantly to attract her notice. The hint was immediately given: 'Mr. Coleridge, a little on the side next me;'—and was as instantly acknowledged by the usual reply, 'Thank you, ma'am, thank you,' and the hand set to work to replace the shirt; but unfortunately in his nervous eagerness he seized on the lady's apron, and appropriated the greater part of it. The appeal of 'Dear Mr. Coleridge, do stop!' only increased his embarrassment, and also his exertions to dispose, as he thought, of his shirt; till the lady, to put a stop to the titter of the visitors, and relieve her own confusion, untied the strings, and thus disengaging herself, left the room, and her friend in possession of her apron."

This poor and absent-minded parson had thirteen children, of whom Samuel Taylor Coleridge—the immortal!—was the youngest. The boy was brought up in the Blue-coat School, where Charles Lamb was his schoolfellow. There is a mixture of fun and of pathos in the following anecdotes of his boyhood.

"His principal ailments he owed much to the state of his stomach, which was at that time so delicate, that when compelled to go to a large closet (shoe-bin, its school name) containing shoes, to pick out a pair easy to his feet, which were always tender, and he required shoes so large that he could walk in them, rather than with them, and the smell, from the number in this place used to make him so sick, that I have often seen him shudder, even in late life, when he gave an account of it. In this note, containing an account of himself at school, he says, 'From eight to fourteen a playless day-dreamer, a *helluo librorum*, my appetite for which was indulged by a singular incident: a stranger, who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King Street, Cheapside.' The incident, indeed, was singular: going down the Strand, in one of his day-dreams, fancying himself swimming across the Hellespont, thrusting his hands before him as in the act of swimming, his hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket; the gentleman seized his hand, turning round and looking at him with some anger, 'What! so young, and so wicked?' at the same time accused him of an attempt to pick his pocket; the frightened boy sobbed out his denial of the intention, and explained to him how he thought himself Leander swimming across the Hellespont. The gentleman was so struck and delighted with the novelty of the thing, and with the sim-

plicity and intelligence of the boy, that he subscribed, as before stated, to the library, in consequence of which Coleridge was further enabled to indulge his love of reading. In his bathing excursions he greatly injured his health, and reduced his strength; in one of these bathing exploits he swam across the New River in his clothes, and dried them in the fields on his back; from these excursions commenced those bodily sufferings which embittered the rest of his life, and rendered it truly one of sickness and suffering. When a boy he had a remarkably delicate, white skin, which was once the cause of great punishment to him. His dame had undertaken to cure him of the itch, with which the boys of his ward had suffered much; but Coleridge was doomed to suffer more than his comrades, from the use of sulphur ointment, through the great sagacity of his dame, who with her extraordinary eyes, aided by the power of glasses, could see the malady in the skin deep and out of common vision; and consequently, as often as she employed this miraculous sight, she found, or thought she found, fresh reasons for continuing the friction, to the prolonged suffering and mortification of her patient. This occurred when he was about eight years of age, and gave rise to his first attempt at making a verse, as follows:

“ O Lord, have mercy on me !
For I am very sad !
For why, good Lord ? I’ve got the itch,
And eke I’ve got the tad”—

the school name for ring-worm. He was to be found during play-hours often with the knees of his breeches unbuttoned, and his shoes down at the heel, walking to and fro, or sitting on a step, as in a corner, deeply engaged in some book. This had attracted the notice of Middleton, at that time a deputy Grecian, and going up to him one day, asked ‘ what he was reading ? ’ The answer was, ‘ Virgil. ’ ‘ Are you then, ’ said M., ‘ studying your lesson ? ’—‘ No ! ’ said C., ‘ I am reading it for pleasure ; ’ for he had not yet arrived at Virgil in his class studies. This struck Middleton as something so peculiar, that he mentioned it to the head-master, as Coleridge was then in the grammar-school, (which is the lower part of the classical school,) and doing the work of the lower boys. The Rev. James Bowyer, who was at that time head-master, a quick discerning man, but hasty and severe, sent for the master of the grammar-school, and inquired about Coleridge; from him he learnt that he was a dull and inapt scholar, and that he could not be made to repeat a single rule of syntax, although he would give a rule in his own way. This brought Coleridge before Bowyer, and to this circumstance may be attributed the notice which he afterwards took of him: the school and his scholars were every thing to him, and Coleridge’s neglect and carelessness never went unpunished. I have often heard him say, he was so ordinary a looking boy, with his black head, that Bowyer generally gave him at the end of a flogging an extra cut, ‘ for, ’ said he, ‘ you are such an ugly fellow ! ’”

The subscription to the library in King Street, Cheapside, (Query—is there a circulating library there now ?) put poor Coleridge into the third heavens !

“ ‘ I read, ’ says he, ‘ through the catalogue, folios and all, whether I understood them, or did not understand them, running all risks in skulking out to get the two volumes I was entitled to have daily. Conceive what I must have been at fourteen—I was in a continual low fever. My whole being was, with eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumple myself up in a snug corner, and read, read, read; fancy myself on Robinson’s Crusoe’s island, finding a mountain of plum-cake, and eating a room for myself, and then eating it into the shapes of tables and chairs—hunger and fancy ! ’ ”

‘ The following passage may afford a useful hint to many.

“ Thank heaven ! it was not the age nor the fashion of getting up prodigies ; but at twelve or fourteen I should have made as pretty a juvenile prodigy as was ever emasculated and ruined by fond and idle wonderment. Thank heaven ! I was flogged instead of flattered. However, as I climbed up the school, my lot was somewhat alleviated.”

But the Blue-coat School was in those days a harsh and horrible place, and poor Coleridge would gladly have exchanged it for the cobbler's stall, not having, as he used to say, a spark of ambition.

"Near the school there resided a worthy, and, in their rank in life, a respectable middle-aged couple. The husband kept a little shop, and was a shoemaker, with whom Coleridge had become intimate. The wife also had been kind and attentive to him, and this was sufficient to captivate his affectionate nature, which had existed from earliest childhood, and strongly endeared him to all around him. Coleridge became accordingly desirous of being apprenticed to this man, to learn the art of shoemaking; and in due time, when some of the boys were old enough to leave the school and be put to trades, Coleridge being of the number, tutored his friend Crispin how to apply to the head-master, and not to heed his anger should he become irate. Accordingly, Crispin applied at the time proposed to see Bowyer, who, having heard the proposal to take Coleridge as an apprentice, and Coleridge's answer and assent to become a shoemaker, broke forth with his favourite adjuration, 'Ods, my life, man, what d'ye mean?' At the sound of his angry voice, Crispin stood motionless, till the angry pedagogue becoming infuriate, pushed the intruder out of the room with such force, that Crispin might have sustained an action at law against him for an assault.' Thus, to Coleridge's mortification and regret, as he afterwards in joke would say, 'I lost the opportunity of supplying safeguards to the understandings of those who perhaps will never thank me for what I am aiming to do in exercising their reason.'"

Against his will Coleridge was sent to Jesus College, where, among others, he became acquainted for the first time with Robert Southey. At College

"He took little exercise, merely for the sake of exercise; but he was ready at any time to unbend his mind in conversation; and, for the sake of this, his room (the ground-floor room on the right hand of the staircase facing the great gate) was a constant rendezvous of conversation-loving friends; I will not call them loungers, for they did not call to kill time, but to enjoy it. What evenings have I spent in those rooms! What little suppers, or *sizings*, as they were called, have I enjoyed, when *Æschylus*, and *Plato*, and *Thucydides*, were pushed aside, with a pile of lexicons, &c., to discuss the pamphlets of the day! Ever and anon a pamphlet issued from the pen of *Burke*. There was no need of having the book before us. Coleridge had read it in the morning, and in the evening he would repeat whole pages *verbatim*."

The following passage, relating to circumstances which occurred at Cambridge in the vice-chancellor's court, in the year 1793, when *Frend*, a Fellow of Jesus College, was tried for sedition and defamation of the Church of England, in giving utterance to and printing certain opinions founded on Unitarian doctrines, is exceedingly curious and interesting in more respects than one.

"The trial was observed by Coleridge to be going against *Frend*, when some observation or speech was made in his favour; a dying hope thrown out, as it appeared to Coleridge, who, in the midst of the senate, whilst sitting on one of the benches, extended his hands and clapped them! The proctor, in a loud voice, demanded who had committed this indecorum. Silence ensued. The proctor, in an elevated tone, said to a young man sitting near Coleridge, 'Twas you, sir.' The reply was as prompt as the accusation; for, immediately holding out the stump of his right arm, it appeared that he had lost his hand.—'I would, sir,' said he, 'that I had the power.' That no innocent person should incur blame, Coleridge went directly afterwards to the proctor, who told him that he saw him clap his hands, but fixed on this person, who he knew had not the power. 'You have had,' said he, 'a narrow escape.'"

The prevailing intolerance—Mr. Gillman has too much respect for Church and State to give the thing its proper name—drove Coleridge from Cambridge in a tumult of thought and feeling, and with almost empty pockets. One morning, as he was walking through Chancery Lane, he read upon a wall "Wanted a few smart lads for the 15th, Elliot's, Light Dragoons."

“ ‘ Well,’ said Coleridge, ‘ I have had all my life a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses. The sooner I can cure myself of these absurd prejudices the better, and I will enlist in this regiment.’ ”

And the poet and metaphysician enlisted accordingly. After a beautiful anecdote about that *rara avis in terra*, a benevolent, tender-hearted recruiting-sergeant, we come to the following.

“ On his arrival at the quarters of the regiment, the general of the district inspected the recruits, and looking hard at Coleridge, with a military air, inquired, ‘ What’s your name, sir?’—‘ Comberbach.’ (The name he had assumed.) ‘ What do you come here for, sir?’—as if doubting whether he had any business there.—‘ Sir,’ said Coleridge, ‘ for what most other persons come, to be made a soldier.’—‘ Do you think,’ said the general, ‘ you can run a Frenchman through the body?’—‘ I do not know,’ replied Coleridge, ‘ as I never tried; but I’ll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I’ll run away.’—‘ That will do,’ said the general; and Coleridge was turned into the ranks.’ ”

“ The same amiable and benevolent conduct, which was so interwoven in his nature, soon made him friends, and his new comrades vied with each in their endeavours to be useful to him; and being, as before described, rather helpless, he required the assistance of his fellow-soldiers. They cleaned his horse, attended particularly to its heels, and to the accoutrements. At this time he frequently complained of a pain at the pit of his stomach, accompanied with sickness, which totally prevented his stooping; and, in consequence, he could never arrive at the power of bending his body to rub the heels of his horse, which alone was sufficient to make him dependent on his comrades; but it should be observed that he on his part was ever willing to assist them by being their amanuensis when one was required; and wrote all their letters to their sweethearts and wives. It appears that he never advanced beyond the awkward squad, and that the drill-sergeant had little hope of his progress from the necessary warnings he gave to the rest of the troop, even to this same squad to which he belonged; and, though his awkward manœuvres were well understood, the sergeant would vociferously exclaim, ‘ Take care of that Comberbach,—take care of him, for he will ride over you,’ and other such complimentary warnings. From the notice that one of his officers took of him, he excited, for a short time, the jealousy of some of his companions. When in the street, he walked behind this officer as an orderly, but when out of town they walked abreast, and his comrades, not understanding how a soldier in the awkward squad merited this distinction, thought it a neglect of themselves, which, for the time, produced some additional discomfort to Coleridge. I believe this officer to have been Captain Ogle, who, I think, visited him in after life at Highgate. It seems his attention had been drawn to Coleridge in consequence of discovering the following sentence in the stables written in pencil, *Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem!* ”

Coleridge, under the euphonous name of Comberbach, continued a bold dragoon from December 1793 to April 1794. In 1795 he started, under his own name, as an author and lecturer, and soon after, while their heads were full of their grand scheme of Pantisocracy, he and his friend Southey married two Miss Frickers of Bath. Lovel, another poet, and the intimate friend of Southey, married a third sister—and this led to Byron’s well-known, wicked line,

“ Espoused three sisters, milliners of Bath.”

The following glorious passage occurs in Coleridge’s preface to his “ *Conciones ad Populum*. ” There was infinitely more truth implied in it than he was afterwards disposed to allow.

“ ‘ There is a time to keep silence,’ saith Solomon; but when I proceeded to the first verse of the fourth chapter of the Ecclesiastes, ‘ and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power,’ I concluded this was *not* the time to keep silence; for truth should be spoken at all times, but more especially at those times when to speak truth is dangerous.”

In after years, when Coleridge insisted (and very properly) that the aristocratic system "had its golden side for the noblest minds," he added these words in reference to the Anti-jacobin party of 1790 and downwards.

"But I should act the part of a coward if I disguised my conviction that the errors of the aristocratic party were as gross, and far less excusable, than those of the Jacobin. Instead of contenting themselves with opposing the real blessing of English law to the splendid promise of untried theory, too large a part of those who called themselves Anti-Jacobins, did all in their power to suspend that blessing; and they furnished new arguments to the advocates of innovation, when they should have been answering the old ones."

All this we hold to be indisputable, and thankful are we that through the blind intolerance of the governors and the madness of a few of the governed, (the revolutionary frenzy never went far in England,) a wreck was not made of our national liberty. In 1796, Mr. Coleridge started the "Watchman," a miscellany to be published every eighth day. The motto was, "that all might know the truth, and that truth might make us free," and the plan, to give a report of the state of the political atmosphere, to be interspersed with sketches of character and literary essays, both in prose and verse. Coleridge never had any of the punctuality and numerous other little qualities essential to an editor; but what was still more fatal to the success of the work was its high philosophical and metaphysical tone. He spoke above the heads of the masses—nay, we believe that there were scarcely a hundred educated gentlemen in the United Kingdom capable of relishing the best of the papers. The consequence was inevitable. The annexed extracts, parts of which originally appeared in Coleridge's own "Biographia Literaria," are admirable.

"With a flaming prospectus, 'Knowledge is power,' &c., and to cry the state of the political atmosphere, and so forth, I set off on a tour to the north, from Bristol to Sheffield, for the purpose of procuring customers, preaching by the way in most great towns, as a *hireless* volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon might be seen on me; for I was at that time, though a Trinitarian (*i. e. ad normam Platonis*) in philosophy, yet a zealous Unitarian in religion; more accurately, I was a philanthropist, one of those who believe our Lord to have been the real son of Joseph, and who lay the main stress on the resurrection rather than on the crucifixion. Oh! never can I remember those days with either shame or regret, for I was most sincere! most disinterested! My opinions were, indeed, in many and most important points, erroneous, but my heart was single! Wealth, rank, life itself, then seemed cheap to me, compared with the interests of (what I believe to be) the truth and the will of my Maker. I cannot even accuse myself of having been actuated by vanity: for in the expression of my enthusiasm I did not think of myself at all. My campaign commenced at Birmingham, and my first attack was on a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundry-poker. O that face! a face *κατ' ἐμψασι*! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair,—pingui-nitescens, cut in a straight line, along the black stubble of his thin gunpowder eyebrows, that looked like a scorched aftermath from a last week's shaving. His coat collar behind in perfect unison, both of colour and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage that I suppose he called his hair, and with a *bend* inward at the nape of the neck, (the only approach to flexure in his whole figure,) slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance lank, dark, very *hard*, and with strong perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a *used* gridiron, all soot, grease, and iron!" A person to whom one of my letters of recommendation had been addressed was my introducer. It was a *new event* in my life, my first *stroke* in the new business I had undertaken of an author; yes, and of an author on his own account. 'I would address an affectionate exhortation to the youthful literati on my own experience. It will be but short; for the beginning, middle, and end converge to one charge. Never pursue literature as a trade.' 'My companion,' says he, 'after some imperfect sentences, and a multitude of hums and hahs, abandoned the cause to his client, and I commenced an harangue of half an hour to Phileleutheros, the tallow-chandler, vary-

ing my notes through the whole gamut of eloquence, from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, and, in the latter, from the pathetic to the indignant! My taper man of lights listened with perseverant and praiseworthy patience, though, (as I was afterwards told, in complaining of certain gales that were not altogether ambrosial,) it was a melting day with him. 'And what, sir,' he said, after a short pause, 'might the cost be?'—'Only fourpence (O, how I felt the anti-climax—the abysmal bathos of that fourpence!) *only fourpence, sir, each number, to be published on every eighth day.*'—'That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year; and how much did you say there was to be for the money?'—'Thirty-two pages, sir, large octavo, closely printed.'—'Thirty and two pages! Bless me! why, except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, sir, all the year round. I am as great a one as any man in Brummagem, sir, for liberty and truth, and all them sort of things, but as to this—no offence I hope, sir—I must beg to be excused.'"

So ended his first canvass. The "Watchman" was announced in London by long bills stuck upon the walls in letters larger than had ever been seen before. These affiches, he says, fairly eclipsed the glories of the lottery bills. In the very first number his miscellany was several days behind time (a bad beginning); in the second number he offended the religious world, and lost five hundred of his subscribers by an essay against fast-days; in the third and fourth numbers he made enemies of all the Jacobins by levelling attacks at their democratic notions. By the time the seventh number was published, he saw the preceding number exposed in sundry old iron shops for a penny a-piece; at the ninth number he dropped the work with this characteristic and amusing address to his readers.

"This is the last number of the 'Watchman.' Henceforward I shall cease to cry the state of the political atmosphere. While I express my gratitude to those friends who exerted themselves so liberally in the establishment of this miscellany, I may reasonably be expected to assign some reason for relinquishing it thus abruptly. The reason is short and satisfactory. The work does not pay its expenses. Part of my subscribers have relinquished it because it did not contain sufficient original composition, and a still larger because it contained too much. I have endeavoured to do well; and it must be attributed to defect of ability, not of inclination or effort, if the words of the prophet be altogether applicable to me, 'O watchman! thou hast watched in vain!'"

We believe that it was in the summer of 1797 that Coleridge turned Unitarian preacher. He started for Shrewsbury, to succeed one Mr. Rowe, who had occupied a Unitarian pulpit in that town. As usual, he was very near being too late for his first sermon. Hazlitt, who knew him well, and who had a great veneration for his genius, whatever Mr. Gillman may think to the contrary, has left an admirable description of Coleridge's Avater.

"He did not come till late on the Saturday afternoon before he was to preach, and Mr. Rowe, who himself went down to the coach in a state of anxiety and expectation, to look for the arrival of his successor, could find no one at all answering the description, but a round-faced man, in a short black coat, (like a shooting jacket,) which hardly seemed to have been made for him, but who appeared to be talking at a great rate to his fellow-passengers. Mr. Rowe had scarcely returned to give an account of his disappointment, when the round-faced man in black entered, and dissipated all doubts on the subject by beginning to talk. He did not cease while he stayed, nor has he since that I know of."

A poet and a philosopher getting up into a Unitarian pulpit to preach the gospel was, as Hazlitt says, a romance in those degenerate days which was not to be resisted. He walked ten miles in the mud on a cold raw morning to hear him; and this is Hazlitt's description.

"When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th psalm; and, when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text—'He departed again into a mountain himself alone.' As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich

distilled perfumes ; and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey. The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war—upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world, and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore ! He made a poetical and pastoral excursion—and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy driving his team a-field, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood :—

‘ Such were the notes our once loved poet sung :’

and, for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres.”

In one sense Coleridge continued to preach all his life ; and those who knew him best are of opinion that his ever eloquent discourse was infinitely superior in quality to anything he ever wrote. No man, we believe—certainly no Englishman—ever attained to such fame by talk. And yet with Coleridge there was no conversation, for nobody was allowed to speak (and nobody wished it) but himself.

By what he himself called the generous and munificent patronage of Mr. Josiah and Mr. Thomas Wedgewood, Coleridge was enabled to finish his education in Germany. In 1798, when he was about twenty-six years old, he sailed from Great Yarmouth to Hamburg, in company with Mr. Wordsworth and his sister. Coleridge always thought that a packet boat was a far better place for talk than a stage-coach, and he appears to have been very talkative and jolly during his short voyage. There was a party of Danes on board—real *bons vivants*, who, from his black coat and black worsted stockings, took him to be a parson, or, as they called it, Docteur Teologue. Coleridge, who had quitted the pulpit after a very short trial, did not undeceive them ; but his clerical character imposed no gloom.

“ Certes, we were not of the Stoic school ; for we drank, and talked, and sang altogether ; and then we rose and danced on deck a set of dances, which, in *one* sense of the word at least, were very intelligibly and appropriately entitled *reels*. The passengers who lay in the cabin below, in all the agonies of sea-sickness, must have found our bacchanalian merriment

‘ A tune

Harsh and of dissonant mood for their complaint.’

I thought so at the time ; and how closely the greater number of our virtues are connected with the fear of death, and how little sympathy we bestow on pain, when there is no danger !”

The plan which Coleridge adopted for acquiring the German language, and which he afterwards recommended to others, is worthy of all attention.

“ To those,” says he, “ who design to acquire the language of a country in the country itself, it may be useful if I mention the incalculable advantages which I derived from learning all the words that could possibly be so learnt, with the objects before me, and without the intermediation of the English terms. It was a regular part of my morning studies for the first six weeks of my residence at Ratzburg, to accompany the good and kind old pastor, with whom I lived, from the cellar to the

roof, through gardens, farm-yards, &c., and to call every the minutest thing by its German name. Advertisements, farces, jest-books, and conversation of children while I was at play with them, contributed their share to a more homelike acquaintance with the language than I could have procured from books of polite literature alone, or even from polite society."

After an absence of fourteen months, Coleridge returned to England at the end of 1799, and began again to cultivate literature as a profession. His German studies had scarcely given him more of *captandum*, and through life his labours—the glorious fragments of a wonderful mind—the most miserably rewarded, as far as money went. In his "Biographia Literaria" he has given his own account of his career as an author, of his voyage to Malta, and return through part of Italy. Recommending that book to the early attention of those who are unacquainted with it, we will close our notice of the present volume with some touching passages relating to Mr. Coleridge's use of opium.

"Coleridge," says Mr. Gillman, "began the use of opium from bodily pain, (rheumatism,) and for the same reason continued it till he had acquired a habit too difficult under his own management to control. To him it was the thorn in the flesh, which will be seen in the following notes."

" 'I have never loved evil for its own sake: no! nor never sought pleasure for its own sake, but only as the means of escaping from pains that coiled around my mental powers, as a serpent around the body and wings of an eagle! My sole sensuality was not to be in pain.'—*Note from Pocket Book, "The History of my own Mind for my own Improvement," Dec. 23rd, 1804.*

" 'I wrote a few stanzas three-and-twenty years ago, soon after my eyes had been opened to the true nature of the habit into which I had been ignorantly deluded by the seeming magic effect of opium, in the sudden removal of a supposed rheumatic affection, attended with swellings in my knees, and palpitations of the heart, and pains all over me, by which I had been bed-ridden for nearly six months. Unhappily, among my landlord's books were a large parcel of Medical Reviews and Magazines. I had always a fondness (a common case, but most mischievous turn with reading men who are at all dyspeptic) for dabbling in medical writings; and in one of these reviews met a case which I fancied very like my own, in which a cure had been effected by the Kendal black drop. In an evil hour I procured it:—it worked miracles—the swelling disappeared, the pains vanished; I was all alive, and all around me being as ignorant as myself, nothing could exceed my triumph. I talked of nothing else, prescribed the newly discovered panacea for all complaints, and carried a bottle about with me, not to lose any opportunity of administering instant relief and speedy cure to all complainers, stranger or friend, gentle or simple. Need I say that my own apparent convalescence was of no long continuance; but what then?—the remedy was at hand, and infallible. Alas! it is with a bitter smile, a laugh of gall and bitterness, that I recal this period of unsuspecting delusion, and how I first became aware of the maelstrom, the fatal whirlpool, to which I was drawing, just when the current was already beyond my strength to stem.

" 'From that moment I was the victim of pain and terror; nor had I at any time taken the flattering poison as a stimulus, or for any craving after pleasurable sensations. I needed none; and, oh! with what unutterable sorrow did I read the 'Confessions of an Opium-eater,' in which the writer, with morbid vanity, makes a boast of what was my misfortune, for he had been faithfully, and with an agony of zeal, warned of the gulf, and yet willingly struck into the current! Heaven be merciful to him!' "—*April, 1826.*

These are awful words—we shudder and tremble as we read them. On the 7th day of January, 1830, about four years and six months before his death, there is a still more awful entry.

" 'There is a passage in the *Samson Agonistes*, in which Milton is supposed on sufficient grounds to have referred to himself that in which the Chorus speaks of strictly temperate men causelessly suffering the pains and penalties of inordinate

days. O! what would I not give to be able to utter with truth this complaint! O! if he had, or rather if he *could* have, presented to himself, truly and vividly, the aggravation of those pains, with the consciousness of their having originated in errors and weaknesses of his own! I do not say that he would not have complained of his sufferings, for who can be in those most trying sufferances of miserable sensations, and not complain of them?—but his groans for the pain would have been blended with thanksgivings to the sanctifying spirit. Even under the direful yoke of the necessity of daily poisoning by narcotics, it is somewhat less horrible, through the knowledge that it was not from any craving for pleasurable animal excitement, but from pain, delusion, error, of the worst ignorance, medical sciolism, and when (alas! too late the plea of error was removed from my eyes,) from terror and utter perplexity and infirmity;—sinful infirmity, indeed, but yet not a useful sinfulness, that I brought my neck under it. Oh! may the God to whom I look for mercy through Christ, show mercy on the author of the ‘Confessions of an Opium Eater,’ if, as I have too strong reason to believe, his book has been the occasion of seducing others into this withering vice through wantonness. From this aggravation I have, I humbly trust, been free, as far as acts of my free will and intention are concerned; even to the author of that work I pleaded with flowing tears, and with an agony of forwarning. He utterly denied it, but I fear that I had even then to *deter*, perhaps, not to forewarn.”

The Palmer's Last Lesson, and other Short Poems. By CALDER CAMPBELL.

Being unacquainted with Mr. Calder Campbell's former production, we took up the present volume with that moderated expectation with which experience has taught us to regard new books of verses; but we had not read far when we found that our author was by no means one of those whom Cobbett called “the innumerable Neophytes of the Penny Whistle School.” On the contrary, Mr. Calder Campbell has much of the soul and meaning of a true poet, and not a little of his execution and power of expression.

There is infinite truth and beauty in the following passage, taken from a “Farewell to India.”

“Let me unclasp the book of love, and show how fair thou art
To such as leave—like me—their mark within a friendly heart;
For, like the windharp answering each breeze that wanders by,
A tone of all the past is brought by each fond memory.

The jungle with its tortile tracks—the forest with its flowers—
The rough ravine, where craftily the lurking libbard cowers—
The Tigris' dark and dreaded den, beside the Nulla's bed,
The woods where elephants are found, 'neath graceful bamboos spread!

The topes of dark green tamarinds, full podded through each bough—
The fertile marsh, where fields of rice in emerald ridges grow—
And groves of mango, freighted well with globes of luscious taste—
And orange arbours, rich in fruits, by richer flowers embraced.

The tall Palmyra on the sand, a vegetable dome—
The feathery cocoa, with its nuts, and wine of silver foam—
The wild wood-apple's spicy leaves—the banyan's broad arcade,
Where holy mendicants with snakes divide the tent-like shade!

The Shuddock bowers, the Moorgra clumps, whose breath is like a draught—
The sombre Hindoo fane, whence floods of gummy incense waft—
The painted shrine, where Bramins kneel, and lay in reverence down,
Sweet powders, peacocks' plumes, rich oils, and many a floral crown!

The Moslem's haughtier place of prayer—the mosque, which gleams afar,
With many a clustering cupola—and many a white minar—
These swell the solemn symphony of the Muezzin's cry,
Who in the darkness of the night says, ‘Fear not—God is nigh.’

I'll think of all!—The tombs lit up with lamps and lily buds—
The playful squirrel on the tree, the monkey in the woods—
The harmless lizard on the walls—the mungoose frisking by—
Oh, all—when I am far away—shall rise to Memory's eye!

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus! the past is aye the best;
The absent spot is sweetest still—most loved the absent breast;
And there are some I leave behind, whom I may never see,
More dear to this sad heart of mine than others e'er can be!"

The annexed sonnet is still more exquisite.

POETRY.

"Where find ye Poetry?"—Go look abroad
Fare forth and meet it in each blade of grass,
In every bell of dew that, on the sod,
Makes for the butterflies a looking-glass;
In every sunbeam, and in every shade,
In the stream's murmur, and the wild bird's song;
In merry cricket's chirp the weeds among,
In sunny meadow, and in gloomy glade!
'Where find ye Poetry?'—The fertile earth
Is one fair volume, filled with thoughts sublime;
And he who worships Nature, and looks forth
With pondering spirit on the course of time,
Shall in each page find sweetest poetry—
Religion, Beauty, Truth, Sublimity!"

An Essay on the Rationale of Circumstantial Evidence; illustrated by Numerous Cases. By WILLIAM WILLS, Attorney-at-Law. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is a sensible, plain, straightforward book, on one of the most important subjects that can be offered to the contemplation of an Englishman: and as all English citizens are liable to be called on to sit on juries, and weigh evidence, it ought to be studied by every one of them.

"The design of this essay has been to investigate the foundations of our faith in circumstantial evidence, to ascertain its limits and its just moral effect, and to illustrate and confirm the reasonableness of the practical rules which are established in order to prevent the unauthorised assumption of facts, and to secure to relevant facts their proper weight. It has been maintained that the persuasion which circumstantial evidence produces, in the abstract, is inherently of a difficult and inferior nature from that conviction which is the necessary consequence of direct credible evidence; that such evidence, although not invariably so, is often superior in proving power to the average strength of direct evidence; and that, under the qualifications which have been stated, it affords a secure ground for the most important judgments in cases where direct evidence is not to be obtained. It must, however, be conceded, that 'with the wisest laws, and with the most perfect administration of them, the innocent may sometimes be doomed to suffer the fate of the guilty; for it were vain to hope that from any human institution all error can be excluded.' But certainty has not always been attained even in those sciences which admit of demonstration; and still less ought unfailing assurance to be expected in investigations of moral and contingent truth. Nevertheless, these considerations ought not to produce unreasonable and indiscriminate scepticism: the legitimate consequence of such reflections is to inspire a salutary caution in the reception and estimate of circumstantial evidence, and to render the legislator especially cautious how he authorises, and the magistrate how he inflicts, punishment of a nature which admits of no reversal or mitigation. The golden words of Bacon are most apposite in relation to this important subject: 'If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end

in certainties.' It is indispensable to the very existence of society that the magistrate should found many of his determinations upon circumstantial evidence. But the difficulty or chance of uncertainty is not greater in such cases, than when the maxims of evidence and judgment are applied to other important subjects of philosophical and judicial inquiry. The line has never been defined which separates unsoundness of mind from malignity of heart; no chart has marked every sunken rock; and even the indications of the needle are liable to disturbing agencies, and cannot always save the mariner from shipwreck. Infallibility belongs not to man; and his strongest degree of moral assurance must ever be accompanied by the danger of mistake: but after just effect has been given to sound practical rules of evidence, there will remain no other source of uncertainty or fallacy than that general possibility of error, from which no conclusion of the human judgment, in relation to questions of contingent truth, can be exempt."

The design and object thus expressed by our author are worked out with great clearness and effect—the several positions, showing the frightful danger of trusting overmuch to circumstantial evidence, being explained and supported by the citation of criminal cases. In all, the cases referred to, amount to nearly two hundred. The following passage places in a forcible light the benefit of a very recent change in our criminal laws.

"An Englishman may apply to them with becoming pride the eulogium pronounced by a distinguished foreign lawyer, who declares that our higher courts of civil judicature generally, and with rare exception, present the image of the sanctity of a temple, where Truth and Justice seem to be enthroned, and to be personified in their decrees. The high characters of the judges for probity and intelligence, the popular institution of trial by jury, and the publicity of judicial proceedings, are generally efficient guarantees of impartiality. But it was a great discredit to our national character, that prior to the recent statute, 6 and 7 Will. IV. c. 114, persons accused of offences of a higher degree than misdemeanors, with the exception of the particular crime of treason, were permitted only the partial assistance of counsel, who could not address the jury upon the facts and substantial merits of the case, however complicated in themselves, or penal in their consequences. The prohibition was the more unjust, because the counsel for the prosecution were under no such restraint; and our reports present many instances of eloquent and powerful addresses by accusing counsel, highly calculated, from the skilful selection, arrangement, and detail of minute circumstances and latent connexions, and from their argumentative and conjectural deductions, to produce the most prejudicial impressions. The injustice of this mode of proceeding was especially apparent in cases of accusation supported by circumstantial evidence. The institutions of society can justly supersede so much only of natural right as is inconsistent with general security: it is their prime and inestimable recommendation that they substitute the dominion of reason for that of force. The existence of a distinct legal order is found to be necessary in every country where commerce and intelligence have introduced complicated laws, and the diversified and intricate relations consequent upon a highly civilised state of society. It is related that when Lord Shaftesbury, the author of '*The Characteristics*,' stood up to speak in the House of Commons on the bringing in of the bill for regulating trials in cases of high treason, one part of which allows counsel to the prisoner, he was so intimidated by the greatness of the auditory, that he lost his memory, and was totally unable to proceed. The House, after allowing him a little time for recollection, called loudly for him to go on, which he did in the following terms. 'If I, sir,' addressing himself to the Speaker, 'who rise only to give my opinion on the bill now depending, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least of what I proposed to say, what must the condition of that man be, who without any assistance is pleading for his life, and under the apprehension of being deprived of it?'

"The object and the general effect of the institution of a separate professional order, is to place every member of the community, whatever his station or talents, upon a footing of equality in the assertion and defence of his civil rights. Every argument which proves the necessity and expediency, and therefore the right, of professional assistance in *other* cases, applies with incalculably greater weight to the case of criminal charges affecting the best interests of social man, especially where they are supported by a kind of evidence liable to so many fallacies as have been shown to apply to circumstantial evidence."

We feel it our bounden duty to recommend this work, and all sensible books of the like class, that have for their object the enlightening of the people as to the laws under which they live, and of which laws they themselves, as jurymen, are made, in a certain degree, the interpreters.

We are proud of our right of trial by jury—and justly so; but, until the mass of our countrymen be better educated, and have clearer notions about the weight of evidence, we shall only enjoy that blessing imperfectly. Much, we rejoice to see, is doing in this direction. Not long ago there was a most admirable lecture on the duties of jurymen delivered at the Mechanics' Institution!

Review of Home Enjoyments. A Poem.

The author of this little production appears to have approached the perils of publication with considerable fear and diffidence, judging from a most modestly written preface. The subject, we think, might have been made more of in the hands of an experienced writer; but the author may rest assured that it is a production most creditable to her taste and feeling, and giving promise of much higher performances. Some passages are full of poetical thought and graceful imagery, and might be quoted as evidences of the author's deep feeling for all that is beautiful in this "beautiful world."

Germany: the Spirit of her History, Literature, Social Condition, and National Economy; illustrated by reference to her Physical, Moral, and Political Statistics, and by Comparison with other Countries. By BRISSET HAWKINS, M.D., Oxon, F.R.S., &c. &c.

This is a very meritorious and useful work, containing much and most varied information, compressed in narrow compass. Few subjects can, in themselves, be more interesting. Next to his own country an Englishman should study Germany, yet until recently this great subject has been comparatively neglected; and of late years we have seen little more written upon it than what has appeared in hasty tours and sketches, not altogether without merit, but on the whole wonderfully deficient in solid information. We will permit Dr. Hawkins to explain the object of his present work.

"The object of the following work is to make a small contribution to that science, which, however little it may be cultivated, is only second in importance to one other—I mean the branch of knowledge which has at various times been designated political science, political philosophy, polity, and state economy. This is something quite distinct from, and, I venture to affirm, more interesting to society, than the limited study of political economy, which forms only a section of it, and which confines itself to the production and distribution of wealth. The science of state economy, on the other hand, however much it has been neglected in this country, includes the whole internal regulation of states, their resources, their composition, and their means of improvement. The country to which this volume is devoted has been often described by travellers of various tastes and talents, each working on his own peculiar plan, and pursuing his distinct path; but no work in our own language, and none with which I am acquainted in any other idiom, attempts to draw so comprehensive a picture of the entire land, or to afford, even within the limits of many volumes, so concentrated a view of its various features. The learned men, indeed, who spring so abundantly from that soil, have not neglected to portray, with the utmost minuteness, the country on which they cast so much lustre, but their labours are scattered over an extensive, and not always accessible ground. The eminent German writers who have illustrated the statistics, institutions, and geography of

their own country, will pardon the omissions as well as the commissions of this work, which derives nearly all that is most valuable in its composition from their researches. They will discern imperfections in many parts which will not be equally perceptible to other eyes ; but I am too well acquainted with their candour not to foresee that the desire which animates me of rendering justice to Germany, will insure on their part a liberal interpretation, if not a welcome. Although the subject is far from being exhausted in this volume, and is not even fully treated in all its parts, yet by most English readers it will be found sufficiently large, if not abundantly long. I am far from professing to present a geography or topography of Germany—but my endeavour is rather to point out all that is most remarkable and characteristic in that country ; all which distinguishes it from its neighbours ; all which connects it with the political, literary, and social state of mankind ; and all which marks its actual condition and prospects. Some readers will find a few things here which they did not expect, and others will look in vain for some objects which they hoped to discover. It was necessary to make a selection out of so vast a whole ; and I have often sought rather for that which is under the surface, and which is least current in the works of travellers and geographers, than for matters familiar to all, and readily available in other sources.

“ I shall be amply rewarded if this imperfect compilation should in any degree awaken the attention of Englishmen to a country which is allied to them by closer and more natural ties than any other section of Europe : to a people who harmonise with us in character, in many of their tastes, and in extraction ; and who are disposed to regard us with a more fraternal eye than any other, except, perhaps, the Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes. Our literature has in Germany found its warmest admirers and its ablest commentators ; and long habits of peace have generated towards us an alliance of the heart, not dependent on treaties, and not capable of being stifled by decrees.”

The book would not have been the worse for a *little more* liveliness and spirit, and a *little less* inflating and rounding of sentences ; but the book, on the whole, is a good book, and, as we have said before, a useful book.

A New Translation of the Tales of a Thousand and One Nights, known in England as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, with copious Notes. By EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, Author of “*Modern Egyptians.*” *Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts, engraved by the first Artists, after original Designs, by WILLIAM HARVEY.*

This is, in all essentials, a most beautiful work—an honour to the English press and to English art. It is publishing in monthly parts, three of which—a very sufficient specimen to judge from—are now before us. We feel convinced that an attentive examination of them will satisfy and charm the most delicate and correct taste, and that wherever they are seen they will be bought. When completed, in three royal octavo volumes, the work will be a splendid addition to any library in the kingdom, and a complete treasure of oriental lore. The conception of such a book is so excellent, that we are only surprised that something of the sort should not have been undertaken long ago. But oriental scholars are not very numerous among us, and it required, besides, to do full justice to such a task, a perfect familiarity with the manners and customs of the East—a familiarity to be obtained only by a long residence and great diligence in observing and noticing minute things. Mr. Lane has shown, by his excellent work upon “*The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians,*” that he has all the requisites for such a task, and we are glad that, after being so long delayed, the work should have fallen into such competent hands. That rich fund of narrative, the “*Arabian Nights' Entertainments,*” has delighted all of us from our childhood upwards, notwithstanding its numerous and glaring imperfections ; and perhaps no book in the language

—scarcely excepting even “Robinson Crusoe” or the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” or the “Vicar of Wakefield,”—has been so generally read as the loose translation of the bad French translation of M. Galland; *for such, and none other, is the book that has annually commanded a sale of many thousand copies, and that has gone through an almost infinite variety of editions.* We cannot better explain the nature of the present undertaking than by quoting Mr. Lane’s own words—giving to our readers a conscientious assurance that, as far as it has proceeded, the work contains all that is here proposed, and something more.

“In preparing to offer to the English reader an entirely new version of the Tales of a Thousand and One Nights, it is one of the chief objects of the translator to render these enchanting fictions as interesting to persons of mature age and education as they have hitherto been to the young, and to do this without divesting them of those attractions which have chiefly recommended them to the latter. The version which has so long amused us, not made immediately from the original Arabic, but through the medium of a French translation, is extremely loose, and abounds with such errors as greatly detract from the most valuable quality of the work, which is that of presenting a series of most faithful and minutely detailed pictures of the manners and customs of the Arabs. Deceived by the vague nature of this translation, travellers in Persia, Turkey, and India, have often fancied that the Arabian Tales describe the particular manners of the natives of these countries; but no one who has read the original work, having an intimate acquaintance with the Arabs, can be of this opinion: it is in Arabian countries, and particularly in Egypt, that we see the people, the dresses, and the buildings which it describes, in almost every case, even when the scene is laid in Persia, in India, or in China. Where Arabian manners and customs exist in the most refined state, *there* should the person who would translate these tales prepare himself for the task. This is the case, not within the proper limits of Arabia, but in Cairo; as it was when the ‘Tales of a Thousand and One Nights’ were composed or compiled. Since the downfall of the Arab empire of Baghdád, Cairo has been the chief of Arabian cities: its Memlook Sultáns, introduced into Egypt in their youth, naturally adopted, to a great degree, its manners, which the Osmánlee Turks in later days have but little altered.

“The author of ‘The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians’ is engaged in translating the whole of the original work, with the exception of such portions as he deems uninteresting, *or on any account objectionable*, from a copy revised, corrected, and illustrated with marginal and other notes, in Arabic, by a person whom he thinks he may pronounce the first philologist of the first Arab college of the present day, the sheykh Mohammad ‘Eiyád Et-Tantáwee, a professor of the great mosque El-Azhar. Here he should mention, that the poetry must generally be omitted, its usual chief merit consisting in the use of paranomasia and other figures which render it untranslatable. The original work being designed solely for the entertainment of Arabs, copious notes will be added to the translation, to render it more intelligible and agreeable to the English reader. These notes will of course greatly vary in number and extent in different portions of the work; some will extend to the length of several pages. In them the translator will be enabled to show, by extracts from esteemed Arabic histories and scientific treatises, chiefly drawn from manuscripts in his possession, as well as by assertions or anecdotes that he had heard, or conduct that he has witnessed during his intercourse with Arabs, that the most extravagant relations in the work are not in general regarded, even by the educated classes of this people, as of an incredible nature. This is a point which he deems of much importance, to set the work in its proper light before his countrymen. He has resided in a land where genii are still firmly believed to obey the summons of the magician or the owner of a talisman, and to act in occurrences of every day; and he has listened to stories of their deeds related by persons of the highest respectability, and by some who would not condescend to read the ‘Tales of a Thousand and One Nights,’ merely because they are fictions.”

“The engravings, which will be numerous interspersed in the translation, will considerably assist to explain both the text and the notes; and to insure their accuracy, to the utmost of his ability, with respect to costume, architecture, and scenery, the translator will supply the artist with dresses and other requisite materials, and

will be allowed to suggest any corrections that he may find necessary, without fettering his imagination, which, judging from the progress already made in the designs, promises to make the pictorial embellishments of the work fully correspond with the rich variety of its descriptions."

The illustrations are most exquisite, and go to place Mr. Harvey still higher than he has hitherto stood. He is indisputably the first of book illustrators! We do not believe that there is a living artist in England, or in all Europe, that could equal some of these little gems! In our eyes their effect is wonderfully heightened by their perfect truth and accuracy in costume, and all the accessories. All the things of the sort that we have hitherto seen in England are woefully deficient in these essentials. Indeed, in books, as on the stage, we never saw a Turk dressed like a Turk—an eastern house look like an eastern house, or a mosque like what a mosque really is. In point of costume, people seem to have considered the work done when they clapped a huge turban on the head, (in a manner in which no turban was ever worn in the East,) a pair of *very broad* breeches on the nether-man, and a pair of yellow boots ("Oh! how unlike the true!") upon the legs. The poor ladies were still worse off; and our painters and designers scarcely more correct than the property-men, or whatever they call their dressing-artists, at the play-houses. In the more imaginative parts of the illustrations, Mr. Harvey shows the feeling and spirit of a true poet. His giants are amazingly grand and truculent—his Genii (we cannot, for our lives, call them Jinn, and Jinnee, as Mr. Lane does, and *correctly*, for that matter) are exquisitely light and ærial, the very creatures of the eastern imagination—the delicate forms that still glide by moonlight in the eyes of the half-dreaming sultanas of the "Golden orient." The effect of these choice designs will be strong and delightful in the extreme upon the minds of all travellers who have wandered where

. . . "They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid ;"

or who have breasted the broad Hellespont, and gone upwards, by old Stamboul, where

. "The Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont."

They have carried our own mind back to many a glorious and never-to-be-forgotten scene. We have been again in the clime of the East—in the land of the sun—among the tall cypresses, and the pale marble tombs; and grateful are we to the magic of the artist's pencil that transported us thither.

Like children, we always look at the pictures first; but it is time to say a few words about the literary part of this rare book. Here the only fault we can possibly find is touching a somewhat pedantic and unnecessary changing of the orthography of numerous oriental words—words that have become thoroughly naturalised in their old shapes. The genii of our childhood have (as we have remarked) been changed into "jinn," the viziers into "Wezeers," and such alterations have been made in Schariar, Scheherazade, Dinarzade, and other "household words," that we scarcely know our old friends under their new names. We have no doubt whatever that Mr. Lane's orthography is strictly correct—at least with reference to Arabic, for in Turkish, and we believe in Persian, it will not hold—but we are occasionally distressed by this sort of spelling, and cannot help regretting his meddling with words which have become almost as English as the terms "ghost," "king," "emperor," "minister." In a

little time, however, the ear and eye may become accustomed to what is now a startling and jarring novelty. With this little bark our cavils end; and we have nothing left to do but to bestow warm and unqualified praise. The translation is deliciously quaint, and spirited, and *oriental*, having what we consider to be the true character and essence of eastern idiom and eastern story-telling—a character in which the old version of the “Arabian Nights” was entirely deficient—as well it might be, considering the dapper-dandy language, that “monotony in wire,” from which it was taken. What would an Englishman think of reading Homer in a translation of Madame Dacier’s *mis-translation* of

“The blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle?”

We regret that we have not room for an extract, but let our readers turn to the story of the Fisherman, and they will feel the perfect justness of our praise. The notes are numerous and highly valuable—more valuable, indeed, than anything we have read about the laws, the religion, the superstitions, the manners and customs of the Mahomedans, with the single exception of the elaborate work of Muradjea d’Ohsson. The reader will derive a better notion of the East out of this book, taking text and notes together, than would be furnished him by the perusal of the thousand and one books of travel that have recently appeared at London and Paris.

Guards, Hussars, and Infantry; or, Adventures of Harry Austin. By AN OFFICER.

We should fancy that most of the scenes in this story are transcripts from real life. At all events they have an air of great truth and reality. Many of them are sufficiently stirring and exciting, and the narrative by which they are connected is of no common interest. From the day when Master Harry Austin leaves Eton school to enter the army, down to the battle of Vittoria, his adventures and doings seldom fail of interesting or amusing the reader. In several respects we have perused the book with a feeling of satisfaction and gratulation—the hard drinking scenes and the practical jokes, which we know not to be overcharged, have within these last twenty or twenty-five years disappeared from the British army, which they disgraced.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Religio Medici: to which is added Hydriotaphia, or Urn-Burial, a Discourse on Sepulchral Urns. By SIR THOMAS BROWNE, M.D., of Norwich.—This is another excellent volume of the masterpieces of English prose literature in course of publication, by Mr. Rickerby, under the editorship of Mr. St. John, whose notes and preliminary discourses are in general judicious and satisfactory. Like other books in the same series, the “*Religio Medici*” is more frequently spoken of than read. A cheap neat edition of this kind will tend to make it better known, and it merits the careful study of all reflecting persons, and of all who love the simple sinewy idiomatic words of the good old English.

The Popular Encyclopedia. Volume the Sixth.—This cheap and useful work is rapidly approaching its completion. The last volume (the sixth) goes nearly through the letter S. The mass of the matter taken from the German Cyclopaedia, called Conversation Lexicon, is exceedingly good; but we cannot say much in praise of some of the additions and new contributions made at home.

The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare, with Remarks on his Life and Writings. By THOMAS CAMPBELL.—This is a plain, compact, and graceful edition of Shakspeare in one volume; and if the editor had done his part as well as the printer and publisher have done theirs, it would be a most valuable book. But Mr. Campbell, who could have done wonderfully fine things, has, in fact, done little or nothing. We trust, however, that Mr. Moxon will find his account in the beauty and cheapness of this edition. The type, though small, is admirably clear; and there are many persons who will like the book the better for the total absence of marginal notes. There is a tolerably copious glossary, with an index at the end of the volume.

A Narrative of the Treatment experienced by a Gentleman during a state of Mental Derangement, designed to explain the Causes and the Nature of Insanity, and to expose the injudicious conduct pursued towards many unfortunate sufferers from that calamity.—This is a startling book, and if true and genuine, and written in a perfectly sound state of mind, it demands attention more than anything we have seen of late. The author wishes “to stir up an intelligent and active sympathy in behalf of the most wretched, the most oppressed, the most helpless of mankind, by proving with how much needless tyranny they are treated—and this in mockery—by men who pretend indeed their cure, but who are, in reality, their tormentors and destroyers.” The cases of cruelty recorded in the narrative have filled us with horror! Are they really true?

Deafness; or Causes, Prevention, and Cure, with a familiar description of the Structure, Function, and Diseases of the Ear, illustrated with Cases. By JOHN STEVENSON, Esq.—An excellent treatise.

Bennet's Carpenter's and Joiner's Pocket Directory.—The Bricklayers, Plasterer's, Stonemason's, and Slater's Pocket Directory.—Contain much useful information in a cheap form, applicable to the trades here enumerated.

The State of the Science of Political Economy. By Mr. ATKINSON.—Brief and good.

Wilson's Tales of the Borders, part 46th—This cheap periodical continues to be supported with remarkable spirit.

Milton, et la Poésie épique; Cours professé à l'Athénée Royale de Paris. Par M. RAYMOND DE VERICOUR.—A praiseworthy and ingenious work, calculated to make our French neighbours acquainted with the greatest of our poets after Shakspeare.

Scripture Studies. The Creation—the Christian Scheme—the Inner Sense. By the Rev. WILLIAM HILL TUCKER, A.M., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.—Learned and yet lucid, and of easy intelligence. A good book for families and young people.

An Introduction to the Study of Animal Magnetism. By the BARON DUPOTET DE SENNEVOY.—Her Gracious Majesty's Coronation (how great things act upon small!) has so curtailed our printing and publishing month, that we have found no time to examine this very curious book, in which the doctrines of animal magnetism (now, it appears, revived, both on the Continent and in England,) are expounded by a fervid believer in them and popular demonstrator of them. Our faith is small, but the work merits attention, and we will return to it next month.

Parochial Sermons. By the Rev. W. HARNESS, A.M., Minister of Regent Square Parochial Chapel, St. Pancras.—We rejoice to see a second edition of this, the excellent work of an able, amiable, and truly excellent man. The sermons, one and all, are admirably calculated to be read aloud in private families, and for that purpose we most warmly recommend them.

Principles of Political Economy, or the Laws of Production and Distribution of Wealth. By H. C. CAREY.—This appears to be an able book on a difficult subject, less pedantic and overbearing than political economy works usually are. The author is an American, and the work seems to have been published, simultaneously, in London and Philadelphia.

Coronation Medal.—Messrs. Griffin and Hyams have just issued a Medal commemorative of the Coronation. The execution appears to be good, and the likeness striking. On the reverse is embossed the Royal Procession. We have no doubt that a considerable demand will be found for this beautiful production.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The new Work, "TALES OF THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES," lately announced, will be published speedily. We understand it is the first production of a gentleman of high literary talent.

The completion of Mrs. Jameson's new Work, "WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES," will be postponed till August.

The publication of Mr. Bagster's valuable work on "THE MANAGEMENT OF BEES" will take place in a day or two.

Early Mysteries, and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. Edited from the Original Manuscripts in the British Museum, and the Libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, and Vienna. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo., Cutch; or Random Sketches taken during a Residence in one of the Northern Provinces of Western India; interspersed with Legends and Traditions, and illustrated by Original Drawings.

Nearly ready, The Secrets of Freemasonry Revealed: being an Authentic Disclosure of the Oaths, Ceremonies, Signs, and Secret Proceedings of Initiated Freemasons, with Illustrative Plates.

Correspondence of William Pitt, First Earl of Chatham. Edited by the Executors of his Son, John, Earl of Chatham. Vol. I. 8vo.

An Authentic Narrative of the Perils and Escape of Her Majesty's Ship Terror, after having been inclosed for more than Twelve Months in the Ice of Hudson's Strait and Fox's Channel. By Captain Back, R.N. With numerous Views, drawn on the Spot by Captain Smith, illustrating the Dangerous Situation of the Vessel. 8vo.

Elements of Geography; for the Use of Beginners. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S., author of the "Principles of Geology." With numerous Views and Diagrams, Explanatory and Illustrative, and Figures of Fossils. 1 vol. 12mo.

History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. By Lord Mahon. Vol. III. (which completes the work) 8vo.

Travels in the Himalayan Provinces of Hindostan and the Panjab, in Ladakh and Kashmir, in Peshawar, Kabal, Kunduz, and Bokhara. By Mr. William Moorcroft and Mr. George Trebeck. Prepared for the Press from Original Journals and Correspondence, by Horace Hayman Wilson, M.A. F.R.S. 2 vols., 8vo., with an elaborate Map by John Arrowsmith, and Plates.—Ready.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

OUR accounts from the manufacturing districts are rather encouraging. By the last mails from New York we learn that the questions which have so long affected the currency there, and on which such different opinions have prevailed, are set at rest. Great expectations are entertained of the beneficial results of this. London is now the focus of attraction on account of the Coronation. We are much pleased to find everything has been done to render this splendid ceremony as advantageous as possible to British manufactures.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 23d of June.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 205 one-quarter to three-quarters.—Consols, for the opening, 95 to one-eighth.—Three per Cent. reduced, 94.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 101 one-quarter.—Exchequer Bills, 69s. to 71s. prem.—India Stock, 270 to 1.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 36 to one-fourth.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 three-fourths to 5.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 100 three-quarters to 101.—Spanish Active Bonda, 21 five-eighths to seven-eighths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT. June 23.—The funds remain without alteration; Consols for the opening, 95 to $\frac{1}{8}$; Bank Stock, 205 $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$; India Stock, 270 to 1; Exchequer-bills, 69s. to 71s. premium.

The Peninsular securities were heavy; Spanish Active, with the May coupons, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$; Portuguese 5 per Cents., 36 to $\frac{1}{4}$, the 3 per Cents., 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 4 $\frac{1}{4}$. A rather marked depression occurred in Spanish American stocks, Mexican having receded to 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5; Colombian, to 26 to 27. Brazilian were 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 80; Dutch 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents., 54 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 5, the 5 per Cents., 100 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 101.

The Railway share-market was dull, but Great Western again improved slightly, and left off at 20 to 21 premium. Manchester and Birmingham were $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$; North Midland, 4 to 5. Brighton, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$ premium. British Iron, 10 per share. The Asphaltes were more dealt in, and prices rather better. Claridge's were 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$; British, $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 premium; Liverpool, $\frac{1}{4}$ discount to par; Bastenne, $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ discount.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MAY 22, TO JUNE 15, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

May 22.—J. H. Reynolds, Great Marlborough Street, Oxford Street, money scrivener.—J. Fairmaner, Red Lion Yard, Tottenham Court Road, livery-stable keeper.—J. E. Dowell, Fore Street, Cripplegate, straw plait dealer.—G. Lansly, Ludgershall, Wiltshire, blacksmith.—J. Mason, Boston, Lincolnshire, corn merchant.—J. Scholes, Manchester, calico printer.—E. D. Paddicombe, Silvertown, Devonshire, surgeon.

May 25.—J. Souter, Exeter, St. Luke's, builder.—W. Kempton, Smith Street, Northampton square, goldsmith.—T. Clift, Garlic Hill, chemist.—R. T. Latham, Andover, Southampton, surgeon.—W. Maddick, jun., Manchester, drysalter.—S. Long, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, licensed victualler.—R. Crowther, Birmingham, builder.

May 29.—S. G. Beamish, Manor Place, Walworth, lime-stone dealer.—A. More, Old Broad Street, merchant.—J. Wade, Plymouth, grocer.—P. Wyatt, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, upholsterer.—J. Abell, Gloucester, money scrivener.—J. Chesworth, Liverpool, innkeeper.—S. Chifney, Wood Ditton, Cambridgeshire, horse dealer.—J. N. Andrews, Northampton, corn dealer.—C. Dransfield, Emley Wood House, Emley, Yorkshire, card maker.—W. Dawson, S. Galloway, S. Moorhouse, W. Jowett, and J. Nunweek, Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted spinners.

June 1.—J. Brown, Clifton Street, Finsbury Square, tailor.—B. Francis, Doctors' Commons, tavern keeper.—R. W. Holt, Manchester, calico printer.—C. Webb, Lichfield, maltster.—S. Pitchforth, Brighouse, Yorkshire, wood sawyer.—C. Dransfield, Emley Woodhouse, Yorkshire, card maker.—J. Roberts, Sheffield, victualler.—J. Applegate, Littlehampton, Sussex, merchant.

June 5.—S. Charlesworth, Shoreditch, grocer.—J. Humphries, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, victualler.—G. P. Sharp, Gloucester, marble mason.—T. M. West, Witheridge Hill, Rotherfield Grays, Oxfordshire, shopkeeper.—J. Bond, junior, St. Thomas-the-Apostle, Devonshire, cooper.—S. and J. Williams, Man-

chester, leather manufacturers.—G. Tonks, sen., S. and G. Tonks, jun., Birmingham, lamp manufacturers.—W. Attwood, Lewes, Sussex, watch and clock maker.—D. Davies, Manchester, victualler.—J. H. Bazley, Manchester, cotton manufacturer.—J. James, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, wine merchant.—J. Prosser, Montpellier, Villas, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, timber merchant.—B. Priestley, Welton, Lincolnshire, farmer.

June 8.—T. Brettell, Rupert Street, Haymarket, printer.—S. Hoadley, New Broad Street, coach maker.—H. Baker, Lower Street, Islington, butcher.—S. Musgrove and W. Quelch, Reading, Berkshire, auctioneers.—T. Milward, Bradford, Yorkshire, grocer.—W. W. and D. S. Wilmot, Bristol, glass-cutters.

June 12.—L. Allen, Great Coggeshall, Essex, tanner.—C. Allen, Isleworth, brick-maker.—J. Telford, Star Court, Bread Street, Cheapside.—T. Cox, Northampton, inn-keeper.—W. Whitmore, Stockport, Cheshire, watch-manufacturer.—J. Watson, Crawford Street, linen-draper.—C. Thomas, City, merchant.—A. Hellier, Leamington Priors, bootmaker.—J. Silk, Birmingham, steel-pen manufacturer.—S. Nunn, Ricknall Superior, Suffolk, hay-merchant.—J. Clark, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Bray, Manchester, cotton-yarn dealer.—H. Knowles, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, druggist.

June 15.—T. Elliot, Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square, tailor.—T. Hamper, Church Lane, Whitechapel, isinglass dealer.—J. Chapman, Egham Hill, Surrey, butcher.—R. Peake, Orange Tree Tavern, George Street, New Road, licensed victualler.—T. Rogers, Gloucester Terrace, New Road, Mile End Old Town, bill broker.—J. Ditton, Mare Street, Hackney, cheesemonger.—G. Foster, Bicester, Oxfordshire, licensed victualler.—W. Worth and H. Worth, Totness, Devonshire, linendrapers.—B. Downey, Cheltenham, linendraper.—E. Astin, Ashley, Staffordshire, maltster.—S. H. Cooke, South Molton, Devonshire, shopkeeper.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
May					
23	58-41	29,77-29,69	S.W.	.05	Generally overcast.
24	57-45	29,90-29,81	N. b. W.	.0625	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
25	63-44	29,94 Stat.	N.E.		Generally cloudy.
26	60-43	30,01-29,99	N.E.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
27	59-35	29,95-29,78	N.E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
28	63-43	29,67-29,65	N.E.	.05	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
29	66-40	29,65-29,59	S.W.	.1125	Generally clear.
30	68-49	29,77-29,71	S.W.		Generally clear. [der accomp. with rain.
31	71-45	29,84-29,81	W. b. S.		Generally clear, except the evening, distant thun- [with rain, in the afternoon.
June					
1	69-44	29,87-29,86	N.W.	.0125	Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, thunder, accomp.
2	68-50	29,78-29,73	S.W.	.65	Generally clear, except the morning.
3	67-44	29,73-29,71	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
4	67-48	29,71-29,67	W. b. S.		Generally clear, rain at times. [morning.
5	59-39	29,87-29,81	N.	.1	Aftern. clear, otherwise cloudy, thund. during the
6	60-44	30,05-29,94	N. b. E.	.15	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
7	63-38	30,11-30,08	N.		Generally clear.
8	62-34	30,16-30,13	N.		Generally clear.
9	65-32	30,15-29,98	S.W.		Generally cloudy, except the afternoon.
10	63-44	29,78-29,60	S.W.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.
11	61-49	29,52-29,50	E.	.325	Cloudy, frequent showers of rain during the day.
12	63-50	29,57-29,52	S.E.	.175	Morn. cloudy, with dist. thunder acc. with rain.
13	62-42	29,62 Stat.	N. & W. b. N.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear. [otherw. clear.
14	63-48	29,68-29,64	S.W.		Cloudy, rain at times.
15	66-52	29,70-29,67	S.	.025	Cloudy, a very heavy shower of rain in the aftern.
16	72-50	29,76-29,71	S.W.	0,375	Generally cloudy.
17	72-56	29,81-29,80	S.W.	.15	Generally clear, except the morning, rain fell.
*18	71-57	29,62-29,55	S. b. E.	0,375	Generally cloudy, thunder and lightning in morn.
19	69-51	29,80-29,72	S.W.	.2	Generally clear, a little rain in the afternoon.
20	63-52	29,78-29,64	S.W.	.2	Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.
21	68-56	29,62-29,56	S.W.	.075	Aftern. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the morn.
22	67-52	29,87-29,74	S.W.		Generally clear.

* A very heavy storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with rain, passed from the south to the north on the morning of the 18th.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

J. P. Reid, Power Loom Manufacturer, and T. Johnson, Mechanic, for certain improvements in preparing yarn or thread by machinery suitable for warps in preparation for weaving in looms. April 28th, 6 months.

J. J. O. Taylor, of Gracechurch Street, in the city of London, Machinist, for an improved mode of propelling ships and other vessels on water. May 1st, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Patent Agent, for a new and improved method or process of alloying metals by cementation, particularly applicable to the preservation of copper, wrought, or cast-iron, and other metals, and thereby operating a change in the appearance of their surface, and giving them more brilliancy. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 3rd, 6 months.

J. Ball, of Finsbury Circus, Middlesex, Merchant, for improvements in carriages. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 3rd, 6 months.

E. Cobbold, of Long Melford, Somersetshire, Clerk, Master of Arts, for certain improvements in the manufacturing of gas, for affording light and heat, and in the application of certain products thereof to useful purposes. May 5th, 6 months.

E. Shaw, of Fenchurch Street, in the city of London, Stationer, for improvements in the manufacture of paper and paper boards. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 5th, 6 months.

T. Joyce, of Camberwell New Road, Surrey, Gardener, for certain improved modes of applying prepared fuel to the purposes of generating steam and evaporating fluids. May 5th, 6 months.

P. A. Lecomte de Fontainemoreau, of Charles Street, City Road, Middlesex, for an improved method of preventing the oxidation of metals. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 5th, 6 months.

W. Gossage, of Stoke Prior, Worcester, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in manufacturing sulphuric acid. May 8th, 6 months.

W. H. James, late of Birmingham, and now of London, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machines or apparatus for weighing substances or fluids, and for certain additions thereunto applied to other purposes. May 10th, 6 months.

W. Croft, of Radford, Nottinghamshire, Machine Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of lace. May 8th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Patent Agent, for a new or improved method of applying certain textile and exotic plants as substitutes in various cases for flax, hemp, cotton, or silk. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 14th, 6 months.

J. F. I. Caplin, of Portland Street, Middlesex, Artist, for improvements in stays or corsets, and other parts of the dress where lacing is employed, and in instruments for measuring for corsets or stays, and for the bodies of dresses. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 14th, 6 months.

A. Happey, of Basing Lane, London, Gentleman, for a new and improved method of extracting tar and bitumen from all matters which contain those substances, or either of them. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 14th, 6 months.

T. Mellodew, of Wallshaw Cottage, near Oldham, Lancashire, Mechanic, for certain improvements in looms for weaving various kinds of cloth. May 15th, 6 months.

J. V. Desgrand, of Sise Lane, in the city of London, Merchant, for a certain new pulpy product, or materials to be used in manufacturing paper and pasteboard, prepared from certain substances not hitherto used for such purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 15th, 6 months.

F. Thorpe, of Knaresborough, Yorkshire, Flax Spinner, for certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus, for heckling, preparing, or dressing, hemp, flax, and other such like fibrous materials. May 15th, 6 months.

D. Stead, of Great Winchester Street, in the City of London, Merchant, for making or paving public streets and highways, and public and private roads, courts, and bridges, with timber, or wooden blocks. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 19th, 4 months.

S. Seaward, of the Canal Iron Works, in the parish of All Saints, Poplar, Middlesex, for certain improvements in steam-engines. May 21st, 6 months.

A. Applegath, of Crayford, Kent, Calico Printer, for improvements in apparatus for block-printing. May 22nd, 6 months.

H. Adcock, of Liverpool, Lancashire, for improvements in raising water from mines, and other deep places, or from a lower level to a higher, which improvements are applicable to raising liquids generally, and to other purposes. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Ratcliff, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Lamp Manufacturer, for improvements in lamps. May 22nd, 6 months.

R. Martineau, of Birmingham, and B. Smith, of the same place, Cock Founders, for improvements in cocks for drawing off liquids. May 24th, 6 months.

J. Radcliffe, of Stockford, Cheshire, Machine Maker, for a new method of removing the fly, droppings, waste, and other matters, which, being separated from the material, fall below the cylinders and beaters in the respective processes of carding, willowing, devilling, bating, blowing, scutching, opening, or mixing, of cotton, wool, silk, flax, wool, or any other fibrous material or substance. May 24th, 6 months.

C. Searle, of Fitzroy Street, London, Middlesex, for a new description of aerated water or waters, and which method of aerating is applicable also to other fluids. May 24th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—JUNE, 1838.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—May 21.—Lord Melbourne moved the second reading of the Irish Poor Law Bill.—The Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst were in favour of the second reading, in the hope and belief that extensive amendments would be made in committee.—The Marquess of Londonderry was so strongly opposed to the measure that he moved the postponement of the second reading for six months.—Lord Brougham strongly opposed the Bill.—After a few words from the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord Melbourne replied, and the House divided—for the second reading, 149; against it, 20.—Their Lordships then adjourned.

May 22.—Many petitions were presented for the immediate abolition of the negro apprenticeship system.—The Marquess of Londonderry presented a petition from the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the late British Legion in the service of Spain, complaining of the injustice due to them, and praying their Lordships' attention to the subject, and withdrew the notice of motion he had previously given on the subject of Spanish affairs, with a view to fix a future time for it, the day already appointed being one on which the House would not sit.—On the motion of Lord Glenelg, the Natives of India Protection Bill was read a second time.—The Custody of Insane Persons Bill was reported with amendments, and the third reading fixed for Friday, to which day their Lordships adjourned.

May 25.—The Marquess of Londonderry fixed the 4th of June for his motion on the affairs of Spain; and gave notice that on Monday next he would present a petition, numerously signed by tradesmen in London and Westminster, praying for the postponement of the Coronation.—The Bishop of Exeter then proceeded at great length to move the resolutions of which he had given notice, on the subject of what is called the "national" system of education in Ireland. "1st. That it appears that the system of National Education in Ireland has failed to attain the objects which are stated in a letter, dated Oct. 1831, written by Mr. Stanley, now Lord Stanley, to the Duke of Leinster, especially as to uniting Roman Catholics and Protestants in the same schools.—2nd. That the working of the system has tended to the undue encouragement of the Roman Catholic and discouragement of the Protestant religion in Ireland.—3d. That the modifications recommended in the fourth report have not been found adequate to prevent or mitigate the evils complained of."—The Marquess of Lansdowne opposed the motion.—The Duke of Wellington admitted the correctness of much of the representation of the Bishop of Exeter, but that, as the system had been commenced, it ought not to be impeded, and that the government should be urged to see realised the original intention of the grant. His grace moved as an amendment that the House proceed to the orders of the day. Many noble lords took part in the discussion; which was at length concluded by a division, in which the numbers were—for the Bishop of Exeter's resolutions, 26; for proceeding to the other orders of the day, 71.

May 28.—The Marquess of Londonderry presented a petition from the tradesmen and others of London and Westminster, agreed to at a meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 14th of May, praying that the approaching Coronation might be conducted on a scale of grandeur befitting this great country, and that the ceremony might be postponed until the 1st of August.—On the Order of the Day having been read for going into Committee on the Irish Poor Law Bill, the Earl of Roden moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be committed that day six months.—A discussion followed, in which the Duke of Wellington urged that the committee was precisely the place in which conflicting opinions ought to be argued. The amendment was unintelligible, as every Noble Lord who had spoken had expressed a wish that some Poor Law Bill for Ireland should be brought under their Lordships' consideration.—At length the Earl of Roden withdrew his amendment, and the House went into committee.—A good deal of discussion then took place on the order in which the clauses should be taken; when it was decided—by a majority of 101 to 4—that the clauses up to 40 inclusive should be postponed, and the forty-first clause proceeded with. The point involved in this division of the Bill is, whether relief shall be extended to able-bodied paupers or not.—The debate on this clause was finally adjourned at one o'clock till Thursday next, until which day their Lordships adjourned.

May 31.—The Bishop of London moved the second reading of the Churches (Corporation) Patronage Bill, which had the recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the sanction of the Law Officers of the Crown. The motion was agreed to.—The discussion on the Irish Poor Law Bill was then resumed in Committee on Lord Fitzwilliam's first amendment to the 41st clause, that the word "poorhouse" be substituted for "workhouse." Many noble lords spoke on the subject. The Duke of Wellington observed that the House ought, by the measure which they enacted, to create such a state of things as would give the landlords an inducement to effect a better management of their property, to pay increased attention to the condition of the people on their estates, and to take other steps alike beneficial and useful. If they succeeded in effecting this, then, indeed, he thought that the measure would be one of great advantage to that country as well as to England.—The discussion occupied the Committee until half-past one o'clock on Friday morning, when, on a division taking place, the numbers for the amendment were 41—against it, 107.—Immediately before the division, the Earl of Winchilsea inquired of Lord Melbourne if he had heard of an alarming riot that had just occurred at Canterbury, in which a lieutenant of the 45th Regiment had been killed, with some eighteen or twenty other persons, and Captain Montgomery, of the same regiment, severely wounded?—Lord Melbourne said he had not yet received such accounts, but a messenger, he understood, was at that moment waiting for him.

June 1.—After the presentation of petitions, Lord Winchilsea put a question to Lord Melbourne relative to the liberation of the so-called Sir William Courtenay from the lunatic asylum in which he had been confined.—Lord Melbourne replied, that the person alluded to had been convicted of gross perjury in a case connected with smuggling, and on the ground of his insanity had been confined in a lunatic asylum. After considerable detention there, he was released, but with the understanding that his friends would take care of him, and not allow him to continue in that wild career on which he had entered. He (Lord Melbourne) had no doubt that his noble friend the Secretary of State for the Home Department would not only not refuse, but would be very ready to produce any communications made to his department on which that release had been founded.—The House went into Committee *pro forma* on the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, as amended by the select committee to which the measure had been referred. The House having resumed, the Bill was ordered to be reported on Thursday.—Lord Lyndhurst gave notice that on the 16th instant he would move the second reading of the Custody of Infants Bill.—The House adjourned till Thursday next.

June 7.—After the presentation of some miscellaneous petitions, Lord Brougham moved for copies of the correspondence which took place with the Home Secretary previous to the remission of the sentence and the liberation of the person calling himself Sir William Courtenay.—Viscount Melbourne said that he was extremely anxious that all documents connected with this unfortunate transaction should be laid on the table, and communicated to the House. But it was to be recollected that the person to whom in this case mercy was extended, had never before been guilty of any act of violence, of manslaughter, or assault, although he had committed some very extravagant acts.—The House then went into Committee on the Poor Law (Ireland) Bill. An amendment proposed by the Duke of Wellington was adopted, to the effect that such destitute persons as by reason of old age, blindness, lameness, or other infirmity, may not be able to work, shall have a claim to relief prior to that of the able-bodied poor.—Several other important amendments were also adopted on the motion of the Noble Duke.—The Bishop of Exeter moved amendments, which were adopted, to prevent Roman Catholic Bishops from exercising power over the priests with respect to their attendance at the workhouse, and to provide that the clergy of any persuasion should not give instruction to persons in the workhouse in the same room in which individuals of another persuasion were present.—Amendment, proposed by Lord Fitzgerald, in the 46th clause of the Bill, requiring annual reports to the Poor Law Commissioners from the hospitals in Ireland, was ordered to be printed, in order that it might be taken into consideration on bringing up the report.—The chairman then reported progress.—The Bills on the table were forwarded a stage, and their Lordships adjourned.

June 8.—In reply to questions from Lord Brougham, respecting the proclamation of martial law in Canada, Lord Glenelg stated, and was corroborated by the Earl of Gosford, that the proclamation had been issued, under the authority of the legal advisers of the government.—A conversation took place on the subject of the late tithe affray in Waterford, in the course of which the Duke of Wellington described

the affair as a most disgraceful one to the government of Ireland, and the Earl of Glengall observed that the affray did not excite any surprise in his mind, as only the day before a magistrate, attended by eight priests, had been parties to an anti-tithe meeting.—The House then went into Committee on the Irish Poor Law Bill, when all the remaining clauses were considered and disposed of. Some amendments were agreed to, and the Bill was ordered to be printed, and reconsidered on Tuesday next.

June 11.—The royal assent was given to the Exchequer Bills Bill, the Regency Amendment Bill, the Poor Laws Act Amendment Bill, and several private bills.—On the motion of the Earl of Devon, a Select Committee was appointed to consider the third report of the commissioners on criminal law.

June 12.—On the motion of Lord Denman, their Lordships went into committee on the Queen's Bench Sittings Bill, to enable the Judges of that court to hold sittings *in banco* after term, which was reported without amendments. The report was ordered to be received on Thursday.—Several private bills were advanced a stage; and, on the motion of the Bishop of London, the Church Building Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the third reading of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill.—The Duke of Wellington proposed as an amendment that the Treasury should have authority to grant compensation to those who would lose their fees under the operation of this Bill.—This clause was agreed to, and the Bill passed.—Adjourned till Thursday.

June 14.—Lord Wynford announced his determination to proceed no further with his Bill relating to the parliamentary privilege of exemption from arrest for debt.—At the request of Earl Fitzwilliam, the further proceeding on the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill was deferred till Tuesday next.—Earl Stanhope presented numerous petitions against the New Poor Law.

June 15.—On the motion of Lord Denman, the Queen's Bench Sittings Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Marquis of Londonderry having declined further to postpone from Tuesday next his motion on the war in Spain, Lord Melbourne intimated that it would become necessary, in consequence, to fix another day for considering the report on the Irish Poor Law Bill.—A long and interesting conversation, originating with the Earl of Glengall, took place with reference to the anti-tithe meetings in the south of Ireland. The point on which the discussion turned was the legality or illegality of these meetings, all the circumstances attending them being taken into consideration.—The Earl of Mulgrave said, he was not aware that the meetings, because they happened to be in the open air, were illegal, but vigilance would be used.—The Duke of Wellington contended that meetings of the kind described must necessarily be illegal; and, as a proof of their illegality, Magistrates are empowered by law to disperse such.—Lord Denman moved the order of the day for bringing up the report of the Oaths Validity Bill.—Lord Lyndhurst proposed that the second clause should be expunged, in order to give Lord Denman an opportunity of drawing a Bill less general in its enactments. This suggestion was adopted, and the altered Bill was read a third time and passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—May 21.—The Bedford Election Committee reported that Mr. H. Stuart had not been duly elected, and that Mr. Crawley ought to have been returned.—Mr. Hume gave notice of a motion for papers connected with the proclamation of martial law in the Canadas.—Sir George Grey said no such papers were in possession of government.—Sir Frederick Trench read some letters he had received from Ireland, relative to the withholding of part of the rewards offered by Government for the discovery of certain persons accused of murder in that country.—Lord Morpeth had no information on the subject, but had written for particulars.—The House then went into Committee on the Registration of Voters Bill. The clauses, up to forty-nine inclusive, were discussed and agreed to, and the chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again.

May 22.—Ballots took place for Committees to try the merits of the respective elections for Devizes, Westmeath, and Galway.—The Nottingham Fields Inclosure Bill was thrown out, on the motion for a second reading, by 128 to 108.—Lord Palmerston appeared at the bar with the following answer from her Majesty to the address of the House relative to the slave-trade:—"I received your loyal address, expressing your opinions, your wishes, and your hopes, as to the measures best calculated to accomplish the effectual extinction of the traffic in slaves. I can assure you I fully share your regret in observing the extent of human suffering that is still occasioned by this cruel trade. I have recently concluded with some foreign states additional stipulations for the purpose of putting down this traffic. I have engaged in negotiations with other foreign states for arrangements founded on the principles

recommended in your address, and I am urging Portugal to fulfil her engagements with Great Britain by the conclusion of a treaty adapted to the suppression of the slave-trade now carried on under the Portuguese flag. You may rely on my earnest endeavours to give full effect to your wishes on this interesting and important subject."—Sir Eardley Wilmot then proceeded to move the resolution of which he had given notice—"That it is the opinion of this House that negro apprenticeship in the British Colonies should immediately cease and determine."—Mr. Villiers seconded the motion; and after some debate, and repeated calls of "question, divide!"—in which discussion, however, Ministers took no part—there was a division. The numbers were—for the motion, 96; against it, 93—majority in favour of the motion, 3.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to bring in a Bill to transfer the management of the Waterloo Annuities to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt.—The Advocations (Scotland) Bill, and the Personal Diligence (Scotland) Bill, were severally reported. The Sheriffs' Court (England) Bill was postponed for a few days, after a strong opposition from Mr. Jervis and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.—The Suitors Money Bill was read a third time and passed.—Adjourned.

May 23.—Mr. Crawley took his seat for Bedford.—Mr. Serjeant Jackson brought in his Bill regarding the registration of voters, Ireland; and presented a petition for the restoration of the ten suppressed Bishoprics of Ireland.—Mr. Liddell presented a petition from the Dean and Chapter of Durham against any measure for carrying into effect the recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.—Sir R. Peel then announced that on Friday next he would state generally his views on the Irish Corporation question; that he understood hon. friends of his would move certain amendments; but that he did not intend to take any step that would "obscure the prospect of a satisfactory adjustment."—Lord John Russell expressed his satisfaction at what had been stated by the right hon. baronet; and in return he mentioned that he did not think it would be necessary, in the preliminary committee on the Irish Tithe question, to do more than affirm the principle of a commutation of tithe into a rent-charge, without explicitly fixing the proportion—whether seventenths or any other. That point, the noble lord thought, might be advantageously reserved for consideration in the committee on the Bill.—The House, after some difficulty in procuring a chairman, resolved into committee on the Lord's Day Bill.—Mr. Rice appealed to Mr. Plumptre, whether it might not be better to withdraw his Bill, and to introduce a measure which should be directed against specific violations of the Sabbath.—Sir Robert Peel concurred entirely in the view of the matter taken by Mr. Rice.—Some further discussion ensued, and the result was, that in compliance with the opinion expressed on all sides of the House, that moral feeling, and not legislation, must work the change, Mr. Plumptre withdrew the Bill.—The second reading of the Spirit Licenses (Scotland) Bill was carried, on a division, by 56 ayes, 45 noes.—The second reading of the Spirituous Liquors Sale Bill was negatived by 16 ayes, 59 noes.—The Medical Charities (Ireland) Bill went through committee, for the purpose of introducing various amendments. It was then ordered to be reprinted, and to be further considered in a fortnight.—The third reading of the Custody of Infants Bill, after some opposition from Sir E. Sugden, &c., was carried on a division; the numbers being, ayes 60, noes 45.—The Bribery at Elections Bill was read a second time.

May 24.—Mr. Hope took the oaths and his seat as Member for Gloucester.—Sir W. James presented a petition from certain electors of Hull, whose names had been erased (without being heard) from the list of voters by the committee on the late election petition for that town. The petitioners prayed that their franchise might be restored to them.—Lord J. Russell inquired whether Sir E. Wilmot intended to found any Bill on his resolution, carried the other night, regarding the immediate abolition of the negro apprenticeship system?—Sir E. Wilmot said he would give an answer on Monday, possibly to-morrow.—Mr. Gladstone suggested the importance of something of a decided character being done previously to the sailing of the West India packet on the 31st of May.—Sir Robert Peel also urged the importance of some definite proceedings at a time when the population of the West Indies was so open to excitement.—Lord J. Russell eventually stated that, in the event of Sir E. Wilmot not giving his answer, which he thought might easily be done, he should reserve to himself the right to make some proposition in consequence of the resolution carried on Sir E. Wilmot's motion, and to communicate the course the government intended to pursue.—Sir Edward Sugden gave notice that in the next stage of the Copyright Bill he would move certain resolutions.—Mr. Creswell then brought

forward his motion regarding the "Danish Claims." He moved an address to Her Majesty to give directions to the Commissioners on Danish claims to take into consideration the case of a third class of claimants, not yet desired to be considered—namely, as regarded goods afloat that had been seized.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Goulburn, &c., opposed the motion; it was, however, carried by 115 yeas to 81 noes, the majority in its favour being 34.—Sir J. Graham then moved for leave to bring in a Bill to disqualify Hawick from being a polling place for the county of Roxburgh, and enabling the Sheriff of that county to appoint other polling places in lieu thereof.—A discussion of a stormy character followed, but no decision was come to, as the debate was adjourned.—Lord J. Russell then fixed Monday for the consideration of the Irish Tithe question; and proposed that the House should meet, contrary to the usual custom, on Tuesday next, the anniversary of King Charles the Second's restoration, in order to give Sir Eardley Wilmot an opportunity to proceed with the negro apprenticeship question.—On the motion of Mr. Ormsby Gore, jun., the evidence taken before the Hull Committee was ordered to be printed.

May 25.—The Galway Election Committee reported that Mr. Lynch had been duly elected.—The Devizes Election Committee reported that Captain Deans Dundas had not been duly elected, and that Mr. Heneage ought to have been returned.—Sir Stratford Canning having presented a petition from the owners of the *Vixen*, praying for an inquiry into the seizure of that vessel, gave notice that on the 7th of June he would submit a motion on the subject.—Lord Palmerston denied the assertion of the petitioners that he had sanctioned and encouraged the sending out of the *Vixen*.—Sir Eardley Wilmot, having been called on by Lord John Russell, announced that it was not his intention to found any measure on the resolution of Tuesday evening with respect to negro apprenticeship.—Lord J. Russell answered, that, "under these circumstances, his hon. friend the Under Secretary for the Colonies would propose, either on Monday or Tuesday next, as the House thought fit, a resolution, of which he would now state the general effect to the House. The government would propose, in the first place, that the resolution proposed by the Hon. Member for Warwickshire, and the decision of the House thereon, should be read, and likewise that the resolution of the House should be read; and would then propose, in order to prevent the injurious consequences which must ensue from the intentions of Parliament being left in doubt, a resolution setting forth, that in order to maintain the peace and welfare of the colonies, it was necessary that the House should declare its opinion, that it was not advisable to adopt any proceedings to carry into effect the resolution of the hon. baronet, and also declaring the opinion of the House that every measure which would tend to secure to the negro population the privileges to which they were entitled under the Slavery Abolition Act, ought to be adopted; and further, that it was the anxious desire of the House to promote the comforts of the negro population, when the expiration of the term of apprenticeship should entitle them to the full enjoyment of freedom. The noble Lord then moved, that the motion and vote of the 30th of March last, and the motion and vote of the 22nd of May, be read. This being done, the resolutions were ordered to be taken into consideration on Monday next.—The adjourned debate on the motion of Sir James Graham, for leave to bring in a Bill to discontinue the town of Hawick as a polling place for the county of Roxburgh, was then resumed. Mr. Hope opened the debate, and was followed by Mr. Cutler Fergusson, Sir G. Clerk, and the Lord Advocate. Lord Stanley brought forward a few of the leading facts of outrage, enforced the additionally mischievous importance which they derived from preconcert, and animadverted on the committee's finding that these riots had been too slight and transient to prevent the votes "from being taken."—Lord John Russell would not enter into a discussion of the riots.—Sir R. Peel said, if the phrase "imperial measure" was meant to denote the length of the debate, the merit was with Ministers, who had adjourned it to the Friday, because the division on the Thursday would have been against them.—After a few words from Mr. T. Duncombe, and a short reply from Sir J. Graham, the House divided:—For Sir James Graham's motion, 272; against it, 250.

May 28.—Mr. Heneage took the oaths and his seat as Member for Devizes. On the motion of Sir G. Clerk, a new writ was ordered for the county of Linlithgow, in the room of the Hon. James Hope, who had accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. The St. Pancras Paving Bill was thrown out on the motion for a second reading, upon an amendment moved by Lord Teignmouth. The numbers were—for the Bill, 54; against it, 80. Mr. Labouchere gave notice of his intention to bring in a bill for the conveyance of the mails by railways. In reply to Mr. Leader, Lord John Russell said that it was true that the Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended in Canada;

and that it was not the intention of Ministers to apply for an Indemnity Bill, as their proceedings were authorised by existing laws.—Sir George Grey then, in a speech of considerable length, moved the resolutions of which notice had been given in his name, with reference to the decision of the House on Tuesday last upon the subject of negro apprenticeship.—Sir E. Wilmot complained of the course pursued by the government, and said he was perfectly ready, if the amendment which he intended to propose were successful, to introduce a Bill for the purpose of carrying out the resolution of the 22nd May, which would include provisions to confer security upon the negro, and safety to the masters, and would place the negro exactly in the position of the free labourer in England. If, however, his amendment should be unfortunately lost, he would not say what he should do, but he would take any and every constitutional course which was open to him for the purpose of effectuating the resolution of the 22nd of May. He proposed, then, by way of amendment, to leave out all the words in the original motion after the word “that,” for the purpose of inserting words to this effect—“That it is the opinion of this House that the resolution passed on the 22nd May should be carried into effect by means of a legislative enactment, due provision being made to secure the peace of the colonies, and to promote the full enjoyment of equal rights among all classes.”—Sir R. Peel censured Sir E. Wilmot for proceeding by the form of resolution. The right hon. baronet then argued, at great length, that it would be most inexpedient to terminate abruptly the apprenticeship system. That there was a decided compact between planters and Parliament, no man could doubt. Under that compact, transferences of property had taken place. If immediate emancipation were carried into effect, would compensation be given to the purchasers under that compact? If not, the grossest injustice would be inflicted.—Lord Stanley supported the views expressed by Sir R. Peel.—Dr. Lushington and Lord John Russell followed. Then came the division, when the numbers were found to be—For Sir George Grey’s resolutions, 250; for Sir Eardley Wilmot’s amendment, 178.

May 29.—Mr. Acland moved that the thanks of the House be given to the Rev. John Vane, the Chaplain, for the sermon preached by him in the morning before the House, at St. Margaret’s Church, Westminster, and that the same be printed with the votes.—Sir Stratford Canning postponed, till the 13th of June, the motion relating to the capture of the *Vixen*.—On the motion that the House resolve into Committee on the Municipal Corporation (Ireland) Bill, Sir Robert Peel brought forward his promised views of the measures regarding Ireland generally, giving utterance to them in the hope of adjusting the questions respecting the poor tithes, and the Church, and the Municipal Corporations, and thus securing tranquillity to the country. He thought, first, that there must be some legal provision for the destitute poor of Ireland. On the second point, he was prepared to proceed to the adjustment of the tithe question, by making tithes a “rent-charge,” but leaving the Church as it now is, except to equalise livings, to limit pluralities, and to correct abuses. The principle of “appropriation” to make no part of the arrangement, as he considered that the sense of the country was with him, and decidedly against that principle. On the third measure—the Corporations—the right hon. baronet assented to the existence of them in all towns in Ireland containing a population of more than fifteen thousand persons—on the distinct provision, however, that whatever franchise may ultimately be fixed, it must be a *bond fide* one.—Lord J. Russell expressed the satisfaction with which he had heard the right hon. baronet’s conciliatory propositions and observations: he considered that they could not fail to be useful and tranquillising to Ireland, and beneficial to the country generally. He was anxious to make every concession for the sake of peace, and the adjustment of those important Irish questions that would not compromise the utility and efficiency of the measures.—Mr. O’Connell feared that the proposed arrangement had more reference to the strength and views of parties than any reference to the feelings and wishes of the people of Ireland.—Mr. Ward said that notwithstanding the diplomatically managed feeling between the Opposition and the Government, he did not abandon the “appropriation” clause, and he should afford those who thought with him the opportunity of recording their opinion by moving an instruction to the committee to insert an appropriation clause, and would take the sense of the House on it.—After remarks from Mr. Shaw, Lord Clements, &c., the Bill was committed *pro forma*; no part of it was proceeded with, but deferred till Friday.—Adjourned.

May 30.—A new writ was moved for Dungannon in the room of Lord Northland, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. The National Loan Fund Assurance Company’s Bill was discussed at some length, and finally read a second time.

on an understanding, however, that the necessity for further proceeding with it would be suspended by a Bill to be brought in by Mr. Poulett Thomson. A ballot having taken place for a committee to try the merits of the Maidstone election, the names of the Members composing it were reported to the House.—Mr. O'Connell gave notice of a motion for leave to bring in a Bill for the immediate abolition of female apprenticeship in the West India colonies.—Mr. C. W. Wynn moved an Address to the Crown, praying that ecclesiastical preferment might be given to the three late Chaplains of the House, pursuant to an address presented to his late Majesty.—The motion was strongly supported by Sir Robert Peel; and, after an animated discussion, Lord John Russell said he would not oppose the wish of the House, but added, that the presentation of an Address did not of necessity imply that the Royal concurrence was a matter of course.—The motion was agreed to.—Lord Ingestrie having commenced some observations preparatory to a motion connected with the existing state of naval architecture in this country, an hon. Member moved that the House be counted. There were not forty Members present, and the adjournment took place at seven o'clock.

June 1.—The House resolved into Committee on the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill. A protracted discussion took place, arising out of a question as to the order in which the clauses should be taken; whether the Committee should begin with No. 1, and proceed regularly, or whether, passing over the five first, they should at once consider the sixth, or qualification clause. The clauses from one to five inclusive were eventually postponed.—After an interesting debate, the Committee divided on the sixth clause, or rather upon Sir Robert Peel's amendment upon it, to make a *bonâ fide* rating of 10*l.* a year the qualification of a voter. The numbers were:—For the right hon. baronet's proposal, 111.—Against it, 137.—Lord John Russell having suggested 5*l.* as the qualification, Sir Robert Peel came forward, and said "that he should not divide the Committee against the proposition of the noble lord for 5*l.*, lest it should be for a moment supposed that he was satisfied with anything less than 10*l.*"—The 5*l.* qualification was then inserted in the Bill, and the chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again. It was afterwards fixed that the Bill should be recommitted *pro formâ* on Wednesday next, and brought under actual discussion on Monday se'n'ight.—Adjourned till Wednesday next.

June 6.—Sir J. Hobhouse reported from the Maidstone Election Committee, that Mr. Fector was not duly elected, and that the last election was null and void. Also that neither the petition nor opposition to said petition was frivolous and vexatious. A new writ was then issued for the borough of Maidstone.—Sir E. Knatchbull moved for papers relating to the release of the maniac Thom from the lunatic asylum in which he had been confined, with a view to the vindication of the magistrates and other local authorities of the county of Kent from the aspersions of a ministerial journal, the Morning Chronicle.—Lord J. Russell repeated the substance of his former statement as to the circumstances under which the liberation of the lunatic had taken place, and declared that he had not intended to cast any reflection upon the magistrates. The papers, with some additions moved for by Lord John Russell, were ordered.—Lord J. Russell appeared at the bar with her Majesty's answer to the Address of the House respecting three of their late chaplains. Her Majesty stated that she would take into consideration the best means for effecting the wishes of her faithful Commons on this subject.—Mr. Hume then moved the second reading of the County Rates Bill.—Colonel Sibthorp moved, as an amendment, that the bill be read that day six months.—After some discussion the bill was thrown out by a large majority. The numbers in its favour were 37; against it, 105.—In the Committee on the Expenses of Elections Bill, Colonel Sibthorp divided the House on the question that the Chairman do leave the chair, when he was in a majority of 71 to 43.—The House then resolved itself into a Committee, *pro formâ*, on the Copyright Bill.—Mr. Serjeant Talford stated that he had been in communication with some of the most distinguished publishers in town—that he had found some of their objections to certain clauses in his Bill to be irresistible—and he was therefore most willing to meet their wishes in the matter.—After some conversation, the Bill was committed *pro formâ*, and ordered to be taken into further consideration on that day fortnight.—The Lord's Day Bill also 'went through Committee *pro formâ*.—The Charities Commissioners (Ireland) Bill was postponed to that day three months.—Mr. Lynch moved the second reading of the Married Women's Bill.—Sir E. Sugden said it would give the married woman a privilege which would be a cause of endless misery to her. She would have by it a power of disposing, in case of necessity, of that property which her settlement intended should descend as a provision to her children. He moved that the Bill be read a second time that day three

months.—The House divided—ayes, 21; noes, 56; majority against the Bill, 35.—The High Sheriffs Bill was, on the motion of the Attorney General, thrown out without a division.

June 7.—Mr. R. Palmer, Chairman of the Westmeath Election Committee, reported that one of the parties having applied for a commission, they had decided upon granting the commission, to be opened at Westmeath on Wednesday, the 27th of June. Leave was then given to the Committee to adjourn until the Speaker should issue his warrant for their re-assembling.—Sir S. Canning postponed his motion relative to the capture of the *Vixen* till the 21st instant.—Mr. Baines gave notice that on the 22nd inst. he would move for the immediate abolition of idol worship in India, and the cessation of all profit arising from it.—The report of the Oxford and Great Western Railway Committee was ordered to be further considered, on the motion of Mr. Harcourt, the amendment proposed by Sir R. Inglis, that it be taken into consideration that day three months, having been negatived by a majority of 131 to 31.—Lord Palmerston stated, in answer to a question from Lord Mahon, that he could not presume to say what course the Spanish government intended to pursue with regard to the institutions and privileges of the Basque provinces.—Mr. O. Gore moved for a Select Committee to consider the subjects contained in a petition from the landowners in the principality of Wales, praying for an inquiry into certain exactions attempted by the agents of the Crown, and affecting the property of the petitioners.—The motion was negatived by 98 to 50.—Mr. H. Hinde then moved the appointment of a commission to ascertain and report on the best line of communication by railway from London and the manufacturing districts of England to Edinburgh and Glasgow.—The House divided—for the motion, 53; against it, 53. The numbers being even, the Speaker voted against the motion, which was consequently lost.

June 8.—The Grand Junction Railway Bill was read a third time and passed, on the motion of Lord F. Egerton.—The Oxford and Great Western Union Railway Bill, after a division, in which the numbers were 79 for, and 25 against the motion, was read a third time and passed.—Lord Morpeth, in reply to Serjeant Jackson, said the accounts respecting the late affray at Waterford were in the main well founded. He regretted to add, some of the police were injured.—Sir E. Knatchbull would wish to know from the noble Secretary of State for the Home Department when the Bill for the Regulation of County Courts would be proceeded with.—Lord J. Russell could then hardly say, but in the course of next week would be prepared to give an answer.—In answer to Mr. Leader, Lord J. Russell justified the proclamation of martial law in Canada, and did not think any Bill of indemnity was necessary.—Lord J. Russell moved the order of the day for the further consideration of the report of the Benefices Pluralities Bill. After an ineffectual attempt by Mr. Hawes to have the Bill recommitted, the clauses were considered in succession. Numerous amendments were proposed and negatived, the report was received, and the Bill ordered to be read a third time on Friday next.—The Registration of Parliamentary Electors Bill then went through committee *pro forma*, some new clauses were brought up, and the Bill was ordered to be printed.—On the motion of Mr. P. Thomson the International Copyright Bill was committed *pro forma*, and the Bill, with the amendments, was ordered to be reported to the House, and printed.

June 11.—Lord Ashley gave notice that on Friday the 22nd of June, when the order of the day for the second reading of the Factories' Regulation Bill should be read, for the purpose of the Speaker leaving the chair, he should call the attention of the House to the state of the law for the regulation of factories, and move a resolution expressive of the regret of the House that such a state of things should be allowed to exist so long without amendment.—On the motion that the Speaker do leave the chair, in order to the recommitment of the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, Mr. O'Connell moved as an amendment, that the Bill be recommitted on that day se'nnight, as he expected then to be provided with some details which he thought of considerable importance. The amendment was subsequently negatived without a division.—The House having gone into Committee, the clauses, up to five inclusive were postponed, and the sixth was taken into consideration. This fixes the qualification for a municipal election, and when the Bill was lately before the House 5*l.* per annum was inserted as the amount of rent required to be paid for the purpose of the payer becoming entitled to a vote.—Sir Robert Peel, as he had promised, again proposed the substitution of 10*l.* for 5*l.*, with the additional guarantee, that, in order to make the qualification a *bond fide* one, the value of the premises should be determined by the rating under the Poor Law Bill now in progress.—

Lord J. Russell contended that Ireland was more severely dealt with than England or Scotland had been—that a uniform franchise, however desirable, by no means necessarily implied a 10*l.* franchise—that there might be between one uniform franchise, and another uniform franchise, as much difference as between a uniform wheat diet for the poor, and a uniform potato diet—that the franchise proposed by Sir Robert involved more than 10*l.*, inasmuch as it added the amount of certain taxes—that the Irish people could not be expected to place confidence in the propositions of the Conservative party, because “confidence is a plant of slow growth”—and, in conclusion, Lord John declared, that *he*, too, was determined to adhere to the propositions which he had submitted to the House.—After a few observations from other honourable members, the division followed. For Lord John Russell’s proposed qualification of 5*l.*, with the test of rating under the Poor Law, there were 286 votes ;—whilst 266 members voted in favour of the 10*l.* franchise, tested by the same process of rating—the qualification proposed by Sir Robert Peel.—Majority for Ministers, 20.—The House then went into committee *pro forma* on the resolutions of Lord John Russell respecting tithes (Ireland.)

June 12.—A motion for the second reading of the Tramore (Waterloo) Drainage Bill having been made by Mr. Villiers Stuart, an amendment was moved by Mr. T. Duncombe, that the Bill be read a second time that day three months. The original motion and the amendment were both withdrawn.—Mr. Barnaby obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the laws relating to highways in England and Wales.

June 13.—Leave was given to Mr. Labouchere to bring in a Bill on the subject of the Leith Harbour and Docks.—Mr. Labouchere brought up the report of the private Committee on the London Coal Trade Bill, and the Bill was re-committed *pro forma*, and ordered to be printed.—The Freeman’s Admission Bill went through Committee.—The Spirit Licenses (Scotland) Bill was thrown out.—The Hackney Carriages Bill went through committee, and it was ordered that the report be brought up on Monday.—The Tenants for Life (Ireland) Bill was read a second time, on an understanding that the discussion should take place in the committee, which was fixed for Friday.—The Bribery at Elections Bill passed through a committee *pro forma*.—The second reading of the Registration of Voters (Ireland) Bill was deferred till Wednesday, the 27th instant.

June 14.—Colonel Davies moved the appointment of a Select Committee, to take into consideration the most eligible site for the two Houses of Parliament. There was a lengthened discussion on the subject, in the course of which Lord J. Russell said that he could not support the motion.—For the motion, 70 ; against it, 74 ; majority against it, 4.—Leave was given to Mr. Labouchere to bring in a Bill, giving power to the Post-office to run their own trains on all railroads for the conveyance of the mails without the payment of tolls, and with permission to carry a limited number of passengers.—The Attorney General brought in the Imprisonment for Debt Abolition Bill, which was read a first time, and ordered for a second reading on Monday week.

June 15.—The Farringdon-street Improvement Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Metropolitan Suspension Bridge Bill was read a third time and passed.—The House went into a Committee on the Irish Municipal Bill ; all the clauses were gone through, the Bill was reported with amendments, and ordered for further consideration on Monday next. The House then resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means, in which Mr. Rice moved the sugar duties, and proposed two resolutions—one a renewal of the resolution of last year, and the second making alterations in the drawback. He proposed to reduce the drawback on double refined sugars from 43*s.* 2*d.*, the present amount, to 36*s.* per cwt, and on single refined sugar from 36*s.* 10*d.* to 30*s.* per cwt. Both resolutions were agreed to.—The Bill for the continuance of the Bishopric of Sodor and Man then went through committee.—Dr. Nicholl moved the second reading of the Vestries in Churches Bill, which was, after two divisions, adjourned till Saturday.—The Grand Jury Cess Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Freeman’s Admission Bill was also read a third time and passed.

June 16.—The House went into Committee on the Juvenile Offenders Bill. All the clauses were agreed to, and the report was received.—The Attorney General moved the second reading of the Vacation Sittings Bill, which was agreed to, and ordered to be committed on Monday.—The Vestries in Churches Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday.—Lord J. Russell moved the third reading of the Sodor and Man Bishopric Bill.—Mr. Lushington moved that it be read this day three months. For the Bill, 69 ; against it, 5. The Bill was read a third time and passed.

THE METROPOLITAN.

AUGUST, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Seraphim, and other Poems. By ELIZABETH B. BARRETT,
Author of a Translation of "Prometheus Bound," &c.

At our first glance at this extraordinary little book, we were singularly struck with the originality, ideality, earnestness, and masterly power of expression and execution; and a more careful examination has deepened this first impression, and awakened in us a great respect for the fair author's uncommon learning. Whether she be qualified to split critical straws with a Parr or a Porson we know not, but she seems well read in the Greek poets, and perfectly imbued with their spirit. We should also infer that she is as familiar with German as with Grecian poetry—or at least we fancy that we trace in many passages a half inspiration derived from the immortal Goethe. With the old poets of England, from Spenser downwards, she has evidently a most perfect acquaintance, and a truly scholar-like familiarity. The style and manner resulting from this combination remind us more of Shelley than of any other recent English writer. But there is a devotional glow, an almost seraph-like enthusiasm in this lady, which the unfortunate Shelley never reached,—though, be it said, that much misunderstood man—that generous and glorious intellect—had a wonderful devotion in his very unbelief. With him it was only a mistake about names. He worshipped God with a soul-exalting worship in the mountains and seas, in the blue sky, the green forest, in the veriest stock and stone around him; and everything in his imagination was sublime and godlike. There is also here and there a happily reflected light from the great and good Wordsworth; and one or two of Miss Barrett's minor pieces might be mistaken for the productions of the greatest of our poets since Milton. Now and then a conception, the hint of a great thought, is taken up and expanded. This seems to be the case, for example, in the following beautiful lines, which will recal to every worshipper of Wordsworth the "Sonnet on London," and the expression of "mighty heart" applied to the great city.

"I dwell amid the city.
The great humanity which beats
Its life along the stony streets,
Like a strong unsunned river
In a self-made course, is ever
Rolling on, rolling on!"

We cannot quite agree with this truly-gifted writer that the awful mysteries of the christian faith are suited to mortal verse—we remember that even a Milton could here make the sublime ridiculous, or something worse—but we admire with a heart-warm admiration her *intentions* in this way; and the all-absorbing enthusiasm with which she advocates the cause of devotional poetry. The following passages are magnificently expressed: they are specimens of poetry of the highest order without its rhythm.

“ ‘ An irreligious poet,’ says Burns, meaning an undevotional one, ‘ is a monster.’ An irreligious poet, he might have said, is no poet at all. The gravitation of poetry is upwards. The poetic wing, if it move, ascends. What did even the heathen Greeks—Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar? Sublimely, because born poets; darkly, because born of Adam, and unrenewed in Christ, their spirits wandered like the rushing chariots and winged horses, black and white, of their brother poet Plato, through the universe of Deity, seeking if haply they might find him: and as that universe closed around the seekers, not with the transparency in which it flowed first from his hand, but opaquely, as double-dyed with the transgression of its sons; they felt, though they could not discern, the God beyond, and used the gesture, though ignorant of the language of worshipping. The blind eagle missed the sun, but soared towards its sphere. Shall the blind eagle soar, and the seeing eagle peck chaff? Surely it should be the gladness and the gratitude of such as are poets among us, that in turning towards the beautiful, they may behold the true face of God.”

After mentioning that the subject of the principal poem (*The Seraphim*) in this collection was suggested to her when she was engaged upon her translation of the “Prometheus Bound,” Miss Barrett continues in this lofty strain—

“ I thought that had Æschylus lived after the incarnation and crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, he might have turned, if not in moral and intellectual, yet in poetic faith, from the solitude of Caucasus to the deeper desertness of that crowded Jerusalem where none had any pity; from the ‘ faded white flower’ of the Titanic brow, to the ‘ withered grass’ of a Heart trampled on by its own beloved; from the glorying of him who gloried that he could not die, to the sublimer meekness of the taster of death for every man; from the taunt stung into being from the torment, to his more awful silence, when the agony stood dumb before the love! And I thought how, ‘ from the height of this great argument,’ the scenery of the Prometheus would have dwarfed itself even in the eyes of its poet,—how the fissures of his rocks and the innumerable smiles of his ocean would have closed and waned into blankness,—and his demigod stood confest, so human a conception as to fall below the aspiration of his own humanity. He would have turned from such to the rent rocks and darkened sun—rent and darkened by a sympathy thrilling through nature, but leaving man’s heart untouched—to the multitudes, whose victim was their Saviour—to the Victim, whose sustaining thought beneath an unexampled agony was not the Titanic ‘ I can revenge,’ but the celestial ‘ I can forgive?’

“ I have worn no shoes upon this holy ground: I have stood there, but have not walked. I have drawn no copy of the statue of this GREAT PAN,—but have caught its shadow,—shortened in the dawn of my imperfect knowledge, and distorted and broken by the unevenness of our earthly ground. I have written no work, but a suggestion. Nor has even so little been attempted, without as deep a consciousness of weakness as the severest critic and the humblest Christian could desire to impress upon me. I have felt, in the midst of my own thoughts upon my own theme, like Homer’s ‘ children in a battle.’

“ The agents in this poem of imperfect form—a dramatic lyric, rather than a lyrical drama—are those mystic beings who are designated in Scripture the Seraphim. The subject has thus assumed a character of exaggerated difficulty, the full sense of which I have tried to express in my Epilogue. But my desire was, to gather some vision of the supreme spectacle under a less usual aspect,—to glance at it, as dilated in seraphic eyes, and darkened and deepened by the near association with blessedness and heaven. Are we not too apt to measure the depth of the Saviour’s

humiliation from the common estate of man, instead of from his own peculiar and primeval one? To avoid which error, I have endeavoured to count some steps of the ladder at Bethel,—a very few steps, and as seen between the clouds.

“And thus I have endeavoured to mark in my two seraphic personages, distinctly and predominantly, that shrinking from, and repugnance to, evil, which, in my weaker Seraph, is expressed by *fear*, and, in my stronger one, by a more complex passion; in order to contrast with such, the voluntary debasement of him who became lower than the angels, and touched in his own sinless being, sin, and sorrow, and death. In my attempted production of such a contrast, I have been true to at least my own idea of angelic excellence, as well as to that of his perfection. For one holiness differs from another holiness in glory. To recoil from evil, is according to the stature of an angel; to subdue it, is according to the infinitude of a God.”

Coleridge might have written or *spoken* these words in one of his rapt moments, when he was three parts in heaven. The poem to which they refer, though the longest and most substantial in the book, is not, to our tastes, the best. It contains, however, passages of feeling and lofty imagination which, perhaps, no two, certainly no *three* of our living poets could surpass. We regret to say that the last line of all is a striking specimen of bathos—a negligence, or a slip, calculated to excite a familiar, mean, and ridiculous idea. The earthly garment of the Saviour was rolled ‘in *red blood*,’ in order that the feeble, the frail, and the faint, according to this unhappy expression,

“Before his heavenly throne should walk in *white*.”

The next piece in the volume, entitled the “Poet’s Vow,” is exquisite, and all but perfect; and the same may be said of the “Romaunt of Margaret,” “Isobel’s Child,” “The Devoted Garden,” “The Soul’s Traveling,” and the “Stanzas on the Death of Mrs. Hemans.”

As our extracts must be of the shortest, we have chosen the following, to give some faint idea of a truly original and gifted author, whose works, we trust, will soon be as well known and as warmly admired as they deserve to be.

“MEMORY AND HOPE.

- “Back-looking Memory
And Hope prophetic sprang from out the ground!
One, where the flashing of cherubic sword
Fell downward, sad and broad;
And one, from Eden earth, within the sound
Of the four rivers lapsing pleasantly,
What time the promise after curse was said—
‘Thy seed shall bruise his head.’
- “Memory is very wild,
As moon-struck by cherubic flashings near,
When she was born! Her deep eyes shine and shone
With light that conquereth sun,
And stars to wanner paleness year by year.
With sweetest scents, she mixeth things defiled—
She trampleth down earth’s grasses green and sweet,
With her far-wandering feet.
- “She plucketh many flowers,
Their beauty on her bosom’s coldness killing;
She teacheth every melancholy sound
To winds and waters round;
She droppeth tears with seed, where man is tilling
The rugged soil in yet more rugged hours;
She smileth—ah me! in her smile doth go
A mood of deeper woe!

- “ Hope seemed of happier sprite,
 Crowned with an Eden wreath she saw not fade,
 She went a nodding through the wilderness—
 With brow that shone no less
 Than sea-bird wings, by storm more frequent made—
 Searching the treeless rock for fruits of light ;
 Her white feet being armed from stones and cold
 By slippers all of gold !
- “ And Memory did her wrong,
 And, while she dreamed, her slippers stole away !
 But still she wended on, with mirth unheeding,
 The while her feet were bleeding ;
 Until she met her on a certain day,
 And with her evil eyes did search her long
 And cruelly, whereat she sank to ground
 In a stark deadly swoond.
- “ And so my Hope were slain,
 Had it not been that thou wert standing near,
 O Thou ! who saidst ‘ live ’ to spirits lying
 In thine own blood, and dying !
 For Thou her forehead to thine heart didst rear,
 And make its silent pulses sing again,—
 Pouring a new light o’er her darkened eyne,
 With tender tears from Thine !
- “ Therefore my Hope arose
 From out her swoond, and gazed upon Thy face !
 And meeting there that soft subduing look
 Which Peter’s spirit shook,
 Sank downwards in a rapture to embrace
 Thy pierced hands and feet with kisses close,
 And prayed Thee to assist her evermore
 To ‘ reach the things before.’
- “ Then gavest Thou the smile
 Whence angel wings thrill quick like summer lightning ;
 Vouchsafing rest beside Thee, where she never
 From Love and Faith may sever !
 Whereat the Eden crown she saw not whitening,
 A time ago, though whitening all the while,
 Reddened with life, to hear the voice which talked
 To Adam as he walked !”

“ VICTORIA’S TEARS.

- “ Hark ! the reiterated clangour sounds !
 Now mariners, like the sea or like the storm,
 Or like the flames on forests, move and mount
 From rank to rank, and loud and louder roll ;
 Till all the people is one vast applause.”

LANDOR’S GEM.

- “ O maiden ! heir of kings !
 A king has left his place !
 The majesty of Death has swept
 All other from his face !
 And thou upon thy mother’s breast,
 No longer lean adown,
 But take the glory for the rest,
 And rule the land that loves thee best !
 She heard and wept—
 She wept, to wear a crown !

“ They decked her courtly halls ;
They reined her hundred steeds ;
They shouted at her palace gate,
A noble Queen succeeds !
Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,
Her praise has filled the town !
And mourners God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.
Alone she wept—
Who wept to wear a crown !

“ She saw no purple shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes ;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries !
And while her heralds played the part,
For million shouts to drown—
' God save the Queen ! ' from hill to mart,
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept—
She wept, to wear a crown !

“ God save thee, weeping Queen !
Thou shalt be well beloved !
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,
As those pure tears have moved !
The nature in thine eyes we see,
That tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties ;
Strange blessing in the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept—
Yea ! wept to wear its crown !

“ God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine !
And fill with happier love than earth's
That tender heart of thine !
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down ;
A pierced hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see !
Thou wilt not weep
To wear that heavenly crown ! ”

Illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa ; consisting chiefly of Figures and Descriptions of the Objects of Natural History, collected during an Expedition into the Interior of South Africa, in the years 1834, 1835, and 1836, fitted out by the Cape of Good Hope Association for exploring Central Africa ; together with a Summary of African Zoology, and an Inquiry into the Geographical Ranges of Species in that quarter of the Globe. By ANDREW SMITH, M.D., Surgeon to the Forces, and Director of the Expedition. Published under the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury.

To judge from the first monthly part, which is now before us, this promises to be a rich and beautiful contribution to natural history—a volume that may be placed by the side of “ Cuvier's Animal Kingdom,” and the

other splendid works which have issued, of late years, from the Parisian press. The fine, large plates, are beautifully and correctly coloured—*correctly*, we should say, with the single exception of the Rhinoceroses (*Rhinoceros Keitloa* and *Rhinoceros Bicornis*.) The birds are done most admirably.

The letter-press, by Dr. Andrew Smith, is concise and scientific, without being overlaid with technicalities. In paper, type, and style of printing, the work leaves nothing to desire—when complete, it will be an ornament and a treasure in any library. It will consist of pictorial illustrations of between three and four hundred subjects of the animal kingdom, all of which have been collected in Africa to the south of $23^{\circ} 28'$ south latitude, and will comprise,

First—and principally, *unknown animals*.

Secondly—Animals known, but not yet figured.

Thirdly—Such as have been imperfectly figured, but of which this meritorious society (the Cape of Good Hope Association for exploring Central Africa) possess *accurate* drawings.

As lovers of enterprise and of natural history—as persons feeling warmly for any the slightest encouragement, shown to such subjects by a government, which in such matters has carried the *laissez faire* rather too far, or has converted its patronage into mere jobbery—we cannot quit this publication without stating the circumstances, so honourable to all parties, which have led to its appearance.

Few of our readers need be informed that the Cape of Good Hope is one of the best avenues yet opened for the researches of the naturalist—the key to a large portion of an extensive continent, which is still but very partially explored, and which is the field exuberant above all others in the variety and novelty both of animal and vegetable life. For the best part of half a century, though we held the key in our own hands, we scarcely unlocked the treasury; but at last (only five years ago) we began to remove this blot from the national 'scutcheon. *The Cape of Good Hope Association for exploring Central Africa* was established in 1833, by private individuals; and in 1836 a scientific expedition was fitted out by, and at the expense of, that spirited body. The explorers—thirty-four persons—were directed by Dr. Andrew Smith, the editor of the work now before us. After an absence of nineteen months, and penetrating as far as $23^{\circ} 28'$ south latitude, they returned to Cape Town laden with rare specimens in natural history, and stocked with geographical information of a novel and important kind.

“The members of the association found themselves, on the return of the recent expedition, in a situation to supply at least some portion of the existing deficiencies; but their funds, even if it had been possible to divert them to such an object, were altogether inadequate to defray the expense of laying the result of their labours before the world. Under such circumstances it was decided that Dr. Smith, the director of the expedition, should be authorised, on his arrival in England, to wait upon Lord Glenelg for the purpose of making him acquainted with the position and views of the society, in the hope that government might be induced to assist in the publication of their materials. This hope has not been disappointed. At the recommendation of the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury have been pleased, by a pecuniary grant, to enable the society to publish the result of its labours, without infringing upon the funds raised solely for the purposes of discovery, and in a form which, while it places the work within reach of most of the friends and promoters of science, will not, it is hoped, be found inconsistent with the interest and importance of the subject.”

Letters on the Natural History of the Insects mentioned in Shakspeare's Plays, with Incidental Notices of the Entomology of Ireland. By ROBERT PATTERSON, Treasurer of the Natural History Society of Belfast.

This is a little book after our own heart—a love of a book! The notion is a most happy one—to teach natural history through Shakspeare, and to elucidate Shakspeare through natural history. As a mere commentary on curious passages in the greatest of our poets, it is fairly worth more than whole ponderous volumes of our cramped and artificial annotators. As a contribution to the natural history of the insects which constantly surround us, it is worthy of a place by the side of the works of our very few good and *popular* naturalists. The success of this truly beautiful and graceful little volume is certain; but what we envy the author for, more than for this success, is the mild and exquisite delight he must have experienced in the composition of it.

Shakspeare was almost as great as a naturalist as he was as a poet—he was indeed the poet of nature. To use the words of Samuel Johnson, “His attention was not confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarity, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist; whether life or nature be his subject, Shakspeare shows plainly that he has seen with his own eyes.” Or, in the words of the late John Templeton, a friend of the author of the little volume now in our hands, “The works of Shakspeare evince a surprising power of accurate observation; and while Milton and the other poets have strung together in their descriptions the blossoms of spring and the flowers of summer, Shakspeare has placed in one group those only which may be found in bloom at the same time.” To show the justness of this remark, Mr. Patterson compares very aptly the enumeration of flowers in Milton’s “*Lycidas*,” in the glorious passage beginning

“Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,”

and that of Shakspeare in the “*Winter’s Tale*.” In the first among vernal flowers Milton throws in many which are not in bloom in spring, but at midsummer and a later season. The musk rose, the woodbine, and amaranth, for example, are grouped with the daffodil, the primrose, and the violet of early spring. In the “*Winter’s Tale*,” Perdita, whose fancy is to allot flowers according to the ages of the company—to give to men of middle age the flowers of middle summer—to the young the flowers of spring,—makes her distribution with the nicest attention to the flowers which are really in bloom in those respective seasons. In the spring flowers, for example, she begins with the daffodil, and ends with the fleur-de-lis—in that immortal passage which has in it the fragrance of the sweetest of flowers with the music of the sweetest of birds.

“O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let’st fall
From Dis’s waggon—daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty—violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes,
Or Cytherea’s breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxslips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-lis being one!”

There is the same appropriateness in Shakspeare's birds and insects. The creatures peculiar to one season are never introduced in another ; but all fly, and sing, and hum in their proper tide and time. Mr. Patterson informs us, that being led to examine the plays with respect to the notices of natural objects which they contain, he transcribed the descriptive passages, under the several heads which naturalists have adopted in their classifications, and found to his surprise that these natural history passages occupied one hundred closely written pages of letter-paper. Of these, twenty-two pages related to the mammalia, sixteen to birds, nine to reptiles and fishes, two to shells and minerals, nine to insects, thirteen to trees, flowers, and fruits, and twenty-nine to those varying features which mark the progress of the seasons, or depict some of the countless phenomena of nature. This is a curious estimate, and interesting in a thousand ways. "What ample materials for investigation those extracts would afford!" says Mr. Patterson, who adds, that "their elucidation would place in juxta-position the state of natural science now, and at the era of Queen Elizabeth."

A great deal has been said and written about Shakspeare's expression, "the shard-borne beetle." Let us hear what Mr. Patterson says on the subject.

"Shakspeare has introduced it with the happiest effect in his 'Macbeth'—

' Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight ; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.'

Macbeth, Act iii. scene 2.

"And here I may be permitted to remark, that a very slight knowledge of natural history may occasionally assist us in understanding the description of such authors as record what they themselves have noticed. The beetle is furnished with two large membranaceous wings, which are protected from external injury by two very hard, horny wing-cases, or, as entomologists term them, elytra. The old English name was 'shard,' and this word was introduced into three of Shakspeare's plays. Thus, in his 'Antony and Cleopatra'—

' They are his shards, and he their beetle.'

Act iii. scene 3.

And in 'Cymbeline'—

' Often to our comfort do we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle.'

Act iii. scene 3.

"These shards or wing-cases are raised and expanded when the beetle flies, and by their concavity act like two parachutes in supporting him in the air. Hence the propriety and correctness of Shakspeare's description, 'the shard-borne beetle'—a description embodied in a single epithet. I do not mean to assert that the word shard has not other meanings ; in fact, it is employed by Hamlet in its primitive English signification—a piece of broken tile ; for the priest says of Ophelia,

' Shard, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.'

Act v. scene 1.

"I only deny that any of its other meanings should be used in the present instance. The one most applicable is that given by Mr. Tollet, as quoted in the notes to Ayscough's edition of Shakspeare, that 'shard-born beetle is the beetle born in cow-dung ; and that shard expresses dung is well known in the north of Staffordshire, where cow's shard is the word generally used for cow dung.' But it is not so likely that Shakspeare was acquainted with the stercoreous nidus of the insect, as that he observed the peculiarity of its flight, assisted by its expanded elytra ; and if the word, at the time he lived, had both meanings, I hope you will acknowledge the

one I have given to be the more probable. Should you, however, feel disposed to enter more fully into a question of the kind, I would refer you to a long and very interesting note published in the Zoological Journal, No. XVIII. p. 147."

We are thoroughly convinced of the truth contained in the following passage, which we quote the more readily, as it conveys a notion of what the reader will find in this beautiful little book.

"Of two things I am quite certain—that a knowledge of the natural history of Shakspeare's plays would increase the pleasure we all experience in reading these unrivalled productions, and that to the inquirer the pursuit would be replete with interest. He would tread a path of softest verdure—he would behold a brighter sky—he would breathe a more balmy atmosphere—and might well say, like Caliban, while escorting the mariners, under the unseen guidance of Ariel,

' The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.'
Tempest, Act iii. scene 2."

Essays on Unexplained Phenomena ; containing New Views regarding the Cause of Centrifugal Force in Planetary Motion, the Radiation of Caloric, and Heat of the Earth ; with Refutations of many existing Opinions on the subjects. By GRAHAM HUTCHISON.

This volume demands the attention of natural philosophers by the boldness and novelty of some of its views. The unexplained phenomena treated of are partly astronomical, partly meteorological, and partly geological. The author appears to be an able man, though somewhat irritable and caustic, and intolerant of the theories of others—"a malady most incident" to philosophers. We have known men who would almost have burnt unbelievers in a new theory, just as the religious bigots of bygone times burnt men for not believing in the old superstitions. His most striking inquiries relate to the nature and cause of centrifugal force. According to the present opinion regarding planetary motion, this force is ascribed to impulse originally communicated by the Divine will and command. We would be the last to check the bold inquiries of philosophy, but we fancy that here the matter must remain, and that all our knowledge in this and other things must terminate in the one great and unsearchable mystery—in something far more wonderful than all the marvels which human science has embraced and explained. Mr. Hutchison says, "Strip this explanation of its verbal disguise, and it is neither more nor less than saying that the centrifugal movement of planetary bodies is an effect without a cause ; whereas I contend, and endeavour to show, that it is as much dependent upon the agency of a material cause as their centripetal tendencies." In our humble apprehension, the contention is clearer than the proof ; but the subject leads to the mention of many curious facts, and to the display of great ingenuity. The reader will find in section 32 an able and most interesting analysis of Dr. Wells's "Essay on Dew." We confess that this essay carries more conviction to our minds than Mr. Hutchison's somewhat opposite theory.

The Poetical Works of Robert Southey. Collected by Himself.

This volume, the ninth of the present issue, contains "Roderic, the Last of the Goths," one of the longest and most finished poetical productions of Mr. Southey's prolific pen ; together with the numerous and
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most curious notes and illustrations, the original preface, and a new preface, rich as usual in autobiographical anecdotes. Some of the latter are perfectly delicious. The poem has been twice done into French prose. When the last of these performances was nearly ready for publication, the French publisher insisted upon having a life of the author prefixed, saying, that his public of France knew nothing of Monsieur Southey, and in order to make the book sell, it must be managed to interest them for the writer. The poor translator, who was a chevalier, and nothing less, begged to decline this task on the very frivolous ground that he knew nothing about Mr. Southey's life and history. "*N'importe*," said the worthy bibliopole, "*n'importe, écrivez toujours ; brodez, brodez la un peu ; que ce soit vrai ou non, ce ne fait rien ; qui prendra la peine de s'informer.*" This happened in Paris in the year of grace 1821 ; but those who fancy that there are not graceless booksellers in London, and in the year 1838, quite capable of issuing similar orders for a life or a memoir, are imperfectly acquainted with the state of the trade.

Both of the French translators of "*Roderic*" were bothered with the simple term *motes*. One of them converted Mr. Southey's *motes* into moths, (*papillon de nuit*), who were made, without that delicate attention to natural history which we have been noticing in Shakspeare, to agitate their heavy wings—*agiter leurs ailes pesantes*. The other translator, following the example of the old Abbé de Marolles, who always omitted translating what he could not understand, threw the *motes* overboard altogether.

In 1824, a lady, whom our poet names at full length as—Vrouwe Katharina Wilhelmina Bilderdijk, published a translation in Dutch verse, which Mr. Southey says is a very good one. A copy was sent to him with an elegant letter in Latin, written by the lady's husband. All this led to an incident which is touchingly told.

"I went to Leyden in 1825," says our poet, "for the purpose of seeing the writer of this epistle, and the lady who had translated my poem, and addressed it to me in some very affecting stanzas. It so happened that on my arrival in that city I was laid up under a surgeon's care ; they took me into their house, and made the days of my confinement as pleasurable as they were memorable. I have never been acquainted with a man of higher intellectual power, nor of greater learning, nor of more various and extensive knowledge than Bilderdijk, confessedly the most distinguished man of letters in his own country. His wife was worthy of him. I paid them another visit the following year. They are now both gone to their rest, and I shall not look upon their like again."

Mr. Southey publishes a curious letter on the publication of "*Roderic*," from James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd ; but, unfortunately, we can never place any confidence in James Hogg's sincerity and veracity.

One more volume will complete this cheap and beautiful edition. We have noticed it, in some way, volume by volume, as it has appeared, and we repeat our earnest wish that it may find a place in all libraries. The illustrations have continued to be excellent throughout. The two views in the present volume—one of Toledo from the Moorish Bridge, the other of Cordova—are eminently so.

The Experimental Philosopher. By W. MULLINGER HIGGINS, Author of "*The Earth*," &c., formerly Lecturer on Experimental Philosophy at Guy's Hospital, and Honorary Member of various Institutions.

We can recommend this book for the young student. It is clear and practical. The experiments relate to mechanics, hydrostatics, pneu-

ematics, heat, optics, magnetism, common electricity, voltaic electricity, and magnetic and thermal electricities.

Practical and Experimental Chemistry, adapted to Arts and Manufactures. By E. MITSCHERLICH, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Berlin. Translated from the first portion of his Compendium, by STEPHEN LOVE HAMMICK, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and one of the Radcliffe Travelling Fellows of the University of Oxford.

Professor Mitscherlich enjoys the reputation of being one of the best chemists in Germany, and a man not less distinguished by the excellence of his character and amenity of manners, than by the greatness of his abilities and acquirements. In the present work, his useful and practical object was to write more generally for those who study chemistry with a view to their future occupations—as physicians, druggists, manufacturers, and agriculturists. He was also anxious to shape his information to suit those who wish to acquire a general scientific knowledge, without devoting their whole time and attention exclusively to chemistry. His object seems to us admirably worked out. He commences with a description of experiments, more particularly of those from which the most important general ideas may be formed; and from these he passes to compound phenomena, thus rendering the science insensibly complete. It is long since we have seen so clear and useful a work upon this the most useful of sciences. Dr. Hammick informs us, that having attended the celebrated professor's lectures at Berlin, and having learnt to appreciate the value of his observations, as well as the accuracy of his experiments, he was induced to undertake the translation of this work. In so doing he has done good service to all students not familiar with the German language. His translation has great clearness, and every other quality that can be desired. His few notes are modest and valuable. For young experimentalists in chemistry the volume is most admirably suited.

Man in his Physical Structure and Adaptations. By ROBERT MUDIE, Author of "The Heavens," "The Four Seasons," "The British Naturalist," &c. &c.

This little volume is executed with Mr. Mudie's usual ability. There are few persons that have a happier way of condensing and combining the ideas of others, and in all that he does there is always something to mark an original and inquiring mind. At times his taste may be susceptible of improvement, but his style is generally lively and exciting. It appears to us that in the present instance he has, to some extent, confounded the intellectual with the physical; but perhaps it is impossible to avoid this in describing a creature such as man. From this specimen, and from our recollection of Mr. Mudie's other works on subjects of natural history, we would rather see him treat of physical matters than of moral philosophy, or of metaphysics. After some preliminary remarks, in which we observe a somewhat unfair criticism of Paley, he proceeds, in Chapter II., to the importance of self-knowledge. Chapter III. is devoted to the proving or demonstrating that man alone can acquire knowledge—an assertion in many respects to be taken *cum grano*. The rest of the chapters included in the present volume are headed, "IV. Man can have no Knowledge but what he Acquires. V. Place and Pur-

pose of Man. VI. Sensation and the Senses. VII. Sensation—particulars of some of the Senses, and their Connexion." Under each of these heads Mr. Mudie has something to say well worth the hearing.

The Confessions of Adalbert. By FRANCIS THEREMIN, D.D., Chaplain to his Majesty the King of Prussia, Member of the Supreme Consistory, &c. &c. *Translated from the German,* by SAMUEL JACKSON, Esq.

In this work a lively imagination and a poetical feeling have been engaged in the service of devotion. It will be read with pleasure and profit by every person entertaining religious impressions, no matter what may be his sect. There is a great deal that we can warmly commend, and the only objection we can raise to it is, what appears to our English mind an over-subtilising of ideas, and a too great floweriness of language. Scattered through the volume are numerous delicate thoughts and hints upon taste, having no immediate reference to religion. Here is one of them, the truth of which will be felt by all who have read and thought.

"Many a poem delights me still, as in former times; less, indeed, from the impression it at present produces, than from the remembrance of that which I felt on reading it in earlier and better times, when I was in a more susceptible state."

The English translator very appropriately dedicates the volume to the Right Honourable Sir George Rose, late ambassador at Berlin, a personal friend of the gifted and pious author, Dr. Theremin, and one of the best and most amiable of men.

Six Years in the Bush; or, Extracts from the Journal of a Settler in Upper Canada, 1832-1838.

The author of this honest and excellent little book, after graduating at Oxford, gave up the uncertain hopes attendant on the learned professions, and went in search of a surer competence and independence to the backwoods of Upper Canada, where he resided six years, and whither he has now returned, as to the home and country of his adoption. Though a gentleman and scholar, and more fitted for such performances than most, he has not had the ambition to make a great and fine book. He has merely given, from a rough journal kept during his residence in the western wilds, a selection of such notes on practical subjects as he thought might prove useful to the future emigrant, and interesting to a portion of the public at home. And yet his very small volume, as far as it goes, is one of the most valuable we have read upon the subject. We would recommend every person, contemplating a removal of his Penates to the backwoods of Canada, to purchase it. To the politics of those colonies, or to the origin and progress of the recent rebellion, he scarcely makes an allusion, considering, it should appear, that the storm is past. Of the firm and paternal government of Sir John Colborne he speaks with grateful recollection; and in Upper Canada at least he lets out, by occasional memoranda, that the state of feeling is extremely loyal and patriotic. We recommend the following little passage to the attention of those politicians who are so keen-sighted to any, the slightest error or misconduct of the present administration, and so blind to the past, so conveniently oblivious of the gigantic blunders and reckless expenditure of the Tories in their palmy days.

"The chief attraction of Kingston is the docks, now encumbered with the mouldering hulks of those threatened Leviathans of the lake, the *St. Lawrence* and *Psyche*, each pierced for one hundred and twenty guns. The latter is especially memorable for the unprecedented outlay upon her; she was first cut out in the rough, then sent to England to be shaped, and finally returned to Kingston to be finished, at a total cost of one million sterling. The lakes she was intended to navigate are, it is well known, fresh water; and yet, by a truly Irish oversight, she was fitted with an apparatus for reducing salt water into fresh, in addition to a vast number of water casks. Happily these monuments of national extravagance are gradually perishing, and will cease ere long to afford the traveller ocular confirmation of the Swedish chancellor's quaint though melancholy remark, 'With how little wisdom the affairs of nations are conducted!' In these days, however, England thought of glory, and 'D—n the expense'—Reform was then a bugbear, Retrenchment an ungentlemanly word, and Joseph Hume was not."

It is proper from time to time to revive these recollections. Politicians of all parties are too apt to calculate upon people's forgetfulness.

The entries in the author's journal, touching the purchase of land, "Timber Felling," "Logging," "*Beeing*," and other topical matters, are so honest and interesting, that we regret we cannot quote the whole of them.

Landscape Lyrics. By WILLIAM ANDERSON, Esq.

In noticing a former production of Mr. Anderson's ("Poetical Aspirations") we gave him credit for a great deal of the inspiration of a true poet, and ventured to predict that those poems were not the best that he would write. The great improvement visible in the present volume justifies our prediction. The "*Landscape Lyrics*" are things to be read abroad in pleasant country scenes at this pleasant and joyous season of the year. They evince a most delicate perception of the beauties and varieties of nature, and a spirit in love with all that is good, and great, and holy. We have been perfectly delighted with the two little poems entitled "*Moonlight on Land*" and "*Moonlight at Sea*." The following passage is alike exquisite in conception and in execution.

"Her tracery is rich
With images Mosaic, soft inlaid—
Forms, heav'n-traced, slumber 'twixt the light and shade,
In every quiet niche.

"Moonlight is not like eld,—
For it is young and bright, and fresh and clear;
But age the features sharpens, and brings near
Resemblances withheld:

"So moonlight in its pride
Outlines the landscape, and brings out to view
Scenes of bright promise, and of fairy hue,
By glen and mountain side!"

In the first poem, on Autumn, the author has introduced what he says has always appeared to him a beautiful incident in nature, namely, the singing of the missel thrush during a thunder-storm—the louder the thunder roars, the shriller and sweeter becomes its voice. "This interesting little bird," says Mr. Anderson, "is popularly known by the name of the storm-cock, because he is supposed to sing boldest immediately previous to a storm; but that he also sends forth his native wood-notes wild during its continuance, is a fact which has been satisfactorily ascertained. Undismayed by the tempest's fury, or rather rejoicing in its violence, the small but spirited songster warbles on unceasingly, as if desirous of emu-

lating the loudness of the thunder-tone, or of making his song be heard above the noise of the raging elements."

The book is elegantly got up—the type beautiful. The etchings which illustrate the poetry are scarcely worthy of it, though far from being destitute of spirit.

Medical Portrait Gallery; with Biographical Memoirs of the most celebrated Physicians, Surgeons, &c., who have contributed to the Advancement of Medical Science. By THOMAS JOSEPH PETTIGREW, F.R.S., F.S.A., F.L.S., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c.

Mr. Pettigrew has here undertaken an important work, proposing to fill up the biography of medical men, which is admitted to be very generally defective, and, at the same time, to give a brief history of the progress of medicine, which, he very properly says, cannot be more agreeably displayed than in a detail of the researches of the most celebrated professional men who have successively toiled in the pursuit of science. "It is pleasing," he adds, "to contemplate the conduct and character of those whose labours have tended to the amelioration of medicine: we find enrolled among the members of the medical profession some of the chief philanthropists of the age in which they lived. The variety of anecdote afforded by the mode intended to be pursued in this illustrated professional biography, will admit of the combination of the *utile dulci*, and obviate the fatigue which would accompany a more detailed or consecutive narrative, or chronological order of the history of the science."

As far as the work goes, there is no attempt at chronological or any other kind of order. We have three parts before us. The first contains a figure of Esculapius and portraits of Sir Henry Haller, and Albinus, the celebrated Dutch physician, who flourished at the beginning of the last century. The second part contains portraits and memoirs of Ruysch, who flourished about the same time as Albinus, Haller, and Sir Anthony Carlisle. The third part is devoted to Linacre, a native of Canterbury, the first founder of the Royal College of Physicians, in the time of Henry VIII.; Akenside, better known as a poet, and as the author of "Pleasures of the Imagination;" and Sir Charles Clarke, the celebrated practitioner of the present day. The work, however, is not paged, and it will be easy for the purchaser to arrange the matter as he pleases when it is completed. It is cheap, wonderfully cheap, considering the excellence and high finishing of the engravings. Some of the portraits are in all respects excellent. Those of Sir Henry Haller and Sir Anthony Carlisle are very remarkable as likenesses. We should have liked to know where the original portrait of old Linacre was procured. It looks like a work of Holbein, and very probably is so.

The memoirs are lightly and pleasantly written, containing much information which will be new and interesting to the general reader. We wish this work the success to which it is entitled. One part appears every month.

Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems, being his Sonnets clearly developed; with his Character, drawn chiefly from his Works. By CHARLES ARMITAGE BROWN.

The author of this interesting volume informs us that he has been for thirty years an untiring student of Shakspeare. No mind of common

grasp could employ itself so long upon such a subject without eliciting something new and beautiful. But Mr. Armitage Brown's mind is not an ordinary one; and he has brought forth several new and valuable combinations, and has made at least one discovery. *This*, which is the principal object of the book, is, that Shakspeare's Sonnets, as they are called, are not sonnets at all, but a series of poems in the sonnet stanza, which Spenser had adopted in the same way before him. We perceive that a respectable contemporary asserts that in the edition of 1640, and in subsequent editions down to 1774, they are expressly called poems, and not only assumed to be "divisible poems in the sonnet stanza," but actually so printed. We have not at the moment any of the early editions before us, but we feel pretty confident that in most of them this is not the case, and that the poems, or rather the stanzas of poems, are given separately *as sonnets*, and are so headed; and we are quite positive that for the last half century they have been printed and read as separate sonnets, though in that way no sense whatever can be made of some of them. Nay, critics of no mean reputation in their day have considered them as sonnets, and have written learned strictures upon them as such. We therefore give Mr. Armitage Brown credit for a discovery, and agree with him that the sonnets, *as they have been misnamed*, up to the 126th inclusive, form *five* distinct poems in the *sonnet stanza*—that each poem terminates at the place indicated, with its proper *envoy*—and that "each stanza is connected with the preceding and the following ones, so as to produce consecutive sense and feeling throughout, as much, or more, as will be usually found in any poetical, or even any prose epistle." But here we stop. The W. H., to whom they are addressed, may or may not have been Master William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke—the probabilities are in favour of Herbert,* rather than of the Earl of Southampton, to whom hitherto they had been ascribed; but we can hardly take them as real narrative poems, or as things having immediate reference to Shakspeare's domestic life, his real actions and passions. They still remain to us the same puzzle that they have always been, and we confess being greatly disappointed in expectations we had formed from Mr. Armitage Brown's announcing a key which was to unlock all the mysteries. No man can have a purer zeal and love for Shakspeare, and yet our ingenious author rather blackens than brightens the moral character which he undertakes to vindicate, by a strained interpretation. There were many mysteries in those days which are better left alone. The guesses and unfavourable surmises of the critics have never produced any impression on the great mind of the public, which always considers Shakspeare—as we doubt not he ought to be considered—as the prince of all good fellows, as one who had a heart equal to his glorious head.

Our author is anxious to prove that Shakspeare visited Italy; and this notion is so far worthy of attention, as in his later plays Shakspeare is certainly far more conversant with Italian matters than in his early ones, when he made the Gentlemen of Verona go by sea from Verona to Mantua. Yet we question whether any additional proof adduced by Mr. Brown will be accepted as such. Notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, we have read the chapter on Shakspeare's learning with much interest; and indeed we may say as much of nearly all the rest of the volume, where original thoughts or expressions and manly feelings prevail; and we can safely add, that upon the whole the volume is a valuable addition to our Shaksperian Library.

* But this has been already stated by Mr. Thomas Campbell. See Moxon's new and beautiful edition of Shakspeare's plays, in one volume.

Poetic Fragments. By D. ROSS LEITCH, M.D.

We have here a collection of verses chiefly devoted to the praise of Scottish scenery and its incidents. The author, it seems, "makes no pretension to the character of a poet," but wisely seeks, in the graver duties of a medical man, metal more attractive. In his pursuit of the Muses he has not, however, altogether laboured in vain, for in the work before us may be found many a stanza not wholly unworthy of a poet's fame. Of the many subjects versified, "Harold's Death" seems to us by far the best; and as it abounds in the pomp and circumstance of war, and relates the stern struggle between our Saxon and our Norman ancestors, we doubt not but it will be read with interest. His pastoral scenes, too, are not undeserving of praise, as the following extract will show:—

"How sweetly sinks the summer evening down
Upon this wooded dell and winding stream!
How soothing every sight and every sound!
See how the purple flush o' the sinking sun
Glow on the glorious heath-blooms on yon hill,
And pours its magic radiance on the sward,
That prank'd with flow'rets, and of mild descent,
Slopes to the murmuring margin of the wave!
Nature is sinking softly down to rest,
Radiant with innocence—calm, holy, pure,
As the first object of a poet's love."

The Gem of the Peak; or, Matlock Bath and its Vicinity, &c. &c.
By W. ADAM.

One of the many books published for the amusement and instruction of the tourist. It describes "the beautiful mountain scenery of the Peak, with its magnificent caves—the remarkable position and singular prosperity of Buxton—the romantic beauties of Matlock Bath—the ancient and attractive remains of Haddon Hall"—and the splendid palace of Chatsworth, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, to whom the work is dedicated. It is embellished with several highly-finished lithographic sketches, contains a map of the county, and there appears to have been a good deal of time and attention bestowed in its getting up. This serviceable little book will direct hundreds—we hope thousands—to one of the most beautiful and interesting tours that can be made in the beautiful land we live in.

Dramatic and Prose Miscellanies. By ANDREW BECKET, Author of "Shakspeare Himself Again," &c. Edited by WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

The labours of this octogenarian of literature have been resuscitated by Dr. Beattie with some care and attention, and with the kindest and best of intentions. Mr. Becket, in his youth, enjoyed the esteem and confidence of Garrick, and acted occasionally as his amanuensis. It was to this he owed his turn for dramatic composition; and (unfortunately) when urged by his father to adopt a more settled line of life, he would talk of the great advantage which the encouragement of Garrick held out. In soaring to the heights of Parnassus, young Becket was but ill

requited for his pains. Through the interest of his patron he was appointed sub-librarian at Carlton House—an appointment which he held for many years with credit and satisfaction, and small pecuniary profit. During this time he wrote many articles for the periodical press. As the author of “Shakspeare Himself Again,” he is justly celebrated. His biographer very feelingly remarks on his deprivation of sight through age and natural infirmity; but cheers us with the information “that he can repeat Milton’s beautiful episode on the loss of sight without murmuring at the dispensation; talk of ‘the blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle,’ thankful that he has read him in his youth; and that he has employed his spring and summer in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and can now reflect with pleasure on its sunny landscapes, even when the darkness of life and old age have fallen heavy upon him.”

The present neat edition of his works cannot fail to enhance his former reputation, and sincerely do we hope that Mr. Becket, in his now declining days, will reap that reward for which the efforts of his friend Dr. Beattie are generously directed.

Romantic and Picturesque Germany. Illustrated by a Series of Engravings on Steel by eminent English Artists, from Drawings taken on the Spot, with a Topographical and Historical Description.
Translated by Miss HENNINGSSEN.

This work, under the title of *L’Allemagne Romantique et Pittoresque* has been much admired on the continent. We welcome its appearance here, and feel fully assured that the undertaking will prove highly successful. The letter-press, which is exceedingly well translated by Miss Henningsen, is interesting, and shows a true feeling both for art and nature. The subjects delineated are very beautiful—more particularly the views taken in that wonderful little district, which is appropriately called Saxon Switzerland. When completed, it will form an admirable guide-book to some of the most inviting regions in Europe.

The Management of Bees, with a Description of the “Lady’s Safety Hive.” By SAMUEL BAGSTER, JUN. *With Forty Illustrative Engravings.* Second Edition.

The first edition of this valuable little work having been speedily exhausted, the second has been prepared to meet the demand. The principal object of the author in its publication appears to have been that laudable desire of ingenuous minds to impart the results of experience and knowledge for the enjoyment and benefit of others. Having, he tells us, from his earliest youth, delighted in the study of natural history, his attention became gradually concentrated on the habits and instincts of bees. Finding no work in which the various researches of former writers were combined, the idea struck him that a small volume, comprising a succinct account of each real or fancied improvement, with a few practical remarks deduced from the natural history and propensities of the bee, might prevent many persons from commencing bee-keeping by imperfect methods, and thus avoid much vexation and disappointment. But this is not all; the author has examined and tested by actual experience, with the feeling of a truly humane mind, the best methods of taking the honey and yet of preserving the bees. The result of this has been, together with many other practical improvements, the invention of a new hive, here described, which he has denominated “The Lady’s Safety Hive,” and by which all

the purposes in bee management are secured with perfect safety even to ladies. There is a great number of wood-engravings scattered through the volume, which are beautifully executed; and there is also a coloured frontispiece, which will enable the reader at once to discriminate between the different sorts of bees. Altogether we have no doubt that this little work will take its stand as the inseparable companion to the bee-hive, forming, as it certainly does, "a complete practical guide to one of the most interesting, instructive, and amusing pursuits in the whole circle of natural history."

Anderson's Tourist's Guide through Scotland, upon a New and Improved Plan, with Maps and Charts of the principal Pleasure Tours.

Now that the time for tourists has arrived, we cannot do better than direct attention to this interesting little volume. Its object is to supply a guide to the picturesque scenery of Scotland on as concise and simplified a plan as is consistent with accuracy and distinctness. The plan appears to be excellent: each tour is laid down, described, and a map given, with the distances, and all remarkable objects noted; there is then a general account of the most interesting scenes and their history, so arranged as to meet the eye at the moment, and to furnish all the information which the tourist on the spot might require, or to assist his memory when returned from his wanderings. We shall give a short specimen of the style of the work, and then leave with our readers, cordially recommending it to their perusal, this lively and agreeable companion to the "land of the mountain and flood."

"From the second week of August to the end of October is generally the best season for a highland tour. Earlier the scenery has not assumed its full beauty, although in June and July, if the weather be dry, nothing can be more delightful than a full and long summer day of such ramblings.

"Ye rich and luxurious, then, as soon as the Lammas floods have passed away, leave your nauseating artificial splendours and take to the mountain and the lake! Ye toiling citizens, throw your cares aside, emerge from your smoked alleys, and taste the pure air of the hills, and visit sights which will astonish you! Ye happy lovers of the commencing honey-moon, fly to the still groves, and the silvery fountains and waterfalls, and dream days of bliss, which will be bright visions to you during your long years of sober matrimony! Ye stomach-tormented, spleen-eaten hypochondriacs, throw your 'physic to the dogs,' forswear the fatal luxury of a slow rolling coach, take wallet on back, and staff in hand, and search for appetite's and hunger's sweet sauce, and kind nature's balmy restorer, among the heather and the birchen shaws! Come each and all of you, arouse as at the sound of some thrilling pibroch—the spirit of nature and beauty is abroad, the great magician of song and romance is sounding sweet in your fancies; and, lo! a genuine guide is at hand to direct your steps aright."

Recherches Pratiques sur les Maladies de l'Oreille, et sur le Développement de l'Ouïe et de la Parole chez les Sourds Muets. Par le Dr. DELEAU JEUNE.

Hitherto, many of the diseases of the ear have been, and very justly too, the opprobrium of the faculty. Men of great medical talent seem to avoid the important organ of social intercourse, as they would the pestilence. Its disarrangements are so many thorns in their path, which, instead of endeavouring to eradicate, they avoid by stepping on one side. Hence, in England, the care of this organ has fallen into the hands of quacks,

who make up their want of skill by a superabundance of impudence. In France this reproach cannot be justly urged, for Dr. Deleau has, by his assiduity, his knowledge, and his skill, penetrated to those parts of the ear, to reach which has, till now, baffled the attempts of every practitioner. To the uninitiated in anatomy, it will be necessary to state that the ear is divided into three distinct compartments, viz. the outward ear, which is terminated by the tympanum; the middle ear, which is a cavity behind the tympanum, and which ought always to be filled with atmospherical air, drawn into it by means of the eustachian tube; and, lastly, the labyrinth, which is near the brain, and lies within the skull itself. Till Dr. Deleau studied the ear, there was no cure, save constitutional treatment, for those diseases that took place behind the tympanum. Now, a very great proportion of the ailments producing deafness are seated in the middle ear and the eustachian tube leading to it. This able French aurist, by means of tubes of his own invention, penetrates through the eustachian passage, and reaching the cavity behind the tympanum, introduces at once the atmospheric air, and the patient's deafness leaves him, as if by the agency of a miracle. In this manner he has cured vast numbers. His own government has not been ungrateful to him for it, as it has rewarded him with honours, and with something more substantial in the shape of a pension. We have purposely avoided being technical in this short and inadequate notice of the doctor's book, as we wish to serve the general cause of humanity. Let, then, the afflicted, either with incipient or confirmed deafness, procure the work, and they will soon discover whether their malady be curable or not; if they find that it is seated in the middle ear, or in the eustachian passage, a journey to Paris is all that is necessary for their cure.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Pickwick Abroad, or the Tour in France. By G. W. M. REYNOLDS. Parts V. and VI.—All abroad. This offence of copying and spoiling ought to be made penal by act of parliament.

The Monthly Tales, Oddities, and Comments. No. II.—Very odd indeed, and equally dull.

Wilson's Tales of the Borders and of Scotland. Parts XLVII. and XLVIII.—There is no lack of interest in these Border Tales: the present parts fully sustain the reputation of the work.

A Night near Windsor, or Past Royal Annals; and a Tale of the Turf. By A. COLLINGBRIDGE, Esq.—Another failure—a decided failure.

Astronomy Simplified; or, Distant Glimpses of Celestial Bodies. By F. B. BURTON.—An attempt to familiarise this most abstruse science by an explanation of its technicalities—well adapted, from its simplicity and clearness of detail, for the use of schools.

Plain Instructions for every Person to make a Will, with Forms of Bequests, Tables of Duties, &c., and an Abstract of the New Act 1 Vict. c. 26; also a Plain Guide to Executors and Administrators, showing the Duties of their Trusts, and how safely to perform them.—Another useful little book on an important subject.

Poems, Longer and Shorter. By THOMAS BURBIDGE, of Trinity College, Cambridge.—We prefer the shorter; but both classes are rich in promise of future excellence.

Poems. By ELIZA MARY HAMILTON.—As a juvenile attempt, the work before us is deserving of praise. The fair author has a pretty way of expressing her thoughts, and shows herself a sincere and ardent lover of nature.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Book of the Court. By W. J. Thoma. 8vo. 16s.
 The Holy Scriptures Translated. By Miles Coverdale. 1535. 4to. 35s.
 Sermons on the Temptation of Christ. By the Rev. E. Schobell. 12mo. 4s.
 Journal of a Naturalist. Fourth Edition. 8vo. 9s. 6d.
 Thom's Dialogues on Universal Salvation. 8vo. 5s.
 Anderson's Tourist's Guide through Scotland. Second Edition. 12mo. 5s.
 Landscape Lyrics. By W. Anderson. 4to. 12s.
 Wright's Early Mysteries, and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
 The Authority of Tradition in Matters of Religion. By G. Halden. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
 Ellis's (the Rev. W. W.) Sermons. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Thomson's (the Rev. E.) Family Sermons. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Prophecy, Types, and Miracles. By the Rev. E. Thompson. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 McNeill's Sermons on the Second Advent. Third Edition. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
 Wood on Rail Roads. Third edition. 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Billing's First Principles of Medicine. Third edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Cassella's Italian Correspondence for Ladies. 12mo. 6s.
 De Porquet's French Dictionary. New edition. 5s.
 Life of the late Thomas Telford, written by Himself. 4to. 8l. 8s.
 Patterson's Insects mentioned in Shakspeare. Fcp. 6s.
 Shakspeare's Works. 1 vol. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
 Mudie on Man, "Physical." 12mo. 5s.
 Knox's New Map of Scotland. 5s. in case.
 Bentham's Works, Part IV. Royal 8vo. 9s.
 Tupper's Ode of the Coronation. 12mo. 1s.
 Queen Berengaria's Courtesy, and other Poem. By Lady E. S. Wortley. 3 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Smith's Principles of Phrenology. 8vo. 5s. 6d.
 The American in Paris. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.
 Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick. Second Series. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Pepys' Remains of the late Lord Viscount Royston. Royal 8vo. 18s.
 Lympsfield and the Old Oak Chair. 8vo. 6s.
 Bickersteth on the Lord's Supper. Tenth Edition. Fcp. 5s.
 Twenty Essays on Providence. Fcp. 3s. 6d.
 Gallaudet's Bible Stories for the Young. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 The Honest Waterman. New Edition. Fcp. 2s. 6d.
 Hankinson's Lent Lectures. Fcp. 2s. 6d.
 Memoir of B. Overberg. By Schubert. 12mo. 3s.
 Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman. By T. Smith. 8vo. 21s.
 The Experimental Philosopher. By M. Higgins. Royal 16mo. 9s. 6d.
 Littell on the Diseases of the Eye. Revised by Houston. Fcp. 5s.
 Carlyon's Scripture Notices and Proofs. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Waterton's Essays on Natural History. Second Edition. Fcp. 8s.
 Medico-Chirurgical Transactions. Vol. XXI. 8vo. 15s.
 Morewood's History of Inebriating Liquors. 8vo. 16s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A second edition of Sir Lytton Bulwer's "ALICE, OR THE MYSTERIES," is just ready; also a fifth edition of his "LADY OF LYONS."

Mr. Carlyle has just published his new work, "SARTOR RESARTUS; the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh."

Miss Burdon, author of "Seymour of Sudeley," has in the press a new novel, entitled "THE LOST EVIDENCE."

Mr. Lodge's "PEERAGE," with the arms of the Peers beautifully engraved, and including the new Creations, is now ready.

The new edition of "THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS" is just published.

The "TALES OF THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES" are now ready, founded on a tradition of the Sussex coast, and on facts connected with the death of the Second William.

The Speeches of Lord Brougham, under his Lordship's immediate superintendence, in 4 vols. 8vo.

The Book of Family Crests, comprising nearly every Family Bearing, alphabetically arranged according to the surnames of the Bearers, and properly Blazoned or Explained, accompanied by nearly four thousand engravings, illustrative of the Crests of all the Peers, Baronets, and upwards of a hundred thousand families of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, the Colonies, and various parts of the world, with remarks, historical and explanative; a Glossary of Terms, &c.

FINE ARTS.

DR. CHALMERS.—*A full-length Portrait engraved by LUPTON, from the Painting by GORDON. J. Anderson, Jun., Edinburgh.*

Mr. Anderson has performed an acceptable service by this spirited undertaking. A large sum has been embarked in it, and both the painter and engraver have here given such a specimen of their talents as will not easily be forgotten. This portrait comes before us, too, at a moment singularly opportune. We believe few persons who have heard Dr. Chalmers on his late visit to London, will have failed to feel impressed with a sense of his transcendent abilities. His is indeed one of those extraordinary minds which appear but seldom, and to perpetuate the remembrance of him, as seen at the Hanover Square Rooms, we could hardly conceive a more fitting memorial than this portrait. As a production of art, we scarcely know which most to admire, the truth and beauty of the painting, or the delicacy and effective skill of the engraving. It will, we have no doubt, find its way into the possession of most of his admirers, and thus prove that on no individual of the present day could such an expense have been incurred with greater safety or certainty of success. Together with this portrait we have received a work entitled "Sketches of the Edinburgh Clergy," containing, among others, a short Biography of Dr. Chalmers, from which, had our limits permitted, we should have made some extracts; we must, however, content ourselves with referring to it as a brief and interesting local history.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

ALTHOUGH it cannot certainly be affirmed that we have as yet recovered from our late commercial difficulties, yet we hope we have for some time past been at least progressing. The accounts from our manufacturing districts are encouraging, and the prospects of the harvest, we believe, are equally so. The *Great Western* has again returned from New York, having completed her voyage in the astonishingly short space of twelve and a half days. As we lately remarked, this must have an effect on our relations with that vast continent, of which it would perhaps, at present, be impossible to form any adequate conception. We have also to congratulate our literary friends on the passing of the International Copyright Act, which, from all we hear, is likely to be reciprocated in other countries. Such a bond of union among the educated of all nations will be as honourable as it has become necessary.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 25th of July.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 206 and a-half—Consols, for money, 93 seven-eighths to 94, and for the Account, 94 to one-eighth.—Three per Cent. reduced, 94.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 101 one-quarter.—Exchequer Bills, 78s. to 80s. prem.—India Stock, 270 to 1.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 25 and a-half to three-quarters—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 five-eighths to seven-eighths.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 and a half to three-eighths—Spanish Active Bonds, 21 three-quarters to seven-eighths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT. July 25.—The state of the Money Market is considered by most persons as somewhat anomalous just at present. Money is known to be so abundant that good bills of exchange are to be discounted at an extremely moderate rate of interest, and yet the public securities continue to decline in value rather considerably. The American State Securities are negotiated in the open market, and no especial cognisance is accordingly taken at the Stock Exchange of the business transacted in those interests, but it is probable that a larger amount of capital has been absorbed by them lately than the public have any conception of. We could name certain States, the bonds of which have, within the last few days, been seeking purchasers in the city, and in the most wholesale manner. This circumstance may, perhaps, account for the diversion to a certain extent of the dividends, and other monies from the ordinary channels of investment, and the consequent depression of the English and Foreign Stock Markets. At all events, we hear of no reports that can be supposed to have had any effect upon them. Consols left off this evening at 93 $\frac{7}{8}$ to 94 for money, and 94 $\frac{1}{8}$ for the Account. Exchequer Bills were quoted 78s. to 80s. premium, and Bank Stock 206 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 207.

In the Foreign Market Active Spanish Bonds closed at 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ with the overdue coupons, Five per Cent. Portuguese, 35 $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, Columbian 27 $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$, Brazilian 80 $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, Five per Cent. Dutch 102 $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. ditto at 54 $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$.

The Share Market has participated but little in the general heaviness of the day. Great Western Railway Shares were done at 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ premium, London and Birmingham 82 to 84 premium, London and Brighton 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ dis., and London and Blackwall at $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ dis. per share.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JUNE 19, TO JULY 20, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

June 19.—D. Woodhouse, Little James Street, Bedford Row, chemist.—C. Palmer, Hertford Street, May Fair, wine merchant.—J. P. Fenner, Bishopsgate Street Within, leather factor.—J. Jenks, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.—G. Hoare, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, grocer.—R. B. Cooke, Birmingham, corn-factor.—W. Hartley, Kingsthorpe, Northamptonshire, miller.—R. Brown, Buckingham, draper.—C. Healy, Nottingham, grocer.—W. Long, Warminster, Wiltshire, ironmonger.—H. Lloyd, Bristol, brushmaker.

June 22.—J. Sell, Union Street, Southwark, baker.—A. C. Freeman, Goswell Street Road, butcher.—J. Fellows, Nottingham, silk throwster.—W. Heblethwaite, Preston, farmer.—H. O. and J. Silk, Crown Court, Cheapside, carpet manufactures.—A. Kelth, Piccadilly, chemist.—J. O. Becket, Brunswick Square, Middlesex, merchant.—R. Soanes, Swanscomb, Kent, coal-merchant.—R. Bradley, Hunslet, Yorkshire, draper.—W. Carter, Lower Union Parade, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, lodging-house keeper.

June 26.—R. Faves, Church Street, Lambeth, victualler.—D. M'Nichol, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Fearn, Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, stockbroker.—J. Fairmaner, Farnham, Surrey, shopkeeper.—G. and D. Smith, Bir-

mingham, leather-sellers.—J. H. Bazley, Manchester, and H. Chapman, King Street, Cheapside, warehousemen.—M. Armitage, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hotel-keeper.—J. Collins, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, auctioneer.—J. Stephens, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, grocer.

June 29.—P. J. Lee, Long Acre, hatter.—T. Ford, Liverpool, builder.—T. Wilks, Preston, Lancashire, bellhanger.—P. Walt, North Shields, engineer.—J. H. Ashwell, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—T. Rutter, Liverpool, innkeeper.—G. Massey, Congleton, Cheshire, plumber.—W. Green, Sheffield, ironmonger.

July 3.—H. D'Emden, Southampton Street, surgeon-dentist.—J. H. Morgan, Gerrard Street, Soho, victualler.—J. Payne, Jan., Lawford, Essex, cattle dealer.—T. G. Waddy, Leeds, upholster.—J. Nail, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, house and sign painter.—W. Thompson, Morpeth, Northumberland, spirit merchant.—W. Wood, Canterbury, law stationer.—F. Stevens, Cheltenham, hatter.—W. Read, Weymouth, linen draper.

July 6.—T. Viner, Hangerford, Berkshire, hop-merchant.—R. Beeton, Blackfriars' Road, linen draper.—G. Balding, Southampton, carrier.—J. Bowerman, Castle Cary, Somersetshire, shopkeeper.—J. Wilson, Burnley, Lancashire, draper.—E. Haley, Tong, Yorkshire,

cloth merchant.—N. Maclean, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, carpenter.—J. Stephenson and G. Moss, Nottingham, marble masons.—J. Spencer, Manchester, commission agent.

July 10.—J. Lawrence, Westbourne Street, Pimlico, beerseller.—W. Hayes, Salisbury, Wiltshire, grocer.—E. Wilson, Sweeting's Alley, Cornhill, bookseller.—J. Greenall, Liverpool, victualler.—R. L. Courtney, Walsall, Staffordshire, ironmonger.

July 13.—J. Hollis, New Windsor, Berkshire, builder.—J. Lovell, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, plumber.—J. and J. Newsome, Quarry Hill, Almondbury, Yorkshire, fancy manufacturers.—H. Mackay, Manchester, tailor.

July 17.—G. Martin, Oxford Street, builder.

—T. M'Swiney, Tonbridge Wells, Kent, builder.—T. Smith, Little James Street, Gray's-Inn Lane, coach and harness maker.—J. Franks, Oxford Market, Oxford Street, dealer.—J. Taylor, Meltham, Yorkshire, clothier.—W. Smith, Swarkeston Lowes, Derbyshire, dealer.—J. Roch, Pembroke, currier.—J. Bowerman, Castle Cary, Somerset, shopkeeper.

July 20.—M. Baker, Hampton, Middlesex, linen draper.—J. Hamilton, Broadway, Westminster, wholesale ironmonger.—H. Levin, Crown Court, Cheapside, merchant.—R. Wilkin, Wigton, Cumberland, cattle dealer.—W. Mason, Plymouth, victualler.—R. Rose, Sutton Valence, Kent, grocer and draper.—T. Court, Hampton-in-Arden, Warwickshire, inn-keeper.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
June					
23	71-47	30,05-30,04	S.W. & S.		Generally clear.
24	77-44	29,98-29,94	S.W.		Generally clear.
25	75-53	30,00-29,99	N.E. & S.E.		Generally clear.
26	61-55	29,94-29,94	N.	,7	Cloudy, raining very heavily during the morning.
27	65-55	29,94 Stat.	S.W.		Cloudy, a little rain in the evening.
28	66-54	29,94-29,93	S.W.	,0125	Noon clear, otherwise cloudy. [otherwise clear.
29	64-51	29,92-29,91	S.W.		Even. cloudy, distant thunder, accomp. with rain,
30	65-46	29,90-29,83	S.W.		Generally clear, except the evening.
July					
1	67-52	29,88-29,83	S.E.	,0675	Generally cloudy, rain in the morn. and evening.
2	72-57	29,96-29,94	S.	,4625	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
3	65-56	30,00-29,98	W.	,05	Cloudy, raining generally all the morning.
4	68-53	30,05-30,04	S.E.	,4	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
5	75-49	30,09 Stat.	S.E.	,0125	Generally clear.
6	75-57	29,98-29,92	S.W.	,1	Generally clear, except the morning.*
7	69-54	29,92-29,91	S.W.	,2125	Generally clear, a little rain during the day.
8	71-54	29,98-29,88	W.	,0125	Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
9	76-57	30,08-30,06	S.W. & W.		Generally clear.
10	75-56	30,10-30,09	S.W.		Generally clear.
11	78-56	30,06-30,01	S.W.		Generally clear.
12	75-58	30,00 Stat.	S.W.		Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
13	80-58	29,96-29,90	S.E.		Generally clear.
14	67-59	29,74-29,61	S.W.		Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.
15	70-56	29,80-29,66	S.W. & W.	,25	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain at times.
16	71-52	29,98-29,94	S.W.	,2	Generally clear.
17	70-48	30,11-29,98	S.W.		Generally clear.
18	69-58	30,17-29,98	N.W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
19	75-51	30,16-30,07	S.W.		Generally clear.
20	72-54	29,96-29,94	S.W. & N.W.	,0025	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
21	70-51	30,00-29,94	N.W.		Generally clear.
22	63-50	30,08-30,06	N.		Generally clear.

* A very violent storm of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, on the morning of the 6th.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

T. R. Bridson, of Great Bolton, Lancashire, Bleacher, and W. Latham, of Little Bolton, in the same county, Machine Maker, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for stitching, drying, and finishing woven fabrics. May 26th, 6 months.

S. Geary, of Hamilton Place, New Road, Middlesex, Architect, for improvements in the preparation of fuel. May 28th, 6 months.

T. R. Bridson, of Great Bolton, Lancashire, Bleacher, for certain improvements in the construction and arrangement of machinery or apparatus for stretching, mangling, drying, and finishing woven goods or fabrics, and part or parts of which improvements are applicable to other useful purposes. May 29th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of 66, Chancery Lane, Agent and Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in the means of economising heat and fuel in furnaces or closed fire-places. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 31st, 6 months.

J. Wordsworth, of Leeds, Yorkshire, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for heckling and dressing flax, hemp, and other fibrous materials. May 31st, 6 months.

P. Walker, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Brewer, for an improved apparatus to be used in cleansing beer and other fermented liquors. May 31st, 6 months.

L. Hebert, of Camden Town, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for a new and improved method or methods of uniting or soldering metallic substances. May 31st, 6 months.

G. Nassey, of Leeds, Yorkshire, Dyer, for a new vegetable preparation applicable to dyeing blues and other colours. May 31st, 6 months.

W. Rattray, of Aberdeen, North Britain, Manufacturing Chemist, for a certain improvement in the manufacture of the preparation called gelatine, size, and glue. May 31st, 6 months.

E. F. J. Duclos, late of Sainson, in the kingdom of Belgium, but now of Church, Lancashire, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of zinc, copper, tin, and antimony. May 31st, 6 months.

W. Needham, of Manchester, Lancashire, Gentleman, for an improved machine called the silkworm, for the purpose of spinning, twisting, and doubling silk. May 31st, 6 months.

N. Raper, of Greek Street Soho, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in rendering fabrics and leather waterproof. May 31st, 6 months.

T. Walker, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Clock Maker, for improvements in steam-engines. May 31st, 6 months.

J. Hardy, of Wednesbury, Staffordshire, Iron Master, for certain improvements in rolling, making, or manufacturing shafts, rails, tire-iron, and various other heavy articles of metal, and the machinery or the apparatus used in the same. June 2nd, 6 months.

J. Green, of Ranelagh Grove, Chelsea, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improvement on ovens. June 2nd, 6 months.

F. Sleddon, of Preston, Lancashire, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for spinning and doubling cotton, silk, flax, wool, and other fibrous substances. June 2nd, 6 months.

D. Cheetham, Jun., of Hollin's Mill, Staley Bridge, Chester, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in the machinery applicable to the preparation of cotton and other fibrous substances, for the purposes of spinning. June 5th, 6 months.

T. Beck, of the parish of Little Stonham, Suffolk, Gentleman, for new or improved apparatus or mechanism, for obtaining power and motion to be used as a mechanical agent generally, which he intends to denominate *Rotæ Vivæ*. June 5th, 6 months.

S. Parlour, of Croydon, Surrey, Gentleman, for improvements in paddle-wheels, and in commanding rotatory motion from steam or other power where change of speed and power are required. June 5th, 6 months.

T. H. Fiske, of Portsmouth, Hants, Watch and Clock Maker, for improvements in apparatus for measuring and indicating the depth of water in a ship's hold. June 5th, 6 months.

C. Knight, of Ludgate Street, in the city of London, Bookseller and Publisher, for improvements in the process and in the apparatus used in the production of

coloured impressions on paper, vellum, parchment, and pasteboard by surface-printing. June 7th, 6 months.

S. Clegg, of Sidmouth Street, Gray's Inn Road, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in gas meters. June 7th, 6 months.

J. C. Haddan, of Duke Street, Westminster, Middlesex, Gentleman, and J. Johnston, of Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, in the city of London, Brass Founder, for certain improvements in warming, in lighting, and in ventilating. June 7th, 6 months.

H. Kessels, Major in the Belgian Artillery, and Knight of several military orders, but now residing in St. Mary Axe, in the city of London, for a certain new and improved means or apparatus for saving of lives and property from fire, which he denominates *The Salvator*. June 7th, 6 months.

R. Thomas, of No. 36, Saint James's Street, in the city of Westminster, Middlesex, Boot Maker, for certain improvements in apparatus to be attached to carriages, for the purpose of preventing horses from starting, and for stopping or restraining them when running away or descending hills. June 7th, 6 months.

E. J. Massey, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Watch Maker, for certain improvements in chronometers and other time-keepers. June 9th, 6 months.

A. Richardson, of Hackney, Middlesex, Distiller and Wine Merchant, for a new and improved mode of producing a pure spirit from malt and all kinds of grain, and from vegetable substances of every description containing saccharine matter. June 12th, 6 months.

J. Reed, of Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, Stone Mason, for improvements in joining slate, stone, and marble, for cisterns, and other purposes. June 12th, 6 months.

B. L. Shaw, of Henley, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, Clothier, for improvements in preparing wool for, and in the manufacture and finishing of, woollen cloths, parts of which improvements are applicable to the weaving and stretching of other fabrics. June 12th, 6 months.

S. Parker, of Argyle Place, Middlesex, Lamp Maker, for improvements in lamps and apparatus connected therewith. June 12th, 6 months.

R. M. Hoe, late of New York, in the United States of America, but now residing at No. 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for grinding and polishing metal surfaces. June 12th, 6 months.

R. M. Hoe, late of New York, in the United States of America, but now residing at No. 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, or tools, and apparatus for chipping, levelling, smoothing, and polishing the surface of stone, slate, or such other materials. June 12th, 6 months.

H. R. Abraham, of Keppel Street, in the parish of St. George, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, Civil Engineer and Architect, for a new or improved apparatus for regulating the supply of water, or other liquids, and the quantity delivered into receivers. June 14th, 6 months.

J. Winter, of Fountain Court, Cheapside, in the city of London, Glover, for improvements in painting, printing, or otherwise ornamenting the surfaces of leather, silk, cotton, or linen, which improvements are particularly applicable to the manufacture of gloves, stockings, and such like articles. June 14th, 6 months.

J. B. Doe, of Hope Street, Whitechapel, Middlesex, Iron Founder, for improvements in apparatus used in the manufacture of soap. June 14th, 6 months.

H. Davis, of Wednesbury, Staffordshire, Engineer, for certain improvements in engines, or machines, to be used for obtaining mechanical power, also for raising or impelling fluids. June 14th, 6 months.

J. Bunnett, of Deptford, Kent, Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines. June 14th, 6 months.

G. Price, of Cornhill, in the city of London, Esq., for improvements in clarifying water and other liquids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 14th, 6 months.

R. Goodridge, of No. 7, Bell's Buildings, Salisbury Square, in the city of London, Purser in Her Majesty's Navy, for a new or improved apparatus for lifting or raising fluids on water or on land, and for marine propelling purposes without steam. June 14th, 6 months.

J. White, of the New Road, in the parish of St. Marylebone, Middlesex, Architect, for certain improvements in the construction of railroads, bridges, and viaducts. June 18th, 6 months.

W. Gossage, of Stoke Prior, Worcestershire, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in manufacturing iron. June 18th, 6 months.

W. Garnett, of Haslingden, Lancashire, Dyer, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning and doubling wool, flax, cotton, silk, and other fibrous materials. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 19th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Mechanical Draftsman, for improvements in diving apparatus. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 19th, 6 months.

J. W. Fraser, of Arundel Street, Strand, Middlesex, for improvements in raising or floating sunken and stranded vessels and other bodies. June 22d, 6 months.

E. C. Wilson, of Skinner Street, Snow Hill, in the city of London, Printer, for improvements in evaporation. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 22d, 6 months.

T. Joyce, of Camberwell New Road, Surrey, Gardener, for certain improvements in the mode of erecting, heating, and ventilating buildings. June 22d, 6 months.

P. Fairbairn, of Leeds, Yorkshire, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in looms for weaving ribbons, tapes, and other fabrics. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 22d, 6 months.

P. Fairbairn, of Leeds, Yorkshire, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for roving, spinning, doubling, and twisting cotton, flax, wool, or other fibrous substances. June 22d, 6 months.

R. Sandiford, of Tottington Lower End, Lancashire, Block Printer, for certain improvements in the art of block printing, and in certain arrangements connected therewith. June 22d, 6 months.

N. J. Larkin, of Wellington Street, Pentonville, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for cutting corks and bungs. June 23d, 6 months.

G. H. Palmer, of New Cross, Deptford, Kent, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in steam generators and engines applicable to locomotive and stationary uses, and in the carriages to be used therewith, and otherwise. June 25th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—JULY, 1838.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—June 25. Lord Lyndhurst, moved that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the manner in which Sheriffs were appointed in the counties of Ireland in the years 1835, 1836, 1837, and 1838, and to report thereon to the House.—The debate led to a protracted discussion touching the domestic policy of the Irish Government. At length the Marquess of Clanricarde suggested that the specific dates be omitted from the motion, leaving the inquiry general as to the appointment of sheriffs in Ireland. To this Lord Lyndhurst acceded, and the motion, as altered, was agreed to.—Their Lordships then adjourned.

June 26.—The Irish Municipal Corporations Bill was read a first time, and a second reading appointed for Monday next.—Their Lordships then adjourned till Friday.

June 29.—Lord Denman presented a Bill for the abolition, in certain cases, of oaths taken in the course of judicial proceedings. The Bill was introduced in consequence of the rejection from the Oaths' Validity Bill of that part which gave to individuals who had seceded from the Society of Friends, and who had not adopted any other particular form of christian faith, a right to give their affirmation instead of taking an oath. The present Bill was made more general, as it did not specify the seceder from any particular sect. He should move that the Bill be now read a first time, and that it be read a second time on Thursday next. After some opposition, the Bill was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Thursday next.

July 2.—Lord Melbourne stated that he intended to take the second reading of the Municipal Corporations Bill for Ireland on Monday next.—The Benefices Pluralities Bill was read a second time, after a conversation, in the course of which the Archbishop of Canterbury stated his intention to move certain alterations in the committee,

which was fixed for Monday next.—The Freeman's Admission Bill went through committee.—Adjourned.

July 3.—Two of the lately gazetted Peers took the oaths and their seats— the Marquess of Carmarthen as Baron Osborne, and Lord King as Earl of Lovelace.—The Western Australia Bill was read a third time, on the motion of the Marquess of Lansdowne.—Earl Stanhope presented a petition from the Rev. Mr. Maberley, of the parish of Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, complaining of treatment which an agricultural labourer had received from the Board of Guardians under the Amended Poor Law Act.—A sharp conversation followed, in the course of which the Earl of Hardwick defended himself from certain charges contained in the petition, against his conduct in the case in question. The Duke of Richmond moved that the petition be rejected; and the motion having been supported by Lord Holland, the petition was rejected accordingly.—Two other petitions on the subject of the poor laws were then presented by Earl Stanhope; and at ten o'clock their Lordships adjourned.

July 4.—Lord Dundas took the oaths and his seat as Earl of Zetland, the new title to which his lordship has just been promoted.—The Blackheath Small Debts Bill was read a third time, and the other private Bills on the table were forwarded a stage.—Adjourned.

July 5.—Lord Brougham presented a petition from 1,000 bankers, merchants, and tradesmen of Bristol, complaining of the ill effects of the Beer Act, and of the pernicious effects of the numerous beer-shops throughout the country. The noble lord concluded by laying on the table a Bill providing for the repeal of the Beer Act from and after the 1st of April next.—The Duke of Wellington, Lord Portman, and the Bishop of Durham, expressed their sense of the mischiefs arising from the present system, though the noble duke had doubts if such a Bill as that introduced by Lord Brougham could, in point of form, originate in their Lordship's House. After some further conversation the Bill was read a first time.—The Charitable Estates Bill, the Postponement of Pleadings Bill, the Suitors' Money Bill, and the Judges' Jurisdiction Bill, were severally read a second time; and the Dissenters' Oaths Bill was referred to a select committee.—Their Lordships then adjourned.

July 6.—The Poor Law (Ireland) Bill was read a third time, after which a great number of amendments were proposed.—Lord Brougham observed, that the amendments were so numerous, and many of them so important, that the Bill as amended ought to be reprinted before it passed the House. After a short conversation it was ordered, on the motion of Lord Melbourne, that the debate be adjourned till Monday.

July 9.—The International Copyright Bill was read a first time, and the second reading fixed for Monday se'nnight.—The Pluralities Benefices Bill went through committee, in order that some amendments proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury might be printed.—A protracted discussion took place on the question that the Irish Poor Law Bill do pass. The result was that, upon a division, the numbers were—for the Bill, 93; against it, 31; majority in favour of the Bill, 62. The Bill then passed, and their Lordships adjourned.

July 10.—Lord Brougham moved, pursuant to notice, that "an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that her Majesty would be graciously pleased to cause to be laid before the House a copy of instructions touching the warnings to be given or prohibitions to be issued against the entrance of Spanish ports by the vessels of Sardinia, Holland, or other neutral nations, and of any warning or notification that might have been given to neutrals generally."—Lord Melbourne opposed the motion, on the ground that no reasons had been stated why the papers in question ought to be produced.—After some discussion their Lordships divided; and curiously enough the numbers were even, being 57 contents and 57 non-contents—the Lord Chancellor having voted, there was no one to give the casting vote. The Duke of Wellington had retired from the House.—Lord Portman withdrew his Bill relating to Charitable Bequests, with a view to afford to Lord Brougham an opportunity to proceed with a Bill he was understood to have prepared on the subject.—Adjourned till Thursday.

July 12.—The Affirmation Bill went through committee; some amendments suggested by the Duke of Wellington having been adopted by Lord Denman, and Scotland having been exempted from the operation of the Bill, on the motion of the Earl of Haddington.—On the question that their Lordships resolve into committee on the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, Lord Lyndhurst stated the amendments which he intended to propose, the chief one being to make the qualification

10*l.*, and that the annual value should be fixed according to the rate paid for the relief of the poor, the amount of the landlord's repairs and insurance being estimated.—After some discussion their Lordships went into committee; and there was a division on Lord Lyndhurst's amendment for clause 6, introducing the 10*l.* qualification. It was carried by 96 to 36.—Lord Melbourne said, after that division he would not press their Lordships with further debate; he considered that their Lordships' opinion had been expressed in that division.—Lord Lyndhurst proposed some other amendments, in order that they might be debated on the bringing up of the report.—The Bill, as amended, was then ordered to be reported on Tuesday next; after which their Lordships adjourned.

July 13.—Lord Sudley, one of the new Peers, took the oaths and his seat.—The Forest of Dean Bill went through committee, and the report was ordered to be brought up on Monday.

July 16.—Lord Methuen, one of the newly-created Peers, took the oaths and his seat.—The Prisons (Scotland) Bill, the India Steam Ship Company Bill, and the Royal Exchange Rebuilding Bill, were brought up from the Commons.—Lord Ellenborough asked if the Bill lately passed by their Lordships for the protection of East Indian labourers was to be pressed upon the other House of Parliament this session.—Lord Glenelg promised an answer in a day or two.—The Duke of Wellington declared that if the Bill should not pass, some other measure on the subject would be absolutely necessary.—The Benefices Pluralities Bill went through committee. The Church Discipline Bill and the Sheriffs' Courts Bill were severally read a second time, and their Lordships then adjourned.

July 17.—The Forest of Dean Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Juvenile Offenders Bill went through committee, as did the International Copyright Bill *pro forma*, after the expression of a hope by the Duke of Wellington that the rights of the Universities would be preserved.—The Marquis of Lansdowne believed that no change had been proposed on this subject, and that he should be able to satisfy the noble duke of the fact.—Lord Wharncliffe called attention to the appointment of magistrates, particularly in the West Riding of Yorkshire, declaring that the Lord Chancellor now made the appointments with reference to the politics of the parties, and with the view of "balancing" the political opinions of the Bench, which he viewed as the commencement of a new system, and one of a very prejudicial tendency. His lordship concluded by moving that there be laid on the table copies of any petitions, memorials, or other communications sent to the Lord High Chancellor from any person or persons residing in Leeds or its neighbourhood, respecting the insertion of certain names into the commission of the peace for the West Riding of Yorkshire.—The motion was ultimately withdrawn.—The report on the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill was brought up, and the third reading fixed for Friday week.—The Qualification of Members Bill passed through committee.—The other orders of the day having been gone through, their Lordships adjourned till Thursday.

July 18.—The third reading of the International Copyright Bill was postponed until Monday next.—The County Treasurer's (Ireland) Bill was read the second time.—The Qualification of Members' Bill was read the third time and passed.—The Affirmations in lieu of Oaths Bill (Lord Denman's) was thrown out on a division: the contents being 16, the non-contents 32. The Prisons (West Indies) Bill was read the second time.—The Slave Vessels Captured Bill was read the second time.—Several other Bills were forwarded a stage, and the House adjourned.

July 19.—The Vagrant Act Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed.—A Bill to simplify the law relating to the devise of estates was read a second time.—Several Bills were advanced a stage, and the remaining clauses of the Benefices Plurality Bill were discussed. Some amendments proposed by Earl Cawdor were ordered to be printed, and to be taken into consideration on the third reading of the Bill on Monday.—Adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—June 25.—Lord John Russell having moved the order of the day for the third reading of the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, Lord Francis Egerton proposed, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a third time that day three months.—After a discussion, in which nothing new was elicited, the House divided, and the numbers were—For the third reading of the Bill, 169; for Lord F. Egerton's amendment, 134.—Some new clauses were added on the motion of Mr. O'Connell; and the Bill passed.

June 26.—Sir Edward Knatchbull moved for the appointment of a select committee

to inquire into all the circumstances bearing upon the liberation of Thom, *alias* Courtenay, from the lunatic asylum.—Lord J. Russell said that, though he viewed the circumstances with great pain, he objected not to inquiry, and felt that the government had no reason to fear it.

June 27.—Lord J. Russell, in speaking of the business of the House, said that he proposed to proceed with the Tithes (Ireland) Bill on Monday next.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer having moved the Schools (Scotland) Bill, an hon. member proposed that the House be counted, and it was “counted out.”

June 29.—There being only nineteen members present at four o'clock, an adjournment necessarily took place.

July 2.—Sir Robert Peel announced that, without any change of opinion on his part as to the importance of the Controverted Elections Bill, he would withdraw it for the present, because he saw no chance of his being able to carry it through at this advanced period of the session.—A similar intimation was given by the Attorney-General with respect to the Copyhold and Practice Bills; and by Lord J. Russell as to the Government Controverted Elections Bill.—Mr. Shaw Lefevre said he meant to carry through his Bill respecting the commutation of tithes this session, if possible. The Attorney-General, in answer to Mr. Hawes, made a like statement as to the Imprisonment for Debt Bill.—On the motion for going into committee on the Tithes (Ireland) Bill, Mr. H. G. Ward moved the resolution of which he had given notice, and which went to re-affirm the principle contained in the celebrated appropriation clause.—Lord Morpeth, on the part of the Government, “gave a reluctant but decided negative to the resolution.”—After a debate in which nothing new was said, the House divided, and Mr. Ward's resolution was negatived by a majority of 224; the numbers having been—for the resolution 46, against it, 270.—A motion by Sir Charles Style for the committal of the Bill that day three months having been negatived without a division, the House went into committee. On the third clause an amendment proposed by Mr. Shaw was carried by a majority of 188 to 167. The object of this amendment was to provide that the reduction from the incomes of the clergy should be less by five per cent. than that proposed by the Bill, and it was therefore of very considerable importance.—Another amendment moved by the right hon. gentleman was met by a motion by Mr. Brotherton, that the chairman should report progress. As the amendment made an additional advantage of five per cent. to the clergyman consequent on the nonpayment of tithes for six months, the breaking up of the committee would have been rather a desirable circumstance. But Lord J. Russell could scarcely agree to such a step at so early an hour as twelve o'clock, and the motion of Mr. Brotherton was therefore outvoted by a majority of 219 to 51.—Mr. James Grattan then moved that the chairman report progress, and again the motion was negatived on a division. The numbers were—for Mr. Grattan's motion, 78; against it, 137.—A similar motion was made by another hon. member, and once more defeated; the numbers having been, 59 for the motion, and against it 106. At length Mr. Kemble moved that the House do adjourn. The gallery was cleared for a division, but none took place; and the motion having been agreed to, the House adjourned.

July 3.—At four o'clock, there being only twenty-three members present, an adjournment took place.

July 4.—Lord Mahon gave notice that in consequence of the Controverted Elections Bill having been withdrawn by Sir Robert Peel, he should withdraw till the next session his motion that election petitions be tried by a tribunal independent of the House of Commons.—Two divisions took place on the Hackney Carriages Bill, which was at length read a third time and passed.—A preliminary debate, on the Bankruptcy Court Bill, was concluded by a division, and a majority of 37 to 28 in favour of the motion. It was at length agreed that the Bill should go through committee *pro forma* on Thursday, with a view to its postponement to some future time.—Adjourned.

July 5.—The Speaker appeared in the House at the usual hour, but as there were only thirty-three members present, there was again “no House.”

July 6.—Lord John Russell moved that for the future the House shall sit on Tuesday and Thursdays from 12 till 4 o'clock, for the consideration of the orders of the day, and resume at 6 o'clock, for the purpose of proceeding with the notices of motions. The motion was carried on a division by a majority of 123 to 97.—Lord J. Russell stated that on the sitting of the House to-morrow he intended to proceed with the Scotch Prisons Bill; then, if time permitted, with the English Prisons Bill. On Monday he intended to take the miscellaneous estimates. On Tuesday he

proposed to take the Irish Tithe Bill at the sitting of the House as the first order of the day, and terminate the discussion thereon at four o'clock.—On the motion of the noble lord, Mr. Baines's Bill for applying the first-fruits and tenths to increase the income of the poor Clergy was postponed for three months.—Adjourned.

July 9.—An answer from the Queen to the address of the 26th June was brought up. It stated that instructions had been given to her Majesty's ambassador at Madrid to use every exertion for the speedy adjustment of the claims of the late British Legion upon the Spanish Government.—The Middlesex County Courts Bill was further considered, after an amendment by Captain Wood, that the Bill be re-committed, had been negatived by a majority of 80 to 5.—The National Loan Fund Bill was read a third time and passed, on a division in which the numbers were—for the Bill, 109; against it, 38.—The report on the Hartlepool Dock and Railway Bill was further considered, after an amendment moved by Mr. Cayley, for the rejection of the Bill, had been negatived by 63 to 47.—The House then went into Committee of Supply, and proceeded with the consideration of the miscellaneous estimates. Several of these gave rise to conversations, especially the vote which included the expense of the coronation medals. A general opinion was expressed that the execution of the medals was inferior, and the fact was admitted by Mr. Labouchere, who explained it as having been caused by a severe accident that had befallen the medalist while employed upon the work.—The House having resumed, the Qualification of Members Bill was read a third time by a majority of 63 to 14.—The Solicitor General obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the better custody of public records.—Adjourned.

July 10.—To a question by Sir J. Graham, Mr. P. Thomsen said he found he should not be able to proceed with the Pilotage Bill this session.—Mr. O'Connell announced that he did not propose to go on with the Attorneys and Solicitors (Ireland) Bill.—The Irish Tithe Bill then went through committee *pro forma*, and the chairman having reported progress, obtained leave to sit again on Thursday.—Mr. Gladstone's motion for an address to the Crown, praying that a Commission be appointed to inquire into the past and present relations between the Caffres and the Colonists on the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, was negatived on a division of 41 to 32.

July 11.—The third reading of the Hartlepool Dock and Railway Bill was carried, after an opposition by Mr. Cayley, by a majority of 65 to 15.—On the motion for the third reading of the Middlesex County Courts Bill, a clause was struck out, on the motion of Sir Edward Sugden, by 92 votes to 15. The further consideration of the Bill till to-morrow was then moved by Mr. Fox Maule, and agreed to.—After some discussion the Westminster Improvement Bill was withdrawn.—Mr. S. Lefèvre moved the second reading of the Parochial Assessment Bill.—Mr. Goulburn moved that the Bill be read a second time "this day six months." On a division, the amendment was negatived by a majority of 104 to 42, and the Bill was read a second time.—The Small Debts (Scotland) Bill was lost on the motion for the third reading by a majority of 63 to 45.—The Registration of Voters (Ireland) Bill was read a second time, and committed *pro forma*, on the motion of Mr. Serjeant Jackson.—The second reading of the Waste Lands (Ireland) Bill was postponed for three months, with the consent of Mr. Lynch, who had the charge of it, on account of the advanced state of the session.—The Court of Chancery (Ireland) Bill went through committee, as did the Local Commissioners Relief Bill.—The Qualification of Members Bill was read a third time and passed.—On the motion of the Attorney General, the Imprisonment for Debt Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday.—The Dublin Police Bill went through committee; and the Clare County Advance Bill was referred to a select committee.—Adjourned.

July 12.—The third reading of the Royal Exchange Rebuilding Bill, and the adjourned debate on the Middlesex County Courts Bill, were deferred till Monday.—On the motion for further considering the report on the Coal Trade (Port of London) Bill, Lord G. Somerset moved an amendment, which was afterwards withdrawn, and the Bill went through committee and was reported.—Mr. P. Thomson's Bill regarding "trading companies" was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Saturday.—It was arranged, at the suggestion of Sir J. Graham, that the Conveyance of the Mails by Railways Bill should be committed *pro forma*, in order to have the Bill reprinted in the shape in which Mr. Labouchere now wished to bring it before the House.—The Attorney General said that he intended to have the Copyhold Bills printed *pro forma*, in order to their being placed before the country in a more perfect form.—The further consideration of the report of the Bankrupts Estates Bill was deferred till Saturday.—The Parliamentary Burghs (Scotland) Bill went

through Committee, on the motion of Mr. Fox Maule; there having been for the motion 56, and against it 36.—The Public Records Bill was read the second time.—After some other orders were disposed of, the House adjourned at six o'clock; and, on re-assembling then, it was counted out.

July 13.—The Prisons Bill was further considered in committee, and, after several amendments, the chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on Monday.—On the motion of Viscount Ingestrie, returns were ordered of the expense of building her Majesty's ship *Vernon*.—Mr. R. Steuart obtained leave to bring in a Bill to vest in the Treasury the powers of the Commissioners for the Redemption and Sale of the Land Tax of Corporations, which was brought in accordingly, read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Monday next.—Sir F. Trench gave notice that on Monday he would move for returns of all rewards offered by the Irish Government for the discovery of offenders, and not paid by them.—Adjourned.

July 16.—Considerable discussion took place on the motion that the Royal Exchange Rebuilding Bill be read a third time.—Mr. Pryme moved, and Mr. Wolverley Attwood seconded an amendment, postponing the third reading for six months.—On a division, the original motion was carried by a majority of 102 to 38; and the Bill was read a third time and passed.—Lord Ashley gave notice that on the first motion for going into Committee of Supply, he should bring forward as an amendment the motion of which he had given notice on the subject of factories.—To an inquiry by Mr. O'Connell, Sir George Grey replied that the legislature of Jamaica had voted the extinction of the negro apprenticeship on the 1st of August of this year. This took place on the 9th of June; but when the packet sailed, the council had not decided upon the subject.—Lord John Russell, in moving that the House resolve into committee on the Irish Tithe Bill, took occasion to explain the intentions of Government in respect of the existing arrears; on which subject Sir Robert Peel had recommended that the residue of the million, voted several years since as a fund for loans to the unpaid clergy, should be employed in buying up from such tithe-owners as should be willing to sell the rights to the arrears due from the occupying tenants. Lord John now stated that this residue was not so large as had been supposed; that, besides the 640,000*l.* which had been lent to the clergy, 100,000*l.* had been advanced in aid of public works; that there remained, however, 240,000*l.*, which, with so much of the 640,000*l.* as had been repaid by the clergy, he proposed to apply in the buying up of the existing arrears, but with this difference—that whereas Sir R. Peel's proposal left it *optional* with every tithe-owner to accept the arrangement or not, this measure of the Government was intended to be universal, and therefore compulsory.—After a committee, *pro forma*, on the Act respecting the advances to the Clergy, the House resolved itself into committee on the main measure—the Tithe Bill, and the clauses up to the 42nd having been gone through, the chairman reported progress, and the Bill was ordered to be further considered on Thursday.—Lord John Russell moved for leave to bring in a Bill for further suspending the appointments to certain dignities and offices in cathedrals and collegiate churches, and to sinecure rectories, and for preventing the immediate effects on ecclesiastical jurisdictions of the measures in progress for the alteration of dioceses.—The Prisons Bill, the Trading Company Bill, and the County Clare Advance Bill, severally passed through committee.—The Land Tax Reduction Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.—The Coal Trade (Port of London) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Highway Rates Bill went through committee.—The Fisheries (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.—The noble lord then moved that the Irish Corporation Bill of 1836 be printed; and at one o'clock the House adjourned.—Lord John Russell moved that the Corporation (Ireland) Bill, as amended after coming from the Lords in the year 1836, should be reprinted, as it was desirable, if the Bill of last year should come back from the other House, that hon. members should be in possession of the former Bill.—Ordered.—Adjourned.

July 17.—Mr. Hume gave notice of his intention to move, "that the exclusive privileges of the Bank of Ireland are prejudicial to the best interests of that country, and that it is expedient to place the Banks of Ireland upon an equality."—The hon. member also gave notice that he would move for a return of the manner in which 100,000*l.*, which had been granted to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, under the 6th and 7th William IV., was appropriated.—On the motion of Lord John Russell, the Militia Estimates were referred to a select committee.—The Glass Duties Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Registration of Electors Bill went through

committee.—The Post Office Bill, after a division, was read a second time.—The Fines and Recoveries (Ireland) Bill went through Committee.—The report on the Schools (Scotland) Bill was brought up, after an amendment by Mr. Gillon, for postponing it for three months, had been negatived.—Adjourned.

July 18.—The Sugar Refining Patent Bill was read a second time.—The Middlesex County Courts Bill passed after a division on the 40th clause, which was retained in opposition to the opinion of Sir E. Sugden, by a majority of 26 to 18.—The Registration of Voters (Ireland) Bill, No. 2, went through committee.—The Western Australia Bill was read a second time.—The House resolved itself into committee on the Recovery of Tenements Bill.—In the committee an amendment was proposed by Sir R. Peel, and carried without a division, extending the operation of the measure to tenements of 20*l.* instead of 10*l.* a year rent. The other clauses of the Bill were agreed to, and the House resumed.—The Solicitor General announced that he should postpone the Bankruptcy Court Bill until another session.—The Tithe and Land Bill went through committee.—The Court of Chancery (Ireland) Bill was recommitted. In committee on the Parliamentary Boroughs (Scotland) Bill, clause 6 was struck out.—The House then resolved itself into committee on the Public Records Bill. Colonel Sibthorpe opposed the 8th clause, on the ground that it tended to increase, to an unwarrantable and indefinite extent, the patronage of Government. This, as well as the other clauses, was then agreed to.—The imprisonment for Debt Bill was reported and ordered to be read a third time on Friday.—Adjourned.

July 19.—The Vestries in Churches Bill was, after some discussion, lost on a division, there being 76 ayes and 78 noes.—The House having resolved into committee on Lord John Russell's resolution regarding the issue of Exchequer Bills for Ireland—namely, "That Exchequer Bills to an amount not exceeding the residue of the sum of one million, remaining unappropriated, under an act of the 3rd and 4th of King William IV. cap. 100, and under an act of the 6th and 7th year of his said Majesty, cap. 108, be issued and applied, together with the instalments paid, or which may be paid, under the first-mentioned act, to the relief of the owners of compositions for tithes in Ireland for the years 1836 and 1837, and that the commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury be authorised to remit such instalments in certain cases,"—Mr. Hume proposed as an amendment, "That the proposed grant of 640,000*l.*, which had been advanced from the Treasury of the united kingdom as a loan to the Clergy of the Established Church, and the lay proprietors of tithes in Ireland—also, the additional grants of 100,000*l.* and 260,000*l.*, now proposed to be made for the Church of Ireland, making in the whole one million sterling, will be highly unjust to the people of England and Scotland, and subversive of those principles on which good government and equal justice can alone be maintained."—For the Ministerial proposition 170, against it 61; majority against Mr. Hume's amendment 109.—The report was postponed until Monday.—Sir G. Rose reported from the Maidstone Election Committee that Mr. Fector had been duly elected, and that the petition was "frivolous and vexatious."—Lord J. Russell said that on Thursday next he proposed to move the consideration of the Lords' amendments of the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill.—The resolution regarding light-houses at Gibraltar, &c., authorising the levying of tolls on vessels, was agreed to, and a Bill ordered accordingly.—The Trading Companies Bill was read a third time and passed.—The motion of Lord Morpeth for the third reading of the County Clare Advance Bill was negatived by a majority of 61 to 57.—The Custom Duties Act Bill passed through committee.—Adjourned.

July 20.—On the proposition that the House resolve itself into Committee of Supply, Lord Ashley called the attention of the House to the state of the law for the regulation of the factories of the United Kingdom, and moved, "That this House deeply regrets that the law affecting the regulation of the labour of children in factories, having been found imperfect and ineffective to the purpose for which it was passed, has been suffered to continue so long without any amendment."—Mr. Fox Maule stated that the Government would introduce a Bill next session on the subject, but it would be similar to that introduced before by the Government.—For the original motion, 121; against it, 106—majority against the amendment, 15.—The Public Records Bill, the Fisheries (Ireland) Bill, and two others, were read a third time and passed.—On the motion of Mr. Rice, a resolution for a grant of 51,000*l.* for the expenses of the New Poor Law Commission was agreed to.—The Prisons Bill was read a third time and passed.—Adjourned.

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LONDON :

IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.



